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HISTORY

OF THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY

C. L. JAMES.



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NOTE.

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I

It has always seemed to me a difficult problem at what point to begin relating any historical episode: which is why I can conceive no perfect historical form but the universal. If I should open an account of the French Revolution by stating that in 1788, the French had no legislature; that the courts could be compelled to record the king's edicts as new laws; that all offices were either hereditary or conferred by royal appointment; that there were almost no direct taxes,* and that, consequently, what might be called the whole cost of the government was borne by the poor; that even those offices filled by appointment, as the ecclesiastical benefices, or commands in the army and navy, were, above a very low grade, reserved for nobles; and that, tho the king could make a noble, this was seldom done; that judges openly paid for their seats; and that court favorites could arbitrarily imprison any man; I might be asked how so unreasonable a state of things came to exist? Which would require a good deal of explanation. I have determined, therefore, to begin at the beginning. But, of events previous to 1788, I shall relate, as briefly as possible, only those which have a bearing on the Revolution.

France, plus some other countries, as Switzerland and Belgium, was anciently called Gaul. But Julius

* The taille or land tax, originally a feudal exaction, was diverted to the crown in the fifteenth century. The taille personal, with all its feudal complexities, is unintelligible to the best special students. The vingtiemes and so-called poll-tax had the nature of tithes. The royal council divided these imposts arbitrarily among twenty larger districts (generalities), which redistributed them among sub-districts. Such taxes are said to have produced half the revenue, but universal corruption makes all returns doubtful.

Cæsar informs us that the Gauls or Celts, whose habitations extended also into Italy and Spain, occupied no other part of it than that between the Seine and the Garonne. The Belgians, east of the Seine, and the Aquitanians, south of the Garonne, differed, he says, in language and manners from both the Gauls and one another. We know little about the Aquitanians, tho the name of their country lingered, under the corrupt form of Guienne, until the Revolution. But it is quite certain that in Cæsar's time, as ever since, Germans were continually pushing across the Rhine; and equally so that, then as now, those who crossed it mostly became assimilated to the previous inhabitants.

Cæsar's Belgians possessed all that region bounded by the sea, the Rhine, the Saone and the Seine. Their country, always a land of mixtures, prevailingly German in physical, but Gallic in moral characteristics, was thus much larger than modern Belgium. In a general way it corresponds to the Burgundy of Middle Ages, which no less than four times became as great as France herself; but, like all medieval States, had very indefinite boundaries. Her claims, however, included Switzerland, and extended from the Mediterranean to the Northern Sea. Cæsar found his Belgians much more advanced than the Gauls or Aquitanians. Already that district to which they have given a lasting name, saw omens of its present high cultivation. In the Gallic region, agriculture, tho known, was little practised. The greater part was covered with forests; the principal occupation was raising half-wild swine and cattle.

That estimate, repeated by so many authors, which makes Gaul as populous then as France is now, appears to me utterly preposterous. There were no apparent means of feeding such multitudes. The great modern cities were of little importance. The great modern industries did not exist. Silk, one chief source of wealth now, was unknown. Wine, another valuable export, was then imported at such prices as a slave for a jar containing perhaps five gallons. The Gauls, tho called by the Romans barbarians, were not, how-

ever, savages. They were noted for metallurgy. They wore trousers—the Romans togas; and we see the trousers have conquered the togas:—a change which occurred under the Roman Empire.

Above all, the Celts and Belgians were both commercial people. The harbors of stormy Brittany and the delta of the Rhine had ships which crossed what we call the English Channel. The voyage from the Mediterranean, round Spain, and thru the Bay of Biscay, was so formidable that Southern Europe traded with Northern mainly by means of those rivers which are now French. A glance at the map will show that they offer great facilities to such traffic. The Scheldt, the Meuse, the Moselle, the Seine, the Loire, the Saone flowing into the Rhone, all rise within a limited portion of France, which is not very elevated. A system of dues on transported goods was a principal source of revenue to the native governments.

These were of an original and peculiar kind. Thruout Southern Europe the City, a fortified community, whose wealth enabled it to equip good troops, domineered entirely over the surrounding country. In federations of these cities, a principal one always exercised some further authority over the others, which, however, greatly resented it, and resisted as much as they dared. The universal dominion of Rome, the lesser ascendancy of Sparta after Ægospotami, were largely due the pretense these great tyrants made of protecting local autonomy against small ones.

But, north of the Alps, a Greek or Roman would have said there were no cities. The town (*oppidum*), unlike the city (*urbs*), was essentially a place of assembly for trade and voting. It had also a rude wall, behind which the surrounding country could take refuge in case of invasion; but its permanent inhabitants were few, and not much superior in resources to their rustic neighbors. For these people, the unit of liberty was not, as in Greece and Italy, a fortified borough. It was not, as now, usually, the nation; for our whole conception of nationality is modern. It was, as it still is in some Celtic countries, the canton (county), which legislated and chose officers by periodical mass meet-

ings at the principal town. In these cantons, as in all Aryan, perhaps originally all, commonwealths, there was a recognized coordination of the executive, the aristocracy, and the commonalty. The executive was usually chosen for a limited time. The nobles appear to have been more powerful than in the South.

It is thought by some that the beginnings of serfdom can be traced to Gaul before Cæsar's time. The policy of Rome, here, as elsewhere, was to gain the support of the aristocratic party, always local and antifederal. A feeble bond of union among cantons was afforded by the Druidical religion, which originated in Britain. It gave Cæsar so much annoyance as to make him invade the Holy Island, at expense of losing many Gallic adherents. Motives like his probably actuated his successors when, about ninety years later, they renewed his attempt on Britain and extinguished Druidism in the blood of its priests. We need not, however, attach too much importance to this part of the subject; for the truth is we know extremely little about the Druids. Our real authorities, Cæsar and Dion Cassius, by no means justify any one of a hundred familiar statements, such as that these mystics built the remarkable structures of huge unhewn stones which are said to have witnessed their religious rites.

By a judicious admixture of diplomacy and force, Cæsar extended Roman power over all Gaul:—it had previously comprised the southeastern corner (provincia nostra), whose designation lived until the Revolution, as Provence. During the five centuries of Roman dominion, the Latin language and civilization were superficially diffused thruout the greater part of Gaul. The northwestern portion, as in England and Ireland, resisted, however, this process of assimilation. If you will draw a line on the map from the mouth of the Seine to that of the Garonne, you may understand that all beyond it is Celtic still. Latin never was, and French consequently is not, spoken there, otherwise than as a foreign language. At the time of the Revolution, very few peasants knew a French word. The fact is of importance to our sub-

ject. This Wales or Connaught of France is the revolutionary Vendée. We should misunderstand this terrible name if we supposed its significance historically confined to the Department which bears it officially.

The decay of the Roman Empire furnishes a familiar and emphatic refutation, by no means the sole one, to John Stuart Mill's assertion that societies die only from violence or disease—they have no old age. The Empire died of old age: that is to say the continued action of those same forces which had at an earlier period built it up. It was extended by military power, and supported by slave labor, which the military power supplied. The defeat of the Romans by Arminus, A. D. 10, was the demonstration that their conquests had been carried to the practical limit of their resources. Thenceforth the Empire, impoverished by the wasteful system of slave agriculture, and no longer replenished by fresh acquisitions, entered on a course of exhaustion, which by Nero's time (circ. 60@70 A. D.) had become rapid, and, after the superficial restoration under "Five Good Emperors" in the second century, became also steady. Constantly increasing poverty is the prevailing indication perpetually encountered by those who study history in edicts, census rolls, and statistical remains of other kinds.

While the luxury of a few great landlords remained undiminished, while the turbulent pauper element of the cities constantly exacted larger distributions of bread and more expensive public baths; the land became desolate; the small farmers and tenants fled, to swell the exuberant city population, from the burden of taxes which could not be remitted, but which a decreasing corps of producers grew less able during each census period to pay; and those military revolutions which shook like earthquakes the foundations of Cæsarism find their justification in the bad pay and bad treatment of the indispensable soldiers. Misery and voluntary celibacy fearfully diminished numbers, even before Christianity began to glorify the latter condition. The emperors, holding down a disaffected people by means of a disaffected

army, and taming a rebellious capital with "bread and shows," were forced to economize somewhere; and rather strangely thought the army their safest point for that purpose. Barbarians from the British islands and the German forests, from the plains of Russia and the sands of Arabia, cost less than Roman citizens, and were fighters, which it did not suit a despotism that citizens should be. When other barbarians, taking their cue from the volunteers, invaded Roman provinces as declared enemies, the Empire never proved unable to put them down. But it took vast multitudes of prisoners into service under their own chiefs. A Roman emperor was made at once when German soldiers raised him, in national fashion, on their shields. At last the time arrived when even barbarians could be paid only in land, because their employers had nothing else left. The soldiers, Roman in name but German in fact, were well pleased with the new arrangement; for, unlike the true, tho degenerate Romans, they believed in marriage, families, and homes. Having once got their homes, however, they would not leave them; and the decayed imperial authority had no means of making them do so. The Frankish, Gothic, and Sclavic generals became local rulers, their officers a new aristocracy, in each virtually independent province; and thus the Roman Empire came to an end.

Any exact date for this event is arbitrary. In theory there was no end. Roman law, as preserved in the cities and the Catholic Church, was a standard for jurists even before there were schools where study of Justinian revived. The Eastern Empire retained the institutions of Constantine until 1453. The Russian czar, as the heir of Byzantine Cæsars, still bears the double-headed eagle shield. The Austrian and German sovereigns claim the honors of him who was crowned at Rome in 800 A. D. Thruout the Middle Ages, restoring the Empire as an actual fact was the dream of every great monarch like Charlemagne. All the usages of nobility are consecrated by the name of the Holy Roman Empire. The majority of Christians still revere the bishop of Rome as their metro-

politan; and those who give their Church its character assert for him an universal spiritual dominion which would make him, what Innocent and Boniface almost succeeded in becoming, the virtual secular ruler of the world. Thus Romanism still cumbers the earth, not, as an eminent Protestant has said, a ghost, but a huge and muscular (tho paralytic) carcass. Into this giant frame, a long succession of organizers, inspired with its essential temper, have so wrought every element of conservatism that, while fear of innovation continues a human instinct, Rome may be expected to remain in immortality of decrepitude—the Struldbrug of humanity, as the Hellenic spirit is the Psyche. But its irretrievable decline began when Cæsarism extinguished liberty; and with liberty the progressive and inventive genius; the capacity to improve and learn; the commercial spirit, also, of which, as Mommsen has so well shown, the ancient Romans had much more than has been usually understood.

Among new rulers of Europe, a conspicuous place belongs to Clovis. Beginning at fifteen, as chief of the Salian Franks, one of those German tribes which wavered between subsidized alliance and hostility to Rome, he overthrew his hereditary foe, Syagrius, a nominal dependent on the Empire. By defeating the Allemani, he secured his rear against further attacks from Germany. He adopted the religion of the still dominant people, at a time when barbarians were generally heretics, thus becoming not merely "the Eldest" but the only royal son of the Church. He drove the Goths beyond the Garonne. He effected, it is said, some sort of alliance with the Celts. He treacherously subdued other barbarians, who had been his allies. On account of these successes Clovis is called the first king of France. He is that *Louis* from whom so many take the name. It would, however, be quite a mistake to suppose that his position bore any, even the slightest, resemblance to that of a modern French sovereign. Gaul, as the historian of "Decisive Battles" has observed, was not yet France for centuries after Clovis' time. Nor were his dominions, if they should be termed that, identical with

Gaul. They extended from the Garonne to the Elbe, and consisted not in a homogeneous empire, but a congeries of Roman cities, Roman estates, ecclesiastical principalities, and barbarous tribes, among which he had made himself more widely feared and respected than anyone else. The proudest day in his life was that on which he received from the distant court of Byzantium the purple robe of a Roman magistrate, with the titles of Consul and Augustus. It was not until five generations later that the heirs of Constantine recognized as independent that Dagobert who inherited from Clovis. As Clovis was, so were all the Merovingians and Carlovingians. It would be foreign to my purpose to discuss their fortunes or their institutions,—the Mayoralty of the Palace, the usurpation of Pepin, the interference of Rome in secular affairs, the ephemeral glory of Charlemagne, or that dim and partial revival of letters which reached its height with Charles the Bald.

This, however, is pertinent, that liberty and tyranny also revived, under novel forms to renew their Æonian strife. The people were glad to receive the barbaric rulers, for their first acts were always to abolish the Roman taxes and emancipate a great part of the slaves. Nothing seems to have cast so much obloquy on the rather ill-used Queen Brunchild as that she, a Romanized Goth, attempted to restore the Roman system. The barbarian kings at once ventured to arm the poor freemen, which the Roman emperors dared not do even to save their country from dissolution. There was an immediate renewal of legislative assemblies

Nevertheless, the condition of the multitude, owing to assaults from new quarters, became in many respects worse. As poverty, inevitably advancing, is the pivotal phenomenon of imperial decline, so poverty, stationary, or very slowly yielding, is of medieval society. Those who divided the Empire were, we remember, soldiers paid by the emperors, or sometimes by themselves, in land. The beggary of the country assumes a ridiculous aspect when we read that Charlemagne's royal estate consisted of a few farms

with moderate flocks of geese and hens! Such starveling princes could not even defend their possessions without taxes. But their theory, originated by the emperors, was that landholders should serve for grants with their bodies, and therefore were not bound to find money. The basis of modern liberties, whatever they may be worth, is that the medieval king had to assemble his "Estates" and convince them the sums he needed would be spent to their advantage. This gave rise to those national councils in which our idea of nationality itself began. In the old confederations, like those of Delos, Ætolia, Rhodes, and Achæa, representative government had been tried, but the world was not ripe for it.

The interesting observation has been made that the Church, with her great system of local, provincial, patriarchal, and ecumenical councils, first made the representative project successful. The Church, in the Middle Ages, was far the richest of corporations; and, being unwarlike, was the most apt, for a double reason, to be taxed. She had, however, her own ways of protecting her property, and would not find money unless the nobles and cities, according to their means, did likewise. Hence the organization of the medieval parliament, an institution unknown to antiquity, consisting in representatives of Three Estates—the Nobles, the Clergy and Commons.*

Time was needed to mature these germs. Under the Merovingians, we hear little about parliaments. The kings of this time were at first mere barbarian chiefs, whose armies lived on the invaded country, and who doubtless would as soon plunder a refractory tenant as someone else. After Dagobert, they were slaves of State, over whom their tenants-in-chief had put a guardian, designated in conformity with a fashion

* This is a correct description of all parliaments, not merely of the French. In Spain, the clergy decidedly predominated over the other Estates. In England, not only are they still represented by the Lords Spiritual, but, until the Stuart period, they voted their own taxes in Convocation. When deprived of this power (because they were too willing to assist the crown), they first became eligible to the Lower House, and began to vote for its members.

which Diocletian introduced, as the king's principal servant, Steward, or Mayor of the Palace. The Mahometan invasion changed all this by necessitating great national exertions. Charles Martel, who defeated the Saracens at Tours, exacted much money from the Church, and may be considered to have founded that system of lay patronage which is her greatest curse. He probably also began the extensive confiscations of allodial estates, turning them into "feofs" of military tenure.

His successors, after having, from Mayors of the Palace, become kings, were addicted to holding parliaments, which generally sympathized with their ambition. They had, however, set an example which proved fatal to their own authority. Each prefect and governor aspired to do somewhat as they had done.

Meanwhile, from every quarter, hosts of stronger and fiercer barbarians than themselves came pouring. Against the Saracen from Spain, the Magyar from Tartary, the Scandinavian suddenly rising out of the white mysterious sea, the inhabitants of a divided, distracted empire had no protection but the castle and armor of their local lord. In this age, so like that which preceded the ancient cities, surviving Roman institutions appear at their best, for it was they which tided civilization over the bar. The Church, to the extent of her ability, held up before all Christians the double standard of religious and Roman unity, exhorting them to know no enemies but the Mussulman, the heretic, and the pagan. The towns took a more practical view. They were neither *urbes*, like ancient Rome, nor *oppida*, like ancient Lyons, but what since Sulla's time had been called *municipia:* that is cities whose autonomy rested on a charter granted by the general government. Their ancient Roman franchises, renewed by wide-ruling conquerors like Clovis, directed their aspirations towards the national capital, where Clovis' successor held his parliament. Thus, at the very time when every count and baron began exercising from a castle absolute tyranny over the small district below, and hurling defiance at a distant court, that court, in which national unity, a practicable ideal,

stood embodied, began to receive united support from the Church, the old municipalities, and the new ones, of which a plentiful crop sprang up thru resistance by armed serfs to feudal tyrants. The feudal system, properly so called, dates from this period, when all tenures of land become military, except in the cities. It is true in a wide deep sense that "Paris is France." For a long time this was simple fact. About Paris the name of France originated, when the king had but a shadowy claim to power anywhere else. In Paris the language of France became literary. At Paris the standard of its purity is preserved. The political attraction which radiated from Paris made a Nation of France, a most heterogeneous country, Celtic in the west, half German in the east, Scandinavian in the north, Basque on the Landes, half Spanish at Perpignan, half Saracen in Languedoc. From Paris proceeded also those edicts which abolished serfdom, and which gave the inhabitants of every duchy and county representation in an assembly of States General.

But since I have spoken a good word for certain Roman institutions, I must digress to say that they have received much undeserved praise. Their merit is altogether conservative—they merely kept from being lost some previous acquisitions, which, except for normal results of Roman over-cultivation, would not have been in any danger. The familiar assertion that the Church, or indeed anything else, "softened slavery into serfdom," is absurd. Slavery and serfdom existed side by side thruout the Middle Ages—the former, it is true, declining, the latter, which better suited an age of weak government when extradition was not easy, long gaining ground. But the serfs, instead of partially emancipated slaves were partially enslaved citizens. As early as Constantine, the beggared tenants and small farm proprietors began being declared *servi, adscripti glebæ*, with a view to keeping them from flight into the cities. This purely Christian legislation was steadily improved by a series of most merciless edicts, which those who do not care to analyze the Justinian code may find reduced to synopsis in Michelet's "History of France," or Hodgkin's "Italy and Her Invad-

ers." Serfdom and feudalism, which advanced each other, reached their height about the end of the twelfth century. Their rapid decline after the middle of the fourteenth was due principally to events which had nothing to do with religion or politics. In 1348, the great pestilence known as the Black Death produced a scarcity of labor with an unwonted exuberance of capital. This was the knell of serfdom. Wages shot upward. They were freely offered in money. The laborers, who found they might improve their condition by leaving those lands on which they were born, could not be kept there. The great insurrections in England under "Wat Tyler," in Switzerland, associated with the still hazier name of Tell, in France (the Jacquerie), and elsewhere, had all a common cause—the people's new-born consciousness that they could be held as serfs no longer. In 1346, two years before the Black Death, cannon are said to have made their first important appearance at the battle of Creci. The resistless power and very considerable cost of these new appliances transferred military supremacy from the chatelains to the cities, and the central government whose cause was identified with theirs. Thus feudalism also fell. Religion, during the critical period, was in a depressed condition. The intellectual movement of orthodoxy (scholasticism) gave way to a pagan Renaissance. Heresies were rampant. The pope, no longer able to influence the factions of any country, was a prisoner and creature of the French king.

The interval between the Black Death and the Reformation was the best period of the Middle Ages. All the arts and sciences made rapid progress. The mischievous influence of Rome continued much diminished. Feudalism lingered only as a relic, upon sufferance. Parliaments were more frequent and influential than ever before. If they were still rare compared with what they have come to be since, that is because there was little need for them. The people, as Macaulay points out, could safely be careless about their liberties, such as these were; for the king, tho he might be indulged in some freaks by which only unpitied nobles suffered, was pulled down directly he attempt-

ed general oppression. If the condition of the poorest class was not much better than when they were called serfs, we may very pertinently ask whether it is much better now? The statistics collected by Cobbett in his violent pamphlet on the Reformation, by Froude in his ponderous and authentic, tho not always logical, history of England, go far to show there was more material comfort for the proletaire and tenant than there is at present. It is to the moral and intellectual quickening of a later period that believers in the necessary character of progress must principally appeal.

The fortunate classes have undoubtedly much reason to be pleased with subsequent changes. But, again to cite Macaulay, there is great danger to whatever freedom exists, when a poor and rude people pass into a state of higher civilization with accompanying increase of wealth. This change came over Europe about the end of the fifteenth century, principally in consequence of Columbus' and Gama's voyages. For the first time since the Roman Empire broke up, there began to be standing armies. The ensuing period was "the great plague and mortality" of political constitutions. That of England survived, principally it may be as our popular historian suggests, because her insular situation prevented her needing an army, until her politicians had seen how this weapon served tyranny elsewhere. The circumstances of France were quite opposite. The terrible wars with England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the great civil convulsions of the Reformation in the sixteenth, and the invasion of her soil by Spain, the first modern kingdom which possessed a standing army, had taught France to appreciate the value of this organization and to underrate its dangers. The crown lawyers made out that certain taxes, being necessary for the public safety, were matters of course. Thenceforth the king was as independent of the States General as Charles I in England would have been of his parliament, had a similar scheme succeeded there. Accordingly, these soon ceased to meet. The sovereigns and statesmen (Henri IV, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Sully, Richelieu, and Mazarin) who principally effected this change, knew

their business too well to interfere with the privileges of the nobles; for the nobles were still influential enough to get up considerable rebellions even in the seventeenth century. Those taxes especially selected for permanence, the *octroi*, upon sales, and the *gabelle* on salt, were indirect, and paid almost wholly by the common people. The time came when the nobles had to suffer; and at the beginning of the Revolution they, accordingly, were against the court. The system of arbitrary imprisonment in such institutions as the Bastile, was devised principally for a check on them. But to conciliate them was still State policy. Blank forms of *lettres de cachet* were distributed among those in favor, enabling them to imprison their own enemies, rivals, or inconvenient relatives, without law!

"The evil which men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Queen Isabella organized the Spanish Inquisition; the philanthropist Las Casas created the African slave-trade; and the great minister of Louis XV, "honest Fleury," is chiefly responsible for discovering the merits of the *lettre de cachet*. Surely such examples should teach us that statesmanship is a producer of evil, not good.

On the principle of pampering the nobles, they were allowed a practical monopoly of bishoprics, abbeys, diplomatic and judicial positions, military and naval offices above the company or on the quarter-deck. The practise of employing new nobles was also curtailed, as an offense to hereditary pride. The various relics of serfdom were jealously preserved; the legal rights of the commoner negligently guarded. The peasants were compelled to labor on the public roads (the *corvée*). They were treated like dogs at home, and menaced by cruel vagrancy laws if they sought to leave. They were compelled to grind their grain at the landlord's mill, subject to the landlord's toll. Their crops were liable to the ravage of his horses, birds, and dogs. They were made, in the name of customary service, to do slavish work, such as drawing carts on the landlord's farm, or quieting the frogs which disturbed his sleep. Even in cities, the patrician

practise of furious driving threatened vulgar bones, and the grossest personal outrages were more safely borne than complained of. All this, while the extravagance of the nobility was turning their land into mortgage-saddled wastes, and the easiest way of getting into their privileged circle was for aspiring plebeians to assume their debts.

The army which sustained these atrocities consisted largely in foreign mercenaries; for things had reached that pass where trusting French soldiers would not do.

The courts of justice remained. They opposed the encroachments of power, if not with the zeal of patriots, at least with the conservatism of lawyers. In their resistance to despotism, the Revolution may be said to begin. But their organization was peculiar, and favorable to the grossest corruption. They were principally the old local parliaments of Paris itself, and of those various States which the French monarchy had absorbed during the Middle Ages.* (The parliament, in all countries of Europe, is also the highest court.) Their legislative powers had commonly long passed to the now obsolete States General, leaving only their judicial. In one province (Brittany) the parlament was still elective. In one other (Dauphiny) its ancient charter had been solemnly guaranteed at the annexation, and was guarded by a spirited people. But in general, parliamentary seats were inherited; and paid for, after the old feudal fashion, at demise—a system introduced by Henri IV, who had it cover the cost of the religious wars. Judges so made naturally indemnified themselves by plunder, which gave rise to most circulating scandals. As there was now no legislature, the kings had adopted the practise of holding

* There were, at the beginning of the Revolution, twelve. That of Paris had appellate jurisdiction over several (those originally French, e. g.). The first magistrate was said not to buy his seat, the inferior presidents (*a mortier*) did so openly. Their natural heirs usually succeeded them. Of all tribunals, Laferriere enumerates twenty-three—eighteen "extraordinary," and five "ordinary." The king's nominees had to pass an examination by their prospective colleagues before taking their seats; but it seems to have been little more than a form.

what was called a "bed of justice" when they chose, and requiring the parliament to register their whims for law. And tho this was never quite tamely borne, they usually got their way, until the last of them had quarreled with the whole aristocratic order.

Having thus traced the development of absolute tyranny in France to a climax, under Louis XV, when it rivaled in irrational profligacy and cruelty the worst excesses of Morocco, we may begin intelligently to describe the revulsion which overthrew it.

II

The settlement of permanent taxes upon Henri IV and his successors, had apparently made them forever secure against unwelcome proposals of reform. The *octroi* and *gabelle* yielded a revenue ample for the support of an economical government, tho it kept an army adequate to coerce the people; and, with rapid increase of wealth during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, these imposts became far more productive than at first. Happily, it is not the nature of tyranny to observe moderation. The administrations of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI, were quite the reverse of economical. These kings were always in debt. The terror of being obliged some day to call the States General together and seek new ways of raising money, was continually before their eyes. The embarrassment of the finances was almost chronically extreme. The revenue was raised by the wasteful and tyrannical process of farming-out, which became a chief source of plebeian fortunes. Meanwhile the masses reached the depths of misery. The philosopher Helvetius was a farmer of revenue, distinguished by moderation in the exercise of his odious office, which he eventually gave up because it went against his feelings. Yet it made him unpopular. Far from being surprised that the Revolution came, we may well wonder that something similar did not occur in the last days of Louis XIV, full seventy years earlier than it did. Courtiers like Saint Simon and officers like Vauban expected it then. They got themselves into various degrees of disgrace by saying that nothing short of radical reform could avert it. The disastrous war of the Spanish Succession had emptied the treasury. The persecution of the Protestants had impoverished the cities. In the Cevennes there was actual rebellion.

Thruout the kingdom there was actual famine. When the creator of the Paradise at Versailles breathed his last, the guards were scarcely able to carry his remains thru an infuriated multitude to their resting place at St. Denis. A revolution at this time, however, would have lacked that character derived from ideas of later origin.

The great natural resources of France carried her over the crisis without reforms. That general revival of trade which followed the Peace of Utrecht produced wealth so rapidly that only a few years later the chief commercial countries witnessed a recently born and portentous phenomenon—the financial Bubble. The tulip mania in Holland had been perhaps the earliest example of this strange Nemesis upon over-accumulation; the South Sea scheme in England and the Mississippi scheme in France are still remembered as the most striking. Both occurred while the duke of Orleans was regent for young Louis XV. Injustice has been done the memory of an eminent financier by identifying him with the Mississippi swindle. He was scarcely as much even deluded by it as his conservative predecessor Paterson, who founded the Bank of England, was by the Darien Project. John Law deserves an honorable place in the history of political economy, being discoverer of the important facts that credit, so far as it extends, will serve every purpose of money, and that it goes much the further of the two. In opposition to the Mercantile Theory, he stated as plainly as Adam Smith that the wealth of nations does not consist in bullion, but goods of all sorts. Another excellent idea, not yet as fully appreciated as it will be, was that production is necessarily limited only by demand, and wealth, consequently by trade. With these original truths he mixed up the familiar errors that the value of land and the powers of government are infinite—which entitles him to be considered the father of State Socialism. When he established his *Banque Générale*, the national debt amounted to 3,000,000,000 livres. The revenue, estimated at 148,000,000, scarcely met current expenses; so that the interest was constantly accumulating. Credit had been fearfully shaken by at-

tempts to evade payment. The government's notes were hardly worth 25 per cent of their face. Law received three fourths subscription for shares, in this depreciated paper. Interest on deposits enabled him to redeem his own, in coin, at sight. The rate of usury, which had been high and terribly fluctuating, fell to 4 per cent. In August, 1717, Law became head of a new corporation, succeeding an old and unlucky one, which held a monopoly of the Mississippi valley trade. The interest on government notes paid for shares in this project, was reduced to the new current rate of 4 per cent. Having crushed a rival enterprise, with aid of the regency, Law's company held its shares at 100 per cent premium. He now proposed to buy out the remaining national debt of 1,500,000,000 livres, and reduce the interest to 3 per cent. By December, 1719, speculation, the cuckoo hatched by good luck, had grown up into mania. Shares were sold for forty times their face. When the inevitable crash came the debt was refunded, the king henceforth paying only 37,000,000 interest instead of 80,000,000. The regent had used Law, who got the blame, to effect this gigantic repudiation without making another loan impossible. But the effect on the government's reputation was never overcome.

The interval between the great delusion and the actual beginning of that revolt which overthrew the monarchy, was a period of much, tho probably not increased, suffering to the French poor. But we must understand, or we shall misunderstand everything, that in France, and elsewhere, it was a period of unexampled "prosperity." It witnessed the rapid and general development of the bourgeois system, previously almost confined to Great Britain, its "classic land." The invention of the steam engine led to an increase in production, which made inevitable the era of free trade. The superstitious reverence with which authority had been regarded was seriously undermined by the writings of successive British economists, culminating in the epoch-making work of Adam Smith, and by a corresponding movement of France, whose best known representative is Quesnay. The bourgeois naturally

regarded the aristocrats with inveterate hate; and his influence on politics as yet was altogether radical. Not until he had overthrown those privileges which oppressed him, did he realize that his own ability to exploit the proletaire was equally institutional.

Among declining powers, one of the most important, steadily conservative since it made terms with the princes of the world, was the Christian Church. Ever since the Reformation, both England and France had a few philosophers who perceived the incompatibility of dogma with scientific progress, and seized their opportunities to denounce the former as that fulcrum by which Rome turned down the world. But the attitude of the English Church towards the English Revolution in 1688, deprived her of all credit for honesty and consistency, and made this movement rapid. It spread thru France, and grew explosive under pressure. The experience-philosophy of Locke became the sense-philosophy of Condillac. The habitual quarrels of the king and the pope gave occasion to the light of Voltaire. Rousseau brought into the line his hatred of cruelty, his appreciation of womanhood, his sympathy with the young, his paradoxical arraignment of existing civilization. Instead of arming against what was destined to destroy them, kings, very commonly tried, like the bourgeois, to direct it only against what annoyed. Frederick the Great, Joseph the Second, the Czarina Catharine, were understood to be "philosophers." The tyranny of the nobles was rebuked. Criminal laws were reformed on the principles of Rousseau's disciple Beccaria, and of the English Howard. The clergy were made to endure restraints. The Jesuit order was suppressed. The tyrants were divided. So they fell. The people, for a time, were united and irresistible.

From these combined tendencies, sprang what modern radicals understand by the *Revolution*; a revolution in which the convulsions of England, America, and France, are only successive and early incidents; a revolution whose conscious end is Anarchy; thus, a revolution different in kind from any of those previous,

which had only proposed to change a dynasty or a national constitution.

Of this Revolution, the definite beginning is traceable to England. The cause has been well described by Macaulay in two of his famous essays. Between 1688 and 1745 England had a government which sprang from rebellion, and an opposition whose fundamental dogma was that rebellion can never be justified. The anomalous situation produced strange results. The Whigs, in power, were as much inclined to be tyrants as their predecessors. But they could justify their mildest former acts only by asserting with ever-increasing vehemence, that mankind are naturally equal;* that government is a mere committee appointed for the protection of all against ill-disposed individuals; that there is nothing sacred about it; that if unfaithful to its trust it should be cashiered. The Tories, in opposition, kept as jealous a watch on encroachment as any Whigs could have kept, and vindicated their extreme factiousness by denying that the actual government was legitimate. While the dominant party disclaimed the general theory of authority, the party which always had asserted it exposed the fallacy of every particular plea by which its practical exercise could be excused. Thus attacked from opposite sides at once, it became extremely insecure. A suspicion sprang up in the minds of thinking men that the Whigs were right when they said coercion could only be justified by necessity, and

* Few people, I imagine, have observed what extremely radical sentiment pervades the English literature of the eighteenth century. The pious Cowper; the scholarly Gray; Gay and Pope, the poets of good society; the picaroon novelists, Smollett and Fielding; the great preachers, Wesley and Whitefield; the fantastic evangelical biographer, Leigh Richmond; the authors of moral tales without religion, as "Sandford and Merton," or Miss Edgeworth's novels; all sound a common note. It is not merely political radicalism. It is social. That the difference between rich and poor rests on a system of exploitation, oppressive to producers and demoralizing to non-producers, is everywhere the dominating idea. This vein reached its highest pressure after the Revolution of France, with Coleridge, Southey, Godwin, Shelley, Byron, and Wordsworth. That reaction in which so many of them shared, was weak till the Peace of Amiens had been broken.

the Tories in virtually denying that it was ever necessary. This sentiment first found utterance in Edmund Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society," (1760), a book which the author purposely gave an ironical tone, but which it is probable fairly represented the doubts of his own capacious and restless mind. When, a few years later, the arbitrary administrations of Bute, Grenville, Grafton, and North, threw England into violent agitation, the doctrine of Anarchy was preached with equal zeal by "Junius." In America it supplied the keynote for the Declaration of Independence, Paine's "Rights of Man," and Jefferson's general reflections on government. Neither England nor America has ever been without Anarchists since 1760. But it is a mistake to suppose that revolutions are caused by radical agitation or conservative tyranny. They always spring from encroachments upon previously existing freedom; and their momentum, according to the law of progress by conflict, depends on the energy of these opposing tendencies. In England the encroachment was so feeble, the resistance so confident in its own strength, that "the Revolution" evaporated in a few riots and long-delayed promises of reform. In America, where actual freedom was almost complete and its total subversion threatened, a much greater and more violent change occurred. The tremendous explosion of France was occasioned by the most vigorous pressure above and the most acrimonious discontent below.

The two nations' minds were in such close touch that English ideas immediately permeated France. Horace Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, and Oliver Goldsmith, all traveled there shortly before or after wars between Louis XV and Great Britain. No three observers could have been less like each other, or seen the country from more different objective points of view. But their impressions are singularly harmonious. Walpole said he had supposed the French to be a gay people; but they were all so busy demolishing God and the government that they thought it profane to amuse oneself. Chesterfield observed that every sign of a great impending revolution might be seen in

France. Goldsmith remarked on the merriment of the starveling masses, whom Walpole was not likely to know, and the security of those nobles whom Walpole heard talking so much in the vein of Rousseau. But, he added, it would not surprise him if after another feeble reign or two, their lands were confiscated, and their chateaux burnt; and the rivers should run with their blood.

The actual beginnings of the French Revolution, those first growls of approaching thunder which show that the tempest, having fully gathered strength, must break,—are referable to the last years of Louis XV. This prince, so reviled for his vices, had, in fact, been tolerably virtuous, at least for a king, till he was about fifty. His evil genius, Madame de Pompadour, secured her ascendancy over him, when her own charms began to fade, by devoting her considerable talent not only to his amusement but his depravation. A portion of Versailles, known as the Parc aux Cerfs (the Stag Park), received those little girls whom her agents kidnapped for her royal keeper. The wretched dotard wanted them as young as possible. He treated them with much kindliness, paid great attention to their religious instruction, and when they became mature, got rid of them, thru marriages, in a worldly point of view more advantageous than they would have been likely to make at home. Such a man could neither do without a mistress, after Pompadour died, nor be satisfied with an ordinary one. The successful candidate was a lorette whose real name is said to have been Vaubernier, but who did business under the professional soubriquet of Mademoiselle L'Ange. Those who admire the sensual and voluptous style of beauty have always been enthusiastic over hers'. But tastes differ widely. A fat courtesan with a handsome, vulgar face, is all I can see in her portrait. The late Madame de Pompadour's friends regarded her successor with that choice antipathy which divides two of a trade. They dared to tell the king that a lady who had done such small pecuniary transactions was not fit to appear among them. But Louis, like all his line, a master in that noble art of promoting ennui which is vulgarly

called etiquette, did not prove wanting upon this occasion. The courtier, Du Barry, who introduced mademoiselle, had a younger brother willing to marry her; and, of course, that cancelled all her past. During the rest of this reign she governed France. Tho morally and intellectually much below even Pompadour, she did not altogether lack either sense or force of character.

She saw clearly that the despotism must be strengthened or it would fall; and she was too young to think with Louis that it would last long enough. The king was already engaged in a contest with the parliaments. Singularly enough, its beginnings were religious. Cornelius Jansen, bishop of Ypres, died in 1638, leaving a posthumous commentary on St. Augustine, which became extremely popular, but was held by the Jesuits to savor of Calvinism. The king used the Jansenists to extort from Rome concessions favorable to the "Gallican Liberties," that is his own authority over the national Church. It was not until 1730 that the difficulty was so far adjusted as to allow suppression of Jansen's followers to begin in earnest. During the long struggles, the parliaments became deeply infected, first with Jansenism and later with Voltaire's philosophy. They resisted enforcement of some persecuting edicts irregularly issued by the clergy, and brought the king round to their side. They rendered judgment against the Jesuits individually for the debts of a single member; exposed the secret constitution of the Order, and decreed its suppression, in 1762, a year or two after this had been done by Portugal. Yielding to unanimous desire, the king gave his sanction two years later (the season of Pompadour's death). But from this moment he hated the parliaments; nor were weapons to be used against them lacking. Such acts as the judicial murders of the innocent Calas, the brave Lally, and the unfortunate La Barre, brought them under Voltaire's knout.

Still less was a cause of quarrel wanting. The king had organized a private council for illegal oppression of the Jansenists, and a board of works which employed the corvée on a gigantic scale, like the khedive of Egypt. The parliaments of Normandy,

Paris, Pau, Brittany, etc., protested against these or other abuses. When the nobles of Brittany yielded to royal dictation, the parliament of Rennes resigned in a body. The council, under M. de Calonne, proceeded against the Bretons by such law as it knew; and tho it was compelled to acknowledge no fault could be found, they were exiled,—Louis observing they should be content with honor! Before long, they were mostly restored; but they at once prosecuted the governor, D'Aiguillon, and when the king forbade inquiry, told him that what concerned the gentleman's honor was not suppressable! He took care of his creature's honor by pocketing the papers. The premier, De Choiseul, expressed his disapprobation. By Madame du Barry's advice, he was banished (December, 1770). The magistrates of Paris struck, somewhat like those of Rennes. They, too, were exiled. The Court of Aids, which joined in protest, was suppressed. New tribunals, pure creatures of royalty, were set up at Paris, and elsewhere. Princes of the blood were banished for remonstrating. Most of the martyr judges were soon bribed and flattered into apostacy. But public sentiment had been aroused. They were glorified in exile, and execrated in submission. Without effecting the thoro *coup d' etat* which Du Barry recommended, Louis had gone far enough in that direction to show his hand and create opposition. The Bretons broached the dangerous doctrine that there was but one national parliament, whose branches must act together. "You are king by the law, sire," said the dying parliament of Dijon, "and you cannot reign without." Those who call the French Revolution Anarchy, should reflect on facts like this. It tended towards Anarchy, as all partial revolutions do, only by reducing institutionalism to absurdity. Like all successful revolutions, and more than most, it began with a conservative aspect. The great majority of leaders were professional advocates. *"La Loi"* was its idol and watchword from the first resistance to the fall of Robespierre.

For about five years the Dead Sea of despotism remained unstirred. But it received full measure of popular execration. Beaumarchais, a courtier, was de-

feated in a suit before the new tribunals. He made known that he gave a bribe to the wife of a judge, who refunded most of it on his failure, but managed to extract a little fee. Disclosures so discreditable might be supposed "ruinous," as Macaulay calls them, to himself. They were, in fact, the making of him. Being the new judges' enemy, he became the people's idol. He flamed into literary celebrity. His "Marriage of Figaro" (1784) was the success of his life. Meanwhile Du Barry's enormous extravagance greatly embarrassed the finances. To supply her luxuries, the court went into grain speculation, while the people (as usual) were hungry. Patents of nobility were sold. Trade's licenses were sold. *Lettres de cachet* were also sold. They are said to have reached an average of 2,500 a year. There were then in Paris alone, thirty prisons, besides the Bastile. France contained twenty fortresses on the model of this celebrated Donjon.

The Parisian Bastile, began by Charles V in 1369, stood at the Porte St. Antoine, in the most poverty-stricken quarter. When completed, it had eight towers, one at each corner, two in each flank. The walls were twelve feet thick at the top, thirty or forty at the base.* The cells were in the towers. Their windows were half closed by iron bars. Around the structure was a dry ditch twenty-five feet deep, shut in by a wall with a gallery for sentries at the top. Below the level of the ditch were dungeons more secret than cells. Each had a narrow slit by way of window. The normal capacity was for fifty solitary prisoners. But to keep up with the times, subterranean dungeons had been added along the sewers. There were also bottle-shaped pits called oubliettes, into which, in earlier days, prisoners were put to starve, or kept for more effectual concealment (*au plus grand secret*) food being occasionally let down.

From Charles VII to Louis XIV, the Bastile had been reserved for troublesome politicians, but it now received indiscriminately victims of the court, of private

* Fiction, by the much quoted prisoner Linguet. They were only nine feet thick at the top, twelve at the base. See Tighe Hopkins, "Dungeons of Old Paris," and Ravaisson, "Archives."

malice, and of their own misdeeds. Such a convenience was worth paying for. Before Howard's reforms, and afterwards, in debtors' prisons, the inmates found their board and fees as best they could. Those who had nothing, lived by a trade, like Bunyan, or by pandering to the rich, who were allowed to buy anything; or else they died of hunger and bad liquor,—a mitigation very seldom absent. But the Bastile prisoner received a regular allowance, according to his rank—fifty francs per day for a royal prince, and so on down to a few sous for a commoner. Money, however, was omnipotent. Not all the prisoners were secreted or denied visits. If they had means and friends, their inconvenience might be extremely slight. As with similar arrangements, generally, it was, in Mr. Tony Weller's words, "onequal." Constant de Renneville, who passed eleven years in a loathsome dungeon, wrote an account of his experience which shocked Europe. The actual horrors were aggravated by memory and fable. Even the Spanish Inquisition, as Llorente tells us, had discontinued torture before the revolution of France occurred. But the Bastile was associated in everyone's imagination with the oubliette and the rack, the Iron Mask and the cage in which Cardinal Balue passed eleven years without being able to lie down. Below these depths opened still the abyss of conjecture. Latude, a boy in his twenties, for the unjustifiable trick of pretending that there was a plot against Pompadour's life, was imprisoned in 1749 and came out, untried, in 1784. He, too, horrified the world by his narration. A Jesuit student was immured thirty-one years in a fortress for writing a Latin satire on the king. Charles of Armagnac was confined fourteen years for his brother's offenses, and emerged insane. M. Catalan, after a few months' detention, bought his liberty for $1,200,000. These facts and others like them were published. How many more had occurred, might be known when the sea gave up its dead. Those who perished in the Bastile made no sign. Those released took an oath of secrecy, which they must often have thought it wise to keep.

So false is the cant about "sloth, like rust—," that

the "vile repose," now generally abolished, of solitary confinement, is less fatal than the still unmitigated hard labor and hunger. The miseries of the Bastile sink into nothing in comparison with those of the proletariat. It is a scandalous thing that so good a country as France, already so advanced in the arts, should have been capable of several years' successive famine, as during her great Revolution. But the causes lie on the surface. Two thirds of the land belonged to the untaxed nobles and clergy. Most of their tenants were removable at will. A very good observer (Arthur Young) estimated that these producers received one penny in sixteen; the king's taxes taking ten, and the landlord five. Fear of rack-rents prevented such cultivators from making any improvement. Those who had bought out the nobles' arbitrary claim, were still subject to a heavy ground-rent The peasant proprietor was hindered from doing almost everything, either by absolute prohibition or a tax. Hand mills were taxed to protect monopoly. Transfers of land were taxed. Highway travel was taxed. Baking, and pressing grapes were monopolies. To evaporate a bowl of salt water was a crime, because it was evading the gabelle. To weed a field of grain was forbidden, lest it should disturb the partridges. The corvée, and local relics of serfdom, absorbed much labor. The assessments were arbitrary. The phenomena so luridly described by Lactantius and Ammianus Marcellinus, during the decline of Rome, were being reproduced in France, as they are now in Russia. The scourge of the census again caused universal mourning. The sheriff came accompanied by an army of bailiffs, without whom his life would not have been safe. The peasants still wore the coarse frock, ate the black bread, and used the obsolete tools of their grandfathers. Yet they were better off, and therefore more capable of deliverance, in France, than in Spain, Italy, Russia, Ireland, or many parts of Germany. There they multiplied recklessly, having no fear of famine, since their condition could not be worse. The nobility, clergy, and gentry, were attached to existing institutions; the people, hypnotized by patriotism, were (excepting the Irish) devoted

to the power which oppressed them. France was burning with discontent, and glowing with feverish hope. All classes saw the danger, and understood the remedy. Even the masses had something to lose. In gaining it, they had acquired habits of thrift, continence, and perseverance. Domestic tyranny was rather identified with, than opposed to, foreign. Only a touch was necessary to discharge the pent up electricity of aspiration, fear, and hate, which already reached its maximum tension.

The king's eldest son had died December 20, 1765. The queen followed within three years. The Vitellius of France was thus left without a relative whose popularity could give him any. His daughters, indeed, were virtuous, pious, and affectionate. They had influence with him during certain hypochrondriacal fits which he took for penitence. But they were old maids, too retiring, silent, and nun-like, to be general favorites. They stooped to appear with Madame du Barry at an exclusive family party, when in 1770, the new dauphin, a lubberly boy of sixteen, espoused that volatile child-princess, Marie Antoinette, daughter of the great Maria Theresa. For a bad omen, those illuminations which followed ended in a fearful conflagration, during which hundreds of people were crushed. Under Du Barry, the rulers of France were the detested D'Aiguillon and Chancellor Maupeou, who managed the suppression of the parliaments. Not a ray of glory adorns their administration. The last conquest (Corsica) had been made by Choiseul.

During Lent, 1774, the bishop of Senez preached before the court from this appropriate text: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." Within the time indicated, Louis XV lay ill. His last victim, a peasant child, is said to have brought him the small-pox, which quickly assumed its fatal confluent form. He had long suffered from another disease, contracted in the same way. On the approach of death, his piety returned. His faithful daughters shut themselves up with him, amidst stench and poison. Du Barry went off in the chariot of her falling ally D'Aiguillon. The night of May 10 came on amidst a terrific thunder-

storm. The dauphin and dauphine, their brothers and sisters, awed by Death's presence, assembled in a chapel to recite before their wafer-Christ, the prayers of the Forty Hours. In a distant room lay the dying king, a mass of putresence. As the clock struck twelve, his hired nurse abandoned her post, and extinguished that taper which she kept burning for a signal. The new sovereigns were now in another apartment. The rushing feet of many courtiers brought them news. They fell on their knees, and Louis XVI exclaimed, "Oh God! guide us, protect us! We are too young to govern." Three carriages were ready to convey the royal family away. The king and queen, the king's brothers and their wives, rode in the first. Within a few minutes they had recovered their spirits. In the second carriage were Louis' sisters, in the third, those only mourners, his unselfish aunts. These devoted women soon fell sick with the small-pox, but in their cases it proved mild. As to the forsaken monarch, he did not actually breathe his last till three in the afternoon. At night, his remains were hurried with little ceremony to St. Denis. The old regime was virtually buried with them. The Revolution had already gone much too far to be averted; but all its horrors might have been spared had pilotage fallen into better hands.

III

The new king's first act was to appoint another ministry. The financial department was entrusted to Turgot, at this time perhaps the most renowned among the so-called Economists (Physiocrats); who had also proved himself a practical man of business while administering government at Limoges. There was work enough for him to do. Louis XV had been expected to leave a treasure, tho it is not easy to imagine why. He actually left a debt of $800,000,000. The revenue by no means sufficed to pay interest and current expenses. The deficits, so far, had been met by new loans; but this desperate resource was at an end. Turgot's program, as he privately unfolded it before Louis, was to gradually establish local legislatures, democratic in constitution, which would help the crown to abolish the nobles' privileges and make them take their share of public burdens. But his hands were tied. The premier, Maurepas, whom Pompadour had driven from office thirty years before, restored the antiquated parliament, a strictly aristocratic body, which would hear of no such thing. Turgot took restraints off the internal trade in grain, reduced the octroi, and authorized importation of provisions. A marked revival of prosperity gave hopes for good results. Agriculture entered on a career of steady improvement. But reforms are not effected without resistance from vested interests. There were riots in those very agricultural districts especially benefited, because "protection" had been impugned. Turgot made more enemies by putting these tumults down with vigor.* It was under-

*The details are among those points at which Lacretelle's bald prose becomes quite blood-curdling. But Carlyle and Dickens have overdone the gallows "forty feet high," which others have described as the only blot on the administration of Turgot.

stood he meditated abolishing the other trade monopolies, and this of course excited a fresh storm. He had quarreled with Maurepas. The nobles and clergy learned that he meditated taxing them. Louis went so far as to force registration of some edicts in a "bed of justice." But just at this crisis it appeared that Marie Antoinette had given Turgot's enemies her fatally decisive influence. She was determined to save one whom he was determined to prosecute; so, after having considerably reduced the deficit and improved public credit, he received his dismissal, May, 1776.

Thus France escaped the cursed blessing of an Antonine period—which always ends with Commodus. Such, too, was the first handful of sticks the Austrian Myrrha threw upon that pyre she was building for her Sardanapalus and herself. Hitherto, she had probably been rather popular. Her frank gayety produced an agreeable relaxation in the irksome pomp of Versailles. She called the horrible old king papa, and to his daughters' consternation, scolded him. On accession, she and her husband declined the usual presents, and gave alms liberally to the poor. But Marie Antoinette had a positive genius for making enemies. Even before papa's death, his second heir (Louis XVIII) was suspected of lampooning her in print. The posthumous papers of Louis XV prove that she was slandered by this princeling to the king.

By refusing to know a lady who had shelved her husband, the dauphine set against her all those whose study was how brazen one could be at Versailles. Yet within a few years her mentor, the Abbé Vermond, told her plump that a shady reputation appeared a passport to her regard.

The root of this evil was nothing but frivolity. Her mother, thru De Mercy d' Argenteau, reproved her for not conforming her ways to her husband's. She replied by giving a ludicrous description of those habits she was expected to adopt. The dauphin at first used to hunt all day, then gorge and sleep like an anaconda. As he grew older, he neglected the chase. He ate and slept better than ever, but gave his waking hours to sedentary pursuits. He liked such simple

branches of science as geography; but his particular hobby was locksmithing. "What sort of a figure should I make by a forge?" wrote Marie Antoinette to her mother. "I couldn't be Vulcan; and the part of Venus might not suit him as well as my own tastes, to which he does not much object." She tried, indeed, to have him share her frolics; but, finding this impossible, lived apart from him as much as was compatible with entire agreement. The clock was set on to shorten his day and lengthen her night. She did not hunt, cared nothing for the globes or iron mongery; but, while he retired at eleven and rose at seven, she would dance till ten in the morning.

She had a few intimate female friends. The first, and best, was the Princesse de Lamballe, the beautiful, virtuous, and childless widow of Louis the Fourteenth's great grandson—thru illegitimate posterity. She became superseded to an extent which grieved her faithful heart by Madame de Polignac, a lady whose character there would be no more use in blackening than in protesting with effusion that a Negro is not white. Unlike the sensitive, self-respecting Lamballe, this favorite was an adept in the art of wheedling. She was ostentatiously unwilling to take or spend anything. So her husband received a place worth 80,000 livres a year; with apartments in four towns; while she was made a duchess, royal governess, dispenser of batons, embassies, and small offices. When the queen entered these ladies' salons, they became hers. Both were centers of gambling, a practise forbidden by law, and disapproved by the king. The *habitués* were described by Marie's preceptor, De Mercy, as the most foolish and reckless of Parisian youth. The queen won six or seven thousand louis d'or, and lost 14,000 in one year. Pockets were picked at her table. The Baron de Besenvel and the Duc de Lauzun, conspicuous among her set, both lived to boast of being her conquerors. But it is rather probable they lied.

However, the gross carcase of Madame du Barry was hardly more expensive than Marie Antoinette's love of fun. Louis XVI gave Marie the charming little park of Trianon, within an easy walk of Versailles.

Here rose her pavilion (never occupied at night), her theater, her village. The latter contained a dairy, where butter was churned with ivory dashers, a laundry where clothes were beaten with ebony clubs, a mill to which the king bore grist upon his royal shoulders. These toys, constructed for her whim, amidst a beautiful garden, not of the Old Regime, but of the rustic English type, were building for twelve years. Her growing unpopularity was aggravated by aversion to her country. Some money which France had found for Joseph II, next caused his sister to be called Madame Deficit.

After a brief interval Turgot's portfolio was given to M. Necker, a Protestant banker, born at Geneva, who had been very successful in his own business. His idea was principally parsimony. He had opposed Turgot's free trade. He refused all profit from his office, abolished over six hundred sinecures or superfluous places, and succeeded in negotiating many loans. But fate was against him. The outbreak of the American Revolution had discovered a most alarming sentiment in France. Louis was by no means sorry to see England embarrassed; but that instinct of self-preservation which makes the dullest see farther than the wisest whom it does not touch, forbade his encouraging democratic rebellion. Marie Antoinette was much more vehement in the royal cause. This did not prevent French nobles from expressing sympathy, sending money or even going out to fight for the Americans. The best known of these volunteers has received so much admiration that it requires some courage to speak of him as he deserves. Lafayette, at that time a lanky, red-haired stripling, was always a sincere, ardent, and a somewhat thorogoing lover of liberty. He never valued popularity in America sufficiently to suppress his abhorrence of Negro slavery. But with this his praise must end. He was too young for his American exploits to be important on any but moral grounds. As a general he amounted to nothing. As a statesman he never failed to exhibit a capacity in blundering so extreme that it would have been harmless, but for his early reputation. While he was fighting

with the young republic, Franklin, the aged philosopher, discoverer, and patriot, was receiving idolatrous honors from the aristocracy of Paris. A lady, selected as the most beautiful among three hundred, crowned him with laurel, and kissed him on both cheeks. His republican simplicity excited curiosity and admiration no less in the street than in the salons. His bust was seen everywhere, with Turgot's inscription, *Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis*. On mere financial grounds, Necker, as well as the king, was opposed to war. Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI felt a deeper wound. But they dared not resist.

Thus it became evident that they had no real force of will. "M. Turgot and I are the only two men in France who care for the people," Louis had said. Yet he dismissed Turgot. "You will remember, sir, this is against my judgment," was his nerveless protest when he signed the treaty with the United States (February 8, 1778). That utter dismay with which he and the queen regarded the republican demonstrations, was shared in some degree by other sovereigns, who, however, generally took the same side. Joseph II was in Paris about the critical time. A lady asked him what he thought of the day's topic. "You must excuse my answering, madame," he replied. "It is my trade to be a royalist."

At this juncture, Voltaire, the great iconoclast, who had long been an exile, ventured to revisit Paris. The court refused to receive him. But all classes of the people thronged to that theater where his last drama, "Irene," was produced. A very low caste woman pointed him out to another as "the saviour of Calas." When he entered the building every spectator rose. Plaudits shook galleries, roof and walls. On his departure, beautiful women and men of the highest rank carried him in their arms. His "ravenous vanity" was fairly cloyed. Tears ran down his withered cheeks. His skeleton frame shook like an aspen leaf. "You smother me with roses," he murmured. "You will kill me with joy." It was indeed the end. Soon after, this man of eighty-four was attacked with hemorrhage of the stomach. The hier-

archy had power to insult his remains like those of Adrienne Lecouvreur. His nephew, a clergyman, was desirous he should conform. A stupid priest, introduced to absolve him, was not satisfied with his admissions, and demanded faith in the divinity of Jesus. Voltaire pushed him away, saying, "Let me hear no more of that man. Let me die in peace." The archbishop of Paris refused the infidel "Christian burial." But it had been performed by his nephew before the order was issued. The ghouls caught a glimpse of the Red Spectre. They hesitated to violate Voltaire's tomb. But newspapers were forbidden to mention the death of the greatest French writer. Within five weeks Rousseau had also passed away.

The war, of course, added enormously to public burdens. National bankruptcy again impended. It meant ruin to the pensioners, to widows and orphans. Necker, in despair, proved green enough to think the nobles would accept taxation if they knew the necessity. In 1781 he published his "Compte Rendu au Roi,"—which should have been called an account rendered the nation. This balance-sheet, by no means explicit, but the first issued for many a long year, showed that interest on the debt absorbed a third of the revenue; that the remainder did not nearly pay expenses; that the deficit necessarily increased very fast; that, without a broader basis for taxation, collapse was absolutely inevitable. He recommended provincial parliaments, a third of whose members were, it is understood, to be made by popular election. As with most palliative measures, the failure was complete. The people indeed were profoundly interested in the disclosure, and delighted with a prospect of reform. But frivolous nobles were furious at the encroachment on their privileges, and ambitious nobles little disposed to advance a scheme which would increase Necker's influence at the expense of theirs. Necker crowned his irresolution by trying to make out in face of his own figures that he had somehow overcome the deficit, gained 10,000,000 francs upon the debt, and only needed support! Maurepas next refused him a seat in the Council of State, on the

ostensible but very provoking ground that he was a heretic. Necker accordingly resigned, May 19-25.* Maurepas died a few months later.

After the almost forgotten Fleury and D'Ormesson had successively tried to fill Necker's place, it was given Calonne, October, 1783. This gentleman's agreeable and diplomatic manners assisted him to raise a good deal of ready money by sale or mortgage of royal property. Thus relieved for a moment, the court plunged into fresh extravagances. The king's brother, D'Artois (afterwards Charles X) contracted enormous debts. The palace of St. Cloud was bought for Louis, as that of Rambouillet had been lately. Immense sums were lavished on these buildings. After about three years Calonne had reached the end of his rope. In Richelieu's administration (1626), he found a precedent for calling an Assembly of Notables, that is representative nobles, clergymen, and commoners, chosen by the king. Such a packed parliament might be expected to act like an elected one, tho less violently. The only hope of using it lay in concessions; and necessity for these was what the incorrigible court could never learn. A popular caricature made the king appear as a *bon vivant* who informed his domestic animals that they were assembled to consider with what sauce he should eat them. An ox speaks for the rest: "We don't want to be eaten." The reply is, "You wander from the point." Lafayette, who had been called among noble representatives, spoke freely against *lettres de cachet* and other abuses. The Comte d'Artois reproved him. "When a notable is

* He had partially carried out Turgot's plan for democratic assemblies. These organizations, ignored by most writers, are of interest because they died in giving birth to the States General of 1789. They were instituted in Berri and Haute Garonne. In the former, the king appointed a third of the members, who elected the rest. Half were "unprivileged." Brienne extended the system over France, with the modifications that half the members were appointed, to elect the other half, among their functions; and that there were parish assemblies consisting of the manor lord, the priest, and elected members. After three years they were to elect new provincial members, a quarter of the old retiring.

asked for his opinion, he should give it," replied the undaunted companion of Washington. Calonne's proposals were no sooner unfolded than they caused a tremendous storm. They had involved taxing the Church. Archbishop de Brienne, of Toulouse, denounced this as sacrilegious. Calonne, abandoned by the queen and D'Artois, who had hitherto been his chief supporters, was banished to Lorraine; the notables were dismissed, and De Brienne became financial minister. "Public credit being dead," said the wags, "an archbishop was called to bury it."

While Calonne still held the financial department, occurred one of those small events, which, according to Aristotle, usually bring down the accumulated wrath of centuries. Among the profligate women who hung around Marie Antoinette was one Madame La Motte. She claimed descent from the former royal family, and therefore added Valois to her name. This adventuress formed an ingenious scheme to use the queen for her own enrichment. At the time of Louis the Fifteenth's death, a diamond necklace of immense value was being made for Madame du Barry. As she did not afterwards feel able to pay for it, the maker tried selling it to Marie Antoinette. According to Madame Campan, the queen declined to purchase. La Motte says Louis refused her the extravagance. Neither story is much in character; but I fear the latter is more probable than the former, considering what shortly happened. A cardinal, who bore the great Breton name of Rohan, was persuaded to think Marie Antoinette regarded him with some favor, and that his success was assured if he would help her to the coveted trinket. As he required to be told the former by her own mouth, a certain Mademoiselle Oliva, who resembled her sufficiently to serve the conspirators' purpose, gave him a short interview by night. He then became security for the necklace; "a page" took it from his custody in the queen's name; and La Motte sold the diamonds separately.

When the notes came due, the disappointed cardinal refused to pay. The frightened artist appealed to the queen, who at first treated the whole matter

with contempt. Madame Campan and some court gentlemen, however, convinced her that an investigation was inevitable. Louis took it up with proper spirit. The Cardinal Rohan was arrested at the altar. While under restraint, he was allowed to destroy his La Motte correspondence; which, of course, greatly obscures the facts. However La Motte was fatally implicated. Her arrest promptly followed. Mlle. Oliva was extradited from Brussels. The nobility showed threatening zeal for their brother Rohan; the multitude for their sister Oliva; who seemed like to be made scapegoats. Both were acquitted. The La Motte woman was convicted of larceny as bailee, whipped, branded, and imprisoned. And now a turn took place in public sentiment. When the facts became known it was felt the verdict smelled of whitewash,—suspected that Rohan and Oliva knew enough to make their own conditions. Half France believed the queen as profligate as Du Barry; and from henceforth she was equally detested. The weak despot, who had issued hundreds of *lettres de cachet*, did not dare inflict arbitrarily any but nominal penalties on those who had played such scandalous tricks with his honor; and it is not destitute of significance that even La Motte was soon permitted to escape. Her "Memoirs," published in England, are, of course, but poor authority.

Brienne found himself obliged to adopt his predecessors' measures. He brought his explosive before parliament disguised as a tax on land (one of Turgot's ideas). But by this time a regular opposition had formed, under lead of Duport, Fréteau de Saint Just, and D'Espréménil. The long meditated establishment local legislatures was allowed to pass without resistance; but the tax was refused with the usual clamor. On August 6, 1787, the refractory members were brought from Paris to Versailles, and ordered to register the edict. They obeyed, but immediately on their return protested that they had no right to impose taxes—this power belonged to the States General alone. Their House was surrounded by an applauding crowd. On the 14th they were arrested by *lettre de cachet*, and packed off to Troyes, a dull place, a hun-

dred miles from Paris. The king's brothers, amidst hisses from the populace, erased the obnoxious resolution. The elder one (Provence), being thought unwilling, received some cheers. The parliament soon got tired of playing patriot and agreed on a loan; Louis promising to call the States General within five years (September 20).* It quickly proved that each had been trying to deceive the other. The king had doubtless no intention of calling the States General. The parliament did not mean to record the loan. When orders were given it to do so, the duke of Orleans rose and said this was not "a bed of justice," but a session. He, and two nobles who ventured to support him, were immediately imprisoned. But their spirit remained at large. The loan was not "recorded." The people would not subscribe to it.

Brienne, besides being unable to get money, was well pelted with pamphlets. They were known to be inspired by Orleans, who began to loom up as a possible claimant of the throne. This prince (great grandson of the famous regent) was now about forty. A life of debauchery had made his head bald, his face bronzed, and his cheeks disfigured with boils. But his enormous wealth, great talents, and vicinity to the crown, rendered him a most dangerous agitator. As early as 1771, he had headed the protest against suppressing parliament. Since 1776 he had been the queen's particular enemy. The scribblers by no means spared royalty. They said outright that fat Louis was impotent and imbecile; that his wife's children, born suspiciously long after her marriage, were not his; that France wanted a king with posterity and a mind. The duke's tastes were also rather bourgeois than aristocratic. He had increased his fortune by speculation. He built a great part of the modern Palais Royal, which was full of cafés, gaming houses, questionable

* These arrangements were secret at first. See some details in Carlyle. The reader familiar with other works on the subject will observe I curtail such matter as much as possible, for which he ought to thank me; because, if anything be more tiresome than a "fight among the kites and crows," it is a fight among "solecisms" now all obsolete alike.

boarders, and other attractions. The gardens were a public resort, and a center of sedition. But this would-be usurper, fortunately for France, was more adventurous about getting into danger than self-possessed when in. Refused his normal place in the service, probably thru the queen's ill-will,* he had gone to sea, and been present at the battle of Ushant. He had also gone down into a coal-mine, and up in a balloon; and, on all these occasions it was said he showed his characteristic relapse from rashness to timidity.

Brienne now arranged with the king for a thoro *coup d'etat.* The parliaments were to be completely superseded by new courts called Grand Baillages, under a supreme tribunal (the plenary). The kingdom was divided into corresponding provinces. The governors (intendants), of all were to receive the new constitution simultaneously. Printers were conveyed in disguise to Versailles for the purpose of setting it up. They were guarded by sentries, and fed at the case. But Brienne should have begun by arresting the parliamentarians, who, during January, 1788, furnished an excuse in the form of a strong remonstrance. As usual with the doomed, everything had been mismanaged. So extensive a plot could not fail to leak out somewhere. By paying handsomely, D'Espréménil got a copy of the edict, and laid it before parliament, May 3. The members swore to resist at peril of their lives. Intelligence of this rebellion soon reached Versailles. *Lettres de cachet* were issued for D'Espréménil and his friend Goisland. They escaped over their housetops to the Palais de Justice, where parliament reassembled. It sat thirty-six hours, in open defiance of the king, surrounded by an immense multitude. At last a whole army marched against it with horse, foot, and artillery. The members were turned out. The building was locked up. D'Espréménil was

* Lord Holland lays it to her. The duke had by routine a right to be grand admiral, and his alleged timidity at Ushant was only an excuse for his disappointment, actually effected before that.

sent to the island of Ste. Marguerite, Goisland to prison at Lyons. Louis appeared to have succeeded where Charles I had failed. But, unlike Charles, he was without a party. Nobles and people alike sustained parliament—the latter because they hoped something from it; the former because its fall would leave them as helpless as plebeians, and more exposed to royal anger or cupidity. The Bretons sent twelve of their deputies to remonstrate. All were put into the Bastile. A larger delegation followed. It was forcibly turned back. The undaunted Bretons sent a third. The delegates approached Versailles by different roads. They reached their destination; but the king would not see them. They held a meeting in Paris, and called on all their countrymen to join them, with Lafayette at the head. This was the origin of the Jacobin Club.

Eight parliaments were put down, according to Brienne's program. But the tocsin rang, and those officers sent with the edict were repulsed, at Grenoble —center of long independent Dauphiny,—buttressed by the Alps,—inspired with Albigensian and Huguenot memories, with traditions which mentioned Hannibal and Bayard! The Estates of this province were reorganized. The example nerved three other parliaments to successful resistance. First among them, sturdy old Brittany—unconquerable enemy to Caesar and Clovis; land of the Pelagians and Culdees, which never adopted the Roman language—she declared infamous whoever should accept Brienne's new offices. But, indeed, no one who had any reputation to lose would do it. The Plenary Court held only one session, and expired amidst hisses, like fire in a wet stick. Meanwhile, the remaining parliaments generally cancelled edicts as fast as they were compelled to register them.

The thirteenth of July arrived—a stormy day, with rain, wind, vivid lightning, and dreadful thunder. From those wild depths of air which overhang "the forties" in mid-ocean, the cloud came lowering over France. It moved from southwest to northeast. Suddenly, near the Pyrenees, it began to release that most dreaded

enemy of the harvest—hail. The first onset, after a short interval, was followed by another more destructive. There were two lines of this devastating progress, each, in places, twenty miles wide. Between them, for about twenty more, and beyond each, the rain fell in torrents, with heavy thunder. As the tempest worked northwards (it was last heard of in Holland) the stones became larger, the showers longer, the destruction more complete. For a hundred and twenty miles each side Paris not a stalk of growing corn was left. Trees were stripped of their foliage, windows broken, animals and human beings lay beaten to jelly in the fields. No equal calamity from such a cause had been recorded since Israel came out of Egypt. The specter of famine stared twenty-five million people in the face. The consternation was universal. Brienne recommended calling the States General; and a hasty edict to that effect was issued.

On August 16, another announced that payments would be made, three-fifths in cash, and two-fifths in interest-bearing notes of little value. Repudiation had come at last. Brienne, now prime minister, offered the financial department to Necker, and, on his declining it, Brienne himself resigned. His effigy was burnt by the populace and Necker's chaired. Every passer on the Pont Neuf was required to groan for Brienne and cheer for Necker. A bloody riot followed. On August 24, Necker again accepted the portfolio. So great was his reputation, that tho there were only about $50,000 in the treasury, he negotiated a new loan, and the funds rose thirty per cent. This, however, can hardly be so much a tribute to his financial ability as confidence inspired by the king's change of councillors. It was certain now that the States General would actually meet, and certain that their session would destroy the monstrous system which had bankrupted France.

IV

The States General were called to sit, not at Paris but at Versailles, the royal residence, on April 27, 1789. So long a time had passed since such an event occurred that even lawyers and antiquarians did not know the scale of representation. The nobles and clergy demanded a third for each order. The commons made the modest claim that twenty-four millions of them should elect as many representatives as half a million priests and nobles. Thus the orders, hitherto united in revolutionary zeal, parted company, never to heartily coalesce again. The parliaments, just restored, pronounced for equal shares. The king called another Assembly of Notables (September 6); but, tho it divided into committees and even received some reports, nothing was effected at its expiration, December 12. During January, Louis ordered that the commons should have as many representatives as the other orders united, according to the recent proceedings of Brienne's assemblies.

The nobles were very sulky after this defeat. In Brittany they would not vote. In Provence a protest was formulated. Count Mirabeau, who took the popular side, was expelled from the oligarchical assembly, and at once became a tribune. This agitator, destined to such a mighty clouded fame, was already forty years of age, and noted. His father was, like himself, a republican; but in his own family he was a tyrant. Nature had meant the son to be very handsome; but in infancy he became hideously disfigured by smallpox. His head was enormous, his hair a perfect shock. He was a giant in frame, an athlete in force. His family were always ashamed of him, and repeatedly imprisoned him by *lettre de cachet* for various escapades. His life had been dissolute; and he was now threatened

with blindness. He had been a brave but insubordinate soldier. He was at feud not only with his father and his colonel, but his mother, his wife, and the woman who left her husband for him. In a quarrel, everyone knew he could hold his own; before he had been seen to raise a rallying standard. His voice was thunder, his tongue poison. He was an author, almost always political, but very miscellaneous. He wrote against England's employment of mercenary troops in the colonies, against *lettres de cachet*, against the Dutch monopolies, on the American Order of the Cincinnati. He attacked Calonne, criticized Reformed Judaism, described the kingdom of Prussia in print, and extricated himself from poverty by libelling the French government. But he never had a party or a following before. He designated the principal men of his time by eccentric double nicknames. Lafayette he called Grandison Cromwell. He now, it is said, rented a shop and suspended over it his sign, MIRABEAU, DRY GOODS. Having thus formally renounced his rank, he was elected by both Aix and Marseilles to represent the Third Estate. He chose to serve for Aix.

By the final arrangements, every taxpayer over twenty-five was a voter. This was the first example of nearly universal suffrage thruout a large kingdom. Those new assemblies organized by Necker and Brienne were mouthpieces of the call. Under each provincial assembly were others of arondissements, under these for parishes. In the latter are true plebeians, farmers who follow the plow. They talk about poll taxes, gabelle, octri, corvée; and get ideas concerning the causes, connections, extent, of all these things. The man who knows more than his neighbors is an oracle. The wineshop, the barber's, the lawyer's little office, the cure's parlor, the street corner—each becomes a forum.

During the canvass, there was another rain of pamphlets. That which caused the greatest sensation was written by the Abbé Siéyès. Its pith consisted in those three questions and answers following. "What is the Third Estate? The whole people. What has it

been hitherto? Nothing. What does it want? To become something."

Meanwhile, gaunt and grim, stalks Famine, the last instructor of contented slaves, with a rod in whose switchings is much information.* The winter after that terrible hail storm was the coldest since 1709. Before New Years' the Seine froze from Paris to Havre. In Provence and Languedoc, a third of the olive trees died. The rest were set back two years. In Viverais and the Cevennes whole forests of chestnuts perished, with all the hay crops and winter wheat. The Rhone overflowed its delta for two months. With spring approaching, distress becomes more dire. There is actual scarcity, not mere high prices. Even the rich find it hard to obtain bread. In Normandy, even landowners eat barley and drink water. Noncereal foods are plenty, but the poor cannot buy them. The peasants try to make bread out of oats and bran; but children die of eating it. At Troyes the bakers charge five sous a pound—wages being twelve a day. In many parishes, a quarter of the people are begging. The pauper population of Paris has trebled. In St. Antoine alone there are thirty thousand mendicants. The government sends grain to the places worst afflicted. This is the sort of grain sent—At Villeneuve, rye is so poor and black that it will not go without admixture of wheat. At Sens, the barley tastes musty—buyers throw the loaves in the bakers' faces. At Chevreuse it has sprouted and smells bad. At Fontainebleau, rats and weevils have gnawed it so there is more bran than flour. It must be worked over several times to make bread. "The bread," says a witness who did not have to live on it, "was generally blackish,

* Most of the ensuing particulars are from Taine. Possessing a brilliant gift of word-paint, writing in the conservative interest soon after the Commune, and constantly referring to original authorities, he doubtless does the very best for his extravagant thesis—that the French Revolution, "by virtue of its devotion to ideals, the greatest, most animating event in history," Matthew Arnold said, was only a gigantic bread-riot! Like all men of much ability who have written about it, he adopts a screamy style.

earthy, and bitter, producing inflammation of the throat and pain in the bowels. . . . I have seen portions of it yellow in color, with an offensive smell; some forming blocks so hard that they had to be broken with *repeated* blows of a hatchet."

Under these painful circumstances, there were riots, which M. Taine dignifies with the name of Jacqueries. Mobs attempt to seize grain thruout Normandy; and men are killed "on both sides." At Montlhery, women rip open sacks of grain with scissors, and bakers' shops are robbed. At Bray sur Seine, May 1, a mob compels the farmers who have come to market to sell for three livres a bushel. At Bagnols, 1st and 2d of April, an armed multitude exacts contributions. At Amiens, wheat belonging to the Jacobins (monks) is seized and sold. At Nantes, the price of bread is reduced, to avert an attack on the town hall. At Fougères and Vitre, strangers are not allowed to buy. At Saint Leonard, Bost, Saint Didier, and Tournus grain going elsewhere is stopped. At Mans and Montdragon millers are mobbed for speculating. At Thiers, a wheat field is plundered, and the proprietor beaten for resisting. At Nevers, *no bread having been sold for four days*, some barns are plundered. At Nantes, a man is wounded. Around Caux, there are robberies. At Chartres, three or four hundred woodchoppers make a plundering raid. At Cambresis, three abbeys, some houses, and some wagons are looted. Near Usès and Limoux, legal documents are burnt—at the former, the perpetrators, who numbered twenty-five and wore masks, were arrested, but rescued by a mob. At Ploermel, "many places in Alsace," Isère, and Lyons, taxes are resisted, and collection delayed. At Agdè, the bishop has to renounce certain tolls. At Marseilles, the house of a contractor (revenue-farmer?), and at Brignolles, that of an exciseman, is sacked. The consul (mayor) of Arles is shaken at a window, and lowers prices. In more than forty towns and villages the meal tax is suspended, as dangerous—among them are Aix, Marseilles, and Toulon. The mayor of this last, the bishop of Sisteron, and a citizen of La Sajne, are assaulted.

At Ampt a man is killed in a fray. At Brignolles there is a serious riot—forty-three houses pillaged. At Sollier, a mill is burnt. At Peinier, the president is made to give up his seignorial rights. At Riez, the bishop is fain to ransom his palace. At Barjols the Unsuline nuns are made to pay a contribution; and ninety loads of wheat are reported taken from two persons. Horrible to relate, the game laws are extensively violated. And, now the thermometer is below zero, people are wicked enough to cut wood in monseigneur's forests here and there.

All things have an end. I have omitted from Taine's list of outrages only a few which totally lack either evidence or importance. And I think on the fable of the Beasts with the Plague.*

The king, in a fright, was pardoning all offenses. But he deferred the meeting of the States General from April 27 to May 4.

On that 27th the house of one M. A. M. Reveillon, in or near the Faubourg St. Antoine, was sacked because he had spoken lightly of the commons. The uproar brought together a hundred thousand people. Except at the focus, they were harmless; but the narrow streets were packed tight for a radius of a mile. It was two or three hours before some cannon sent to disperse the mob reached a place where shame would let them fire. Having accomplished this at last, they delivered one volley of grape; and the populace, as usual, ran away.

The nobles had succeeded in having it arranged that voting should be indirect and viva voce. Nevertheless, the elections ran altogether in the popular cur-

* The beasts having the plague, as La Fontaine tells it, resolve to confess their sins; the most guilty to die pro bono. The Lion begins as follows:

J'ai devoré force moutons,
Que 'est ce qu'ils m' ont fit? Nulle offense.
Même il m'est quelque fois arrive a manger.
Le berger!

After the Wolf and other noble animals have made similar confessions, the Ass admits having sometimes eaten the grass which grew thru a neighbor's fence. The Ass died, by unanimous consent.

rent. Of three hundred representatives chosen by the clergy, two hundred were curés, sons of peasants, who could not hope to rise, living among the poor, working hard, for $50 to $150 a year. This showed that tho the aristocratic bishops were regarded with much awe, the priests voted to suit themselves; and their representatives might be expected to do likewise. All people were explicitly invited to send the States General their grievances.

The 4th of May arrived—a day destined, after ninety-seven years, to become still greater in liberty's annals. Versailles was crowded, from gutters to steeple-tops, with dense throngs out of Paris and the surrounding country. Two days earlier, the king had received the delegates, and, with characteristic judgment, tried to check democracy by showing the people's representatives marked indignities. Perhaps bad luck rather than bad management sent him the famous Master of the Ceremonies, De Brézé, whose etiquettes have afforded historians so much fun. This ideal gentleman-usher had it in his heart to be most courteous, if the manuals of punctilio had but taught him how. He was never deemed worth guillotining.

Amidst a shouting multitude, all now went to church, in a procession between lines of troops. The commons led the way. The clergy followed the nobles. But Gallicanism placed the State—"*l'Etat c' est moi*"—above the Church. The court walked last. Louis was simply dressed; but wore one inestimable jewel. Between the chant of priests, military music filled the air. The overhanging concourse ran their eyes lightly over waving plumes, purple robes, blazing gold and gems, but brought them back to rest on the Third Estate in simple black. Before that luminous column, this cloudy pillar moved amidst a storm of claps and vivas which shook the city. Behind it, silence was broken only by an occasional cheer for Orleans.

In church, the Estates occupied the nave. The king and queen, surrounded by courtiers, sat on thrones beneath a velvet canopy sprinkled with *fleurs de lis*. The music was rendered by a magnificent choir without instruments. The bishop of Nancy

preached. In lurid colors he painted the misery and oppression of France. His peroration was a glowing eulogy on the reforming king. The true reformers easily forgave this bit of fustian; and neither majesty nor the place prevented applause from following.

Next day, the first business session was held in the immense *Salle des Menus*, whose galleries and aisles could easily hold four thousand spectators. Here, again, the people's representatives encountered insult. They waited for hours crowded in a corridor at a back door, while the higher orders made their pompous entry in front. When, at last, the men in black were admitted, they occupied the obscure rear seats, facing, as suppliants, king, court, clergy, and nobles, who descended, in this, their proper order, from the front door, near which their majesties sat enthroned. The galleries were thronged with spectators. The hunters had found their glittering game, and the hounds were waiting to be loosed.

After reading a perfunctory address, the king sat down and put on his plumed hat. The clergy and nobles, exercising a privilege, did likewise. But now behold the people's view of back doors and subfusk! In an instant there is motion among the Third Estate, a rising wave of black slouch hats; and presently every plebeian brow is guarded like its betters. "Hats off! hats off!" some noblemen so far forgot themselves as to cry aloud. But not a hat moves, till the "citizen king" gives an example, after which all sit in barefaced equality. There had been a little discussion about a reply to the king's speech. In antediluvian times, when the States used to meet, the Third addressed the sovereign on bended knees. This Third Estate has been instructed to bear no humiliation. It will not reply in that posture—has learned that etiquette must be observed—very good; then no reply at all! Necker's speech, which followed the king's, was a disappointment. Nothing was clear about it except that the citizen king wanted money much more than reform.

There is little doubt each order was originally a separate chamber. The nobles had consoled themselves, therefore, since their defeat at the polls, by re-

flecting that, after all, nothing could be done without a majority in their house. On May 6, they and the clergy organized separately. Had the commons done likewise, all were lost. They resolve, accordingly, that no quorum of the legislature is present, elect a chairman *pro tem*, and pass the day in masterly inactivity, dictated probably by Mirabeau, who had given so much attention to English and American affairs.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

Yet a little while, and these motionless representatives of the masses must bring the noblesse and clergy to themselves. For something had to be done. Nothing could be done without three orders. The Third would not begin, so what else can the others do? They began by trying to draw the commons into some compromising measure. The archbishop of Aix came with a message from his brother prelates. It set forth the hourly increase of their people's sufferings, and entreated the Third Estate to agree on a conference for relief. The dilemma was embarrassing. If the Third Estate refused, they seemed to disregard their constituents. If they consented, they recognized another chamber. There was among the deputies a man of thirty-one, from Arras, where he had been a member of the criminal court, but had resigned because he disapproved of capital punishment. He appeared a dawdling dandy; tho his means were very limited. I happen to know it was a love affair which accidentally brought him into the way of being elected; also that the immediate cause of nomination was his practical address to a club which had muddled itself over human rights, the social contract, the natural state, and other metaphysical flim-flam, of the same, then fashionable, sort. He was small, angular; with a little head, protuberant over the temples; deeply set blue eyes; a straight, small nose, very wide at the nostrils; large mouth, but thin lips; chin narrow and pointed. His complexion was sallow. His features were strongly marked. He now rose, after a few moments' silence, and said with emphasis: "Go, tell your colleagues that we are waiting for them here. We wait for them to aid us in relieving the sorrows of the people. Tell

them no longer to retard our work. Tell them our resolution is not to be shaken by a stratagem like this. If they feel for the poor, let them, as imitators of their Master, renounce that luxury which consumes the funds of indigence, dismiss those insolent lackeys who attend them, sell their gorgeous equipages, and with these superfluities relieve the perishing."* "That man will go far," said Mirabeau. "He means every word he says." His name was Maximilian Robespierre.

Daily the galleries were now crowded with spectators, ready, as in the Long Parliament days of England, to overawe an unpopular party.

Thus passed a month of "open famine."

On May 27, the commons sent to urge attendance of the other orders, and some fruitless conferences followed. On June 10, Siéyès, perhaps the only clergyman who had yet cast his lot with the commons, proposed to send absentees a last summons—if it were neglected, declare a quorum, and proceed. The word was softened to "invitation"; but the work went on. Credentials were examined on the three days beginning Friday 12th (Thursday having been a religious fete.) During this operation, nineteen priests joined the Third Estate. It was reported many more soon would. The king's protection was implored by his parliament, which promised anything necessary to head off this democratic movement. For his own safekeeping, he was taken to Marli.

June 16 found the reenforced Third Estate struggling with the problem what to call themselves, since they were clearly not the States General. They adjourned to think it over. Malouet, a deputy who moved what we call the "previous question," was assaulted from a gallery. He alleged that three hundred would have voted with him. On the 17th, there was an increased attendance from Paris, which had done much thinking during the past month of idleness and suffering—with two hundred thousand people there

* Altho the substance is everywhere the same, quite various renderings of this pretty speech are given by different writers.

living on very precarious charity. The court had suppressed a journal of the States General which Mirabau began publishing; and had established a rigorous censorship. Written papers were thrown into the breach. They were read at cafés, street corners, but, above all, the Palais Royal gardens, which were sacred from police intrusion. It was understood the One Chamber would take the name of National Assembly. While a vote was pending, the president, the astronomer Bailly, received a summons to attend King Louis. Well understanding they would be forbidden to act, the house postponed reception of the royal message. The nobles sent in a communication. It was disregarded. The vote was taken. Four hundred and one are for declaring the legislature organized, ninety against. The latter hesitate only on a question of expediency. When the oath of fidelity was proposed, "to resist tyrants and tyranny, and never separate until they had secured a free constitution," every hand was uplifted; and at the words, "We swear," a roar of acclamation bursts from the galleries. The streets take it up. "*Vive le roi! Vive l' Assemblee Nationale!*" and over the hills, from mouth to mouth, that shout rolls into Paris. "It is impossible," says the Tory Alison, "to refuse a tribute of admiration to these intrepid men, who, transported by a zeal for liberty and the love of their country, ventured to take a step fraught with so many dangers, and which to all appearance might have brought many to the scaffold."*

From Marli, the court sent such propositions as it could think of to Versailles. One was that the nobles and clergy together, should form an Upper House. *The nobles refused.* They besought the king to put down open rebellion. He consented; and the phenomenal stupidity of those means employed strongly indicates that they were his original invention. On Sat-

*It is rather interesting to note the gradual improvement of revolutionary machinery. The parliament had also sworn to die for its rights. It declared its sessions "permanent"; and, on being turned out by soldiers, adjurned the people to fight. What this corrupt body could not effect, an elected legislature easily did.

urday, June 20, at 6 a. m., placards about Versailles announced that the Salle des Menus would be closed "for repairs."* At 8 the National Assembly stood before the door in heavy rain and wind which carried watery sheets before. The soldiers on guard remarked that any attempt to force an entrance would be met with bayonets. The members resorted to a tennis court, where they renewed their oath, in the ears of an immense crowd which had followed to the entrance, despite foul weather.

Necker, meanwhile, was proposing schemes of accommodation. Louis had almost consented to one, when the queen sent for him, and talked him over in half an hour.

On Monday, the deputies were informed that the Comte d'Artois had engaged the tennis court. Troops, headed by their aristocratic officers, were parading the streets. At convenient windows, the fops and giglots of the court stood enjoying the plebeian Assembly's perplexity. Just at this juncture, an invitation came from the church of St. Louis, where the seceding clergy, 149 in number, were attending mass. Reenforced by this large body of priests, the Assembly, on Tuesday morning, found the Salle des Menus open. The king and queen were coming to meet them, tho it was another stormy day. As their majesties passed, the populace cheered for Orleans; and Marie Antoinette almost fainted. She had no capacity for bearing the hate she had been at so much pains to excite. The recent death of her eldest son had much broken her; and her hair was turning grey. The king entered without Necker, as everyone observed. This minister had resigned in despair; but the fact was not yet known. A secretary read his majesty's address. It declared there must be three chambers, forbade the deputies to receive instructions from their constituents, excluded spectators, and proclaimed feudal privileges inviolable. Only nobles should have offices in the army. There should be no ecclesiastical reforms

* As sometimes explained—of course it was an excuse—to set up platform, throne, etc., for another royal session.

without approbation of the hierarchy. The king promised equality of taxation, *if the clergy and nobles would consent.* He promised to adopt any financial changes *compatible with the royal dignity.* He invited the States to propose measures for abolishing *lettres de cachet* which should not interfere with his power of repressing sedition; also to "seek means" for reconciling liberty of the press with respect due religion, etc., etc. Finally, in case of disobedience, he threatened to dissolve the legislature. The speech concluded as follows: "I command you, gentlemen, immediately to disperse, and tomorrow repair to the chambers appropriate to your order."

Having performed this operation, which Alison calls "providing for rational liberty," Louis departed, followed by many nobles and bishops. The commons remained seated. The crisis had come. The master of ceremonies, Marquis de Brézé advanced, and in a timid falsetto demanded, "Did you hear the king's orders?" "Yes, sir!" roared Mirabeau, "and you, who have neither seat nor voice in this house, are not the person to remind us. Go, tell those who sent you that we are here by will of the people; and nothing shall drive us hence but the bayonet."

The marquis glanced at the chair. Bailly said the Assembly had previously resolved to sit after hearing the king, and could not adjourn without further consideration. "Am I to give the king that answer?" asked Brézé. "Yes," replied the fearless president.

At this moment, Marie Antoinette was holding a levee, and presenting her son to the exultant nobles. The king had plucked up courage, and put those plebeians in their place at last! Suddenly, loud shouts were heard outside. It was the populace saluting Necker. Louis, alarmed, sent for him, and persuaded him to resume office. This announcement was hailed with fresh shouts. De Brézé entered, with the commons' defiant reply. "Well! let them alone," said Louis.

Next day, half the remaining clergy and some nobles joined the Assembly. Notwithstanding Louis' prohibition, enforced by shutting the front door, there

were thousands of spectators. On Friday, after an exciting debate among the nobles, whom no one cared to visit, Orleans, Lafayette, and forty-five others, went into the National Assembly, as they had all along proposed their order should. The king's "bluff" had failed so completely that he now wrote to the remaining nobles and clergy, requesting them to fall in; which, after some demur, they did, all but one—Baron Lupé—who absolutely kept on going to the chamber of his own order alone. Mirabeau eloquently contrasted this bloodless revolution of France with the terrible struggles required in England and America.

But there was something ominous about that smiling promptitude with which Louis had given way. From every quarter, troops were marching to Versailles, slowly, as usual in those days when armies "neither flew nor traveled post"; yet it was soon said there were 50,000 near at hand. Loaded cannon were planted outside the legislative hall, with muzzles towards it. Paris was full of soldiers—among them 3,600 native Frenchmen, a select corps. The nobles tried to demoralize the Assembly by such measures as proposing an aristocrat for president—as coming in a body and sitting all together apart from their colleagues. Meanwhile, the people, more sagacious, were enticing away the soldiers. Women asked them, "Will you fire on your friends to keep their oppressors and yours' in power?" The common soldiers' exclusion from promotion now bore fruit. They soon began to answer, "No." This resolve spread thru France, gaining strength like Fame in the fables, or nerve-force in physiology. Dragoons en route from a distance, told their officers that, if bidden to shoot, they would shoot them. The multitude gave every proof of fiery zeal. One deputy had protested against the tennis court oaths. He was mobbed on coming out. Those ninety who voted against immediate organization were, even before this, persuaded by anonymous letters. Between the tennis court scene and the king's message, an interval of only three days, Louis' secretary, the keeper of the seals, the royalist Abbé Maury,

and D'Espréménil, now a courtier, had all been assaulted.

Such was Versailles! Imagine, then, Paris. Every café is a little parliament, where patriots harangue, with tables and chairs for rostra; while citizens shout, stamp, and yell, as they do in the gallery at Versailles. One orator proposed to burn the house of D'Espréménil, his furniture, his wife, his children, and himself. Carried with cheers. As yet, such resolutions are harmless thunder. But a person who protested was birched and ducked.* In the first week of July, an abbé who spoke ill of Necker, was flogged. A woman who insulted this statesman's bust was stripped and beaten, by zealots of her own sex. When a hussar appears, the crowd cry "Punch!" and throw stones. A police spy was tortured to death. Placards are set up demanding the pillory for Maury. A child of four was carried about, reciting the following lesson—"Verdict of the French people: Polignac exiled one hundred leagues from Paris; Condé the same; Conti the same; Artois the same; the queen — I dare not write it." The French guards daily fraternize with the people at the Palais Royal, where many have mistresses. On the memorable 23d of June, their unpopular commanders confined two regiments to barracks. Four days later they broke out, having formed *their* parliament, and swore not to fire on the people. On the 30th eleven were imprisoned at the Abbaye for this mutiny. An editor read a letter from them at the seditious Café Foy. Six thousand people went to the Abbaye, stormed it easily, feasted the prisoners at the Palais Royal, and gave them a guard. The veterans at the Hotel des Invalides (the

* So (without reference) Taine. Camille Desmoulins tells a most amusing story to the effect that a speaker put the crowd in good humor and got the resolution rescinded by assuring them that the house belonged to the architect, the furniture to the upholsterer, the woman to the public, and the children probably to some of those who had just voted for burning them. Amidst the tumults of this period, there first began to be talk about a National Guard, to keep order, since the King could not.

Soldiers' Home) were ordered to disable their guns lest a mob should take them. They managed to spend six hours in taking the cocks off twenty muskets.

In face of all this, the imbecile government neither strikes nor yields, but continues to squib and red-rag the slow-waking beast with many heads. Everyone seems to have believed a *coup d'etat* was meditated; but the pamphleteers urged the multitude to avoid furnishing excuses for it. Foremost among them, was a hideous dwarfish, red-haired paralytic,* of Swiss origin—Jean Paul Marat. The Assembly simultaneously exhorted all people to abstain from violence, and solicited the mutineers' pardon, which was granted upon their voluntary surrender.

On July 10,** the Assembly, at Mirabeau's suggestion, suspended their constitution-making to request the troops might be withdrawn. The petition was written by Dumont, Bentham's disciple. The king replied that the troops were needed to prevent those petty outbreaks which, in fact, they provoked. He reminded the Assembly of the encroachments on its own privileges by street Solons and gallery Gracchi; and proposed that it remove to Noyon or Soissons, where it must be safe from both the mob and (?) the army. When this was considered, the conservatives present dared not say they were overawed by the mob. To revive this absurdity of Malouet's was reserved, during a century, for M. Taine. "We did not," said Mirabeau, "ask permission to run away. We asked to have the troops removed." This was on Saturday, July 11. That same evening, Necker was dismissed, *and ordered to leave France.* About the time of the petition, a pamphlet, circulated in Paris, announced that after three days Louis would disperse the Assembly and take vengeance. No injustice is done his feeble character by supposing he only meant intimidation. But the cowardly and murderous instinct of government has been too often displayed, here and elsewhere, in

* I suppose his noted difficulty of speech and deformity of mouth to be caused by local palsy.

** Louis XVI., in his amazing diary, says the 9th. But it is full of chronological errors.

first driving the people to riot and then slaughtering them, for any doubt what his advisers intended.

The sun of July 12 rose upon that Christian festival which has taken his name. It was to witness a new Resurrection! For ages, the Deity, incarnate in mechanics and mendicants, having no form or comeliness, a scorn to Dives, a sniffing to aristocratic noses, an eyesore to royal avenues, a suppliant to the rich man's dog, cursed by false priests, betrayed by selfish friends, deserted by cowards, seized by ruffian mercenaries, has toiled, begged, suffered, been crucified, dead, and buried! Before evening, he will rise; and King Louis' guards, King Charles' fortress, the inviolable Law, even Death's irreversible decree, shall be as those green withes which bound the limbs of Samson! The judgment, too, is near! "Inasmuch as ye did it—did it not—to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

V

Very early on the morning of July 12, the troops' unexpected activity excited wonder and inquiry. On Montmartre's imposing heights, which rise 400 feet over the right, or north, side of the city, redoubts, whence it might be bombarded, had been thrown up. At the Sevres bridge, a battery blocked the road to Versailles. At the Champs Elysées, near that old royal residence, the Tuileries (on the Seine's right bank in the middle of the capital) Swiss guards were stationed with four cannon. The Place Louis Quinze,* hard by, was full of soldiers. Marshall De Broglie's staff were galloping about. Placards warned the people to stay at home. But the Palais Royal garden, almost directly north of the Tuileries, was soon crowded. At ten, an unknown person announced Necker's dismissal. Quickly are inferences drawn at times like these! "That explains it! To-morrow, Monday, July 13, the Assembly is to be suppressed, as we were told!" Camille Desmoulins, one of the radical pamphleteers, sprang upon a table. He held a pistol in each hand, declaring he would neither be silenced nor taken alive. "To arms! to arms!" he cried. "This dismissal is but the precursor of another St. Bartholomew! This night the Swiss and German troops will march to our destruction. We have but one resource. It is to defend ourselves!" The cry "To arms!" was echoed by a thousand throats. The people demanded a rallying sign. Desmoulins distributed some pieces of green ribbon; but they were insufficient. He plucked a leaf from a tree, and stuck it on his hat. Prodigal Nature, in a few minutes, furnished the whole populace with badges, while her own green wealth seemed undiminished. Someone ran to a museum of wax figures, whence were sent back busts of Necker and Orleans.

* Afterwards called "De la Revolution," and now "De la Concorde."

These images, decked with crape, were paraded towards the Place Louis Quinze. From this military center, a body of German infantry advanced. But their hearts were not in the work; and a volley of stones put them to flight. Some dragoons then charged, causing confusion. A French soldier, who disdained to run, was killed. This news soon reached his comrades, still detained in barrack, under a guard of Germans. They broke out, and drove all the foreigners to the Tuileries. Here the dragoons rallied; repulsed the populace, which, as usual, ran away, scattering the news all over Paris; and killed one man. The French soldiers, however, formed line of battle to resist. From the Champ de Mars, just across the Seine, a large body of Swiss and Germans came up. But they reversed their arms, and refused to fire on their comrades.

All Paris was now in the streets. The green leaf quickly made the mob an army. From every steeple rang forth notes of defiance and alarm—"ding-dong—it is a revolution!" Every gunsmith's was quickly sacked. The barriers were soon on fire—the last was illuminated after dark. No more octroi! Free goods poured in and were stored for quieter times.

An intercepted letter from De Broglie to Condé, calling for 50,000 more troops, was printed and circulated thru the metropolis. Among elements of Parisian society on that fearful day, appeared, as may be supposed, the inevitable bourgeois, trembling for his money-bags. Night was coming, upon confusion, uproar, sleeplessness, brandy, arming! A hundred thousand men, mostly hungry, hold the city. Will they keep their hands from picking and stealing? The bourgeois, elector, and, as he supposes, master of the National Assembly, has influence enough to get a letter sent to Versailles. He describes the horrors of Paris, and requests a national guard to preserve order. Meanwhile, his question about pillage answers itself. On Monday morning the Lazarite convent was sacked. Wine and bread were distributed among the hungry. Wheat, hoarded by a sainted beggar's children, goes to market. Arms, powder, wine, and bread, have always been held by monsigneur to be contraband of

war. So that is all right. But wo betide the wretch who helps himself to money, jewels, altar plate; the Achan who defiles this Voltairean Israel with filthy lucre! Some did this. There were ropes across the street, to which oil lamps were then suspended, as electric lights are now. Starving furies hanged the thieves. There was no more stealing.

Incompetence at Versailles received the news with exultation. The nobles had got their insurrection at last! Now for grape shot, bayonets, gibbets! The princesses, the delicate beauties, the withered prudes, the harlots, feasted, in the Orangery, the Nassau officers whom they expected soon to march with their hirelings on Paris. But the Assembly was permitted to meet on Monday morning, as usual. Instead of replying to the bourgeois at Paris, it sent Louis another request that the troops might be removed. His majesty has found a reactionary ministry by this time. They reply that he will make no change in his measures, and the Assembly can serve no good purpose by interference. It was currently reported that a parliament of nobles would be called, all representatives of the Third Estate tried for treason, those deserters from above who encouraged them imprisoned for life, the most active executed. The Assembly must proceed with death literally staring them in the face out of those loaded cannon. This is what they say. First. That M. Necker carries with him the nation's regrets. Secondly. That it is the king's *duty* to remove his foreign troops immediately. Now, dautionl Wilful Marie, the king's wife, and wrong-headed Charles, his brother, are well known to be the real government. Well, then! Thirdly. That the king's advisers, of *whatever rank*, are responsible for present disorders. Fourthly—our king, with neither money nor credit, having talked of payments in his own paper,—Resolved, that to make the nation bankrupt is infamous. This done, the Assembly declare their session *permanent.* No adjournment to eat or sleep. No more will they return to find doors shut in their faces. Nor will they be arrested separately at their lodgings, and packed off to the Bastile. If they die, they will die together, in

sight of all the world. But those bragging cannon will never open fire on a few hundred unarmed civilians in the king's house. It must be the bayonet, as Mirabeau said. Then, tear up the benches; and die hard!

When night set in, however, nothing had happened. The weary members dozed upon their benches. Tuesday's sun arose on a session already nigh twenty-four hours old. Courtiers lounged into the gallaries, and gorgonized the unwashed, red-eyed, hungry plebeians with their aristocratic stare. The Assembly plucked up such spirits as was possible, and buckled to constitution-making.

It is ten o'clock. The courtiers have lounged out again. There is a murmur in the air, as of many wagons passing, or a distant thunder storm. Listen! There can be no mistake. It is the firing of artillery at Paris. The massacre has begun! Over that awful moment history has drawn a veil, as Agamemnon is represented hiding from his daughter's sacrifice that face whose emotions no human skill could reproduce. The uproar continues! By heaven, they are resisting! That is not the noise of an emeute but a battle! The courtiers do not return. Hope grows brighter.

Evening comes again. Thirty-six hours this "Spartan band" has sat, Lafayette relieving Pompignon, who has succeeded the aged Bailly in his chair. The sweet breath of the meadows, the voluptuous warmth of the summer afternoon, the peaceful tinkle of bells, as cows and sheep come home, combine with those occult forces not yet traced by philosophy to arouse confidence again. An absent member enters—the Viscomte de Noailles, a noble whose parliamentary privileges have scarcely, after a thousand interruptions, enabled him to get away from Paris. The news he brings is tremendous, but not decisive. The Hotel des Invalides has been robbed of arms. The Bastile is besieged. The troops in the Champ de Mars have not yet stirred, but are expected every moment to attempt relieving that fortress. A fearful conflict was impending when he left Paris. But this must have been two hours ago. And nothing has been heard since. Apparently, then, they did not move. To the agony of

suspense, those fiercer emotions, joy, grief, rage and terror, give relief. It was proposed to rush into the king's presence, and upbraid him. A deputation was at last sent to implore, once more, removal of the troops.

The delegates did not return. Had they been consigned to dungeons? The candles were lit again. At last, two deputies from the electors of Paris were announced. They entered, after another intolerable delay. Before we hear their news, let us see what else was going on at Versailles.

Intelligence of an attack on the Bastile had early reached that Orangery where German troops were waiting, apparently to let their *casus belli* mature. The Bastile? Oh, well; the Bastile can take care of itself for a month or more. M. Foulon, second war minister, that hideous old harpy reputed to have said thirty years before that if the people were hungry they could eat grass, was planning the attack on Paris with his son-in-law, Berthier, a hardened rake of fifty. Seven columns were to enter the city from different quarters simultaneously. This became known in the Assembly. It was also rumored that the Salle des Menus was mined and would be blown up. As the summer sun set, the exalting queen came into the Orangery to take leave of her soldiers. Wine was given them, and gold distributed. They sang, shouted, clashed their weapons, and swore eternal fidelity to their sovereigns. A cloud of dust was seen coming up the road from Paris. It was De Broglie's cavalry in flight. They brought that same news to the Orangery which the deputies soon after announced in the Salle des Menus. As for his majesty, he kept a diary from which the following are choice extracts. "Thursday, 9th" (July, 1789). "Deputation from the States. Friday, 10th. Nothing. Answer to deputation from the States. Saturday, 10th (sic). Nothing. Departure of M. Necker. Sunday, 12th. Nothing. Departure of M. Montmorin, St. Priest, and Luzerne. Sunday, (sic) 13th. Nothing; took medicine." The operation must have been sedative and energetic if this modern Honorius did not hear the cannonade next day. Yet when he retired, according to

his custom, at 11 p. m., he summed up the events of sixteen hours in his often repeated word "Nothing."

During Monday, the raging mob, which found itself in possession in Paris, had no plan. But good instinct guided it to secure arms and destroy strongholds of tyranny. The royal arsenal was sacked. Those curiosities contained in it were protected from injury—at the Lazarites, vandals of one kidney with the fellows who were hanged had destroyed the library, pictures and laboratory. The debtors at La Force were liberated. The felons at the Chatelet, who attempted to break out also, were driven back with pike and bayonet to their cells. A very few houses of obnoxious people were wrecked—the aroused populace was mainly after higher game. At the Hotel de Ville the most intelligent insurgents joined with the bourgeois, and politicians who saw how the bourgeois might be used, in demanding a National Guard. (The Hotel de Ville, it should be understood, is in the very center of Paris, opposite the island on which Notre Dame stands—Montmartre far behind, the Bastile far to east, the Champ de Mars to west across the river.) The mayor, Flesselles,* was acting as the king wished, "but secretly for fear of the people." He consented, ostensibly, divided Paris, with much pomp and delay, into 66 districts, each to elect 200 special constables—a time-killing device. A blue and red cockade was appointed as a badge.** A committee was appointed to watch over the city's safety.

Meanwhile, the hundred thousand men with green leaves in their hats were doing something. A boat containing gunpowder was seized on the Seine. This treasure, invaluable but ticklish among so many mani-

* His technical designation was provost of the merchants. The old guild organization of Provost, four echevins (assessors), and twenty-six councillors, was superseded, during the incubation of the States General, by those twelve hundred electors who chose the representatives of Paris; but they welcomed such of the late board as would act with them.

** At Lafayette's suggestion, white (the royal emblem) was soon afterwards added, in compliment to the king. Such was the origin of the tricolor.

acs, was safely conveyed to the Hotel de Ville. Brave and resolute Abbé Lefevre takes it in charge—buys and pitches into an inexplosive gutter the pipe of a drunken patriot, who must needs sit smoking on an open barrel. Guns, however, are lacking. Flesselles says he has ordered a supply from the factory at Chalesville. Soon, some boxes arrive thence. His worship ordered them placed in a magazine till he should have time to distribute. The people, decidedly averse to idleness, considered that they had time now, and would economize his, which must be valuable. Lo! the boxes are found to contain rubbish! Flesselles, in a fright, directs to certain monasteries. But the friars allow these to be searched; and no arms are found. The electors ordered pikes to be made. Energy, dangerously dammed up, overflows in that direction. For thirty-six hours every smithy rang with anvil and hammer. By that time, immediate need for arms was over. No sleep again, in Paris this night, save that, at Montmartre and Champ de Mars, the soldiers dreamed, after watching this Saturnalia all day, and waiting for Incompetence, at Versailles, to wake. At 9 a. m., a report had got about that there were guns in the Hotel des Invalides (left of the Seine, quite near the Swiss and German encampment in the Champ de Mars). Thirty thousand men, with such arms as they could get, assembled there. The governor, Sombreuil, had procured cannon. But he hesitated for one moment to fire—having failed in getting, from Incompetence, any reply to his communications. That moment proved decisive. The populace bounded over the low wall. The Swiss and Germans, foreign mercenaries tho they were, stood mutinously sullen in the Champ de Mars. The muskets were distributed, the cannon drawn off in triumph. Away, eastward, over the river again, rolled the multitude, roaring "To the Bastile!"

De Launay, the governor of this fortress, had prepared by putting his eighty French soldiers, whom he could not trust, at the top, with several cart-loads of paving stones, cannon balls, and old iron, for throwing on assailants. Below, thirty Swiss were to do the fighting. All the cannon were run thru their portholes.

Twelve, loaded with grape, guarded the entrance. This was thru a sort of vestibule (the Outer Court), separated by an external drawbridge from the Rue St. Antoine.

De Launay gave an interview to M. Thuriot (sent by the committee with a summons), and promised not to fire first. As Thuriot emerged, other "deputations" rushed into the outer court. De Launay, it is commonly said, began firing on them. Writers of his own proclivities sometimes say he only raised the outer drawbridge; when firing immediately opened from street and housetops.

Two old soldiers, Tournay and Bonnemère by name, cut the chains of the outer drawbridge and lowered it.

The cannon could have annihilated St. Antoine in half an hour. But, lo! the gunners would not discharge them. Only a very few Swiss were found willing to fire on the people. However, in seven hours, 825 persons fell.* Among nominal defenders, a stray shot found one. This mob, tho fired on, does not run away. The Berserker rage has possessed these sansculottes. They will get in if they dig with hands and teeth! The French troops soon arrived, and opened artillery fire. But against that mountain of stone, cannon are almost as useless as muskets. Thus the fight raged till 5 p. m.—a hundred thousand furious civilians flattening bullets, discussing wild plans to burn—batter with a catapult, etc.—trying to scale with ladders, yelling; cannon go; those iron spheres they hurl rebound amidst shattered stone and mortar-dust; while, within, a few coolest, bloodiest spirits among those Swiss hirelings pick men off. Amidst these scenes, there were great open spaces, gaps in an eddying tide, where fashionable people stood at ease, watching the attack. A woman found inside the ditch was said to be De Launay's daughter, and would have been burnt but for the interference of some leaders.

* Dusaulx, "Deposition of the ***invalides***," p. 447. Marmountel, "Memoirs," IV, p. 320, makes, and Taine reproduces, the unspeakable statement that the assailants did not number more than about eight hundred! Perhaps Marmountel meant in the Outer Court.

Those French at the top of the building, mast-headed amidst this hurricane, for unreliable, perceiving that no undesired relief would come immediately, waved napkins and towels in token of willingness to surrender. This drove to despair De Launay, who, instead of seeing the expected succor, found his mutineers more numerous than those on whom he could rely. He threatened to blow up the Bastile, and bury a hundred thousand people under the ruins. Two subalterns crossed bayonets before him, and prevented accomplishment of this horrible design. He begged a barrel of gunpowder to render his own despatch sensational. They were in no humor to be his scapegoats, and refused. While Phoebus was still high, the gates were thrown open. The human flood poured in. One man was cut down before the leaders could interfere. Barracks, guard rooms, parlors, luxurious chambers, magazines, casemates, galleries, corridor, stairway, cells, cages, subterranean dungeons, newly-excavated anomalies along sewer ditches, antique oubliettes, were overflowed alike with ragged conquerors exulting in the violated sanctity of horror. Barbarians in Cæsar's stronghold, rats in the bishop's castle, again! As before, they would save the victims and punish the perpetrators of crime. They were too late for the holy task: the questionable remained open. Only seven prisoners are found—one a gentleman "in" for the murder of a peasant. But even among these, one had been incarcerated forty years—another since he was a boy of ten. Judge how that old man who went in young, that man who went in a child, looked upon this new world from the arms of their wild-eyed, howling, powder blackened, sweat-begrimed, blood-stained liberators! De Launay and his garrison had one chance for their lives. This furious multitude, who would tear them limb from limb and eat their hearts, consists of Apes improved sufficiently to wear inexpressibles, tho these be defective, as royalist witlingism remarked.*

* The famous epithet Sansculottes (unbreeched), is said to have meant only that the plebs did not wear fashionable small-clothes. Some, however, actually were without breeches of any kind, dressed "in jupes of coarse woolen; with large girdles

Naturally, they are far from thinking otherwise than that Law, Order, Precedent, our ancestors' wisdom, are holy things. But Law, Order, Precedent, etc., say that persons charged with crime must be tried—unless, of course, it were inconveniencing sacred characters like Du Barry, when a *lettre de cachet* will serve every purpose. Therefore, let those who compassionate brave De Launay appeal to the Ape in this multitude, and verily he shall be saved. It is done, so far successfully that De Launay and his garrison start with a strong escort for the Hotel de Ville.

But meanwhile this multitude have been performing that most unapelike process which is called Thinking. They reflect—if De Launay and his garrison are tried, for what shall they be punished? Resisting the people? Law, Order, Precedent, and so forth, exist only to do that. Defending an untenable place? If they had been agreed to defend it, the Bastile was an impregnable place.* If De Launay is tried, he must be vindicated. This multitude has thought, and resolved that he shall not be vindicated. It has not thought enough to know any way of preventing his vindication but the apelike method, bloodshed and revenge. The multitude follows the escort, snatching, pelting, howling and grimacing, till it reaches the Place de Grêve. This usual place of execution carries associations little adopted to inspire reverence for Law and Order, much to hallow bloodshed and revenge. Here Lally, borne down by court intrigue, was gagged and headed without law. Here Damiens, for sticking a penknife into Louis the Infamous, was dismembered by thirteen strong horses without law. Here, refractory fathers of children in the Parc aux Cerfs were hanged without law. Here the child-brother of Cartouche was crucified without law. Here others, too numerous to mention, have been hanged, wheeled, quartered, burnt, possibly

of leather, studded with copper nails."—Mirabeau, Sr., in "Memoirs."

* Perhaps there may be a doubt about this. Carlyle says (without giving authority) that the Bastile was only provisioned for one day.

with law, but certainly with public sorrow for them and execration for their slayers. Here he who shot the people to save the Bastile shall perish without law. The escort was overpowered, De Launay was borne to the ground; his head was cut off and carried on a pike. Two soldiers were also killed, one hanged to lamp ropes. As the multitude had been thinking, they were satisfied with some six or seven of their slayers.

It was rumored that Flesselles had written to De Launay, he would amuse the people till troops should arrive from Versailles. He was now summoned to defend himself in the Palais Royal. At the corner of his first block going thither, an unknown man shot him dead.

The Bastile is taken! Yet Paris may not be safe. All night the populace were busy barricading, in hourly expectation of an attack. It was their third war vigil.

This news came upon the entire court party as suddenly and awfully as Gabriel's blast. It was midnight when the Duke de Liancourt called up his sovereign, who had just slept an hour. "This is a rebellion," said the king, after a long silence. "Sire," was the reply, "it is a revolution." The surrender of the Bastile, in truth, was but incidental to the general mutiny of the king's army. Only one of two courses was practicable for Louis—to accept the situation, or to fly.

He was too vacillating to do either. At 2 a. m. the Assembly, tho still nominally in session, ceased to do business for some hours, while the members were sleeping, quite exhausted. At eight, De Liancourt entered to announce that the king was coming. His majesty appeared, accompanied only by his two brothers, amidst thundering applause. He declared his confidence in the Assembly, denied that he had ever intended its forcible dissolution, promised to be guided by its counsels, and announced withdrawal of his troops. Some murmurs were heard from the aristocratic party. The majority drowned them with fresh bursts of applause. They escorted the king back to his actual residence. Versailles, already thronged with new arrivals from Paris, followed, shouting. The queen was much alarmed by the uproar. When she learned that Louis

was returning in triumph, she appeared on the balcony and was greeted with plaudits, which, however, a few murmurs disturbed. The people, amidst their wildest enthusiasm, could not forget the vacillation of Louis, the tyranny of his predecessors and their noblesse, the rancorous enmity of that court whose type was this "Austrian woman." A female of Versailles pushed her way thru the concourse close to Louis, and said: "Oh, my king, are you quite sincere? Will they not make you change your mind again?"

A deputation of eighty-eight members was at once sent to Paris with the glad news. They took with it the king's sanction to organization of a national guard. Approaching by that same way whence a hostile army had been expected, they drove thru a multitude delirious with joy, to the Place Louis XV. Thence they walked thru the Tuileries gardens, amidst martial music, and were escorted by a committee, along the Seine, to the Hotel de Ville. Lafayette was elected to command the National Guard, Bailly chosen mayor of Paris.

The people expressed an ardent desire that their king should visit them. Next day, it was warmly debated at Versailles whether he had better do so or appeal to foreign despots. He allowed a majority of his advisers to decide for the first alternative; but he imagined that he was going into danger. Accordingly he took pains to receive the eucharist, and to appoint his brother (Louis XVIII) Lieutenant of France, in case he should not return. He was actually pale when he left Versailles, tho as little subject to fear as to any strong emotion. The queen, bitterly opposed to his present policy, was in a state of distraction. But the impulsive nation overflowed with milk and honey. A Te Deum was voted, on motion by the archbishop of Paris. The recall of Necker, in which someone had tact enough to make Louis anticipate the Assembly's wishes, called forth a peal of gratitude. Free Paris, with civil and military officers of her own, prepared to give her liberal king the royalest welcome upon record. Meanwhile, De Liancourt had announced in the Assembly, "The king pardons the French

guards." One of the soldiers, who was present, immediately rose to say: "We cannot accept a pardon. In serving the nation, we served the king; and the scenes now transpiring prove it." Fresh thunders of applause responded.

Louis set out at 10 a. m. July 17, in a plain carriage without guards, but surrounded by all the deputies on foot. That they might be able to keep up, his progress was slow. At three, he reached the gates. From the Sèvres bridge, more than three miles outside Paris, even to the Hotel de Ville, his road was lined by the National Guard in military array. Amidst this army, which numbered two hundred thousand, were the bulk of the industrial and commercial citizens, a multitude of the inferior clergy, a few bishops, the lawyers and politicians, a vast swarm of tatterdemalions, with hunger in their cheeks but fury in their eyes, faces marked by scenes witnessed at rustic "jacqueries," by weary tramp, by shivering bivouac, by begging on quays, and storming the Bastile. There were also many women and girls. Thirty thousand volunteers had muskets, 50,000 pikes; the remainder, more than half of all, were armed with scythes, axes, sabres, pitchforks, clubs. To a liberal king who had regretted an error, this should have been his proudest moment. A cynical despot might have seen in this enthusiastic militia, an army with which he could conquer Europe. But Louis XVI was neither a Joseph II nor a Napoleon. All his little intelligence was employed in realizing his humiliation. The rough faces were the faces of savages; the intelligent faces were the faces of traitors. All were the faces of enemies. The people, too, were inwardly uneasy and suspicious. Next night, the Comte d'Artois, the Polignacs, and a majority of aristocratic leaders, fled from France. But when Louis, after meeting the new dignitaries at the Hotel de Ville, pinned a tricolor on his hat, a deafening shout burst forth, of "Vive le Roi!" which was echoed from street to street at his appearance beside Bailly in the porch. Fresh demonstrations greeted him as he descended, so effusive that he could not be quite insensible to their simplicity and fervor. A woman threw herself, weep-

ing, on his neck. The people carried him in their arms. His postilions and suite were besieged with wine cups. Amidst cheering throngs, he made his way back to Versailles. But all this enthusiasm could draw nothing more from his stupidity than a good-humored smile. His bad angel, Marie Antoinette, had not expected him to return alive. This was her greeting when she saw the tricolor: "I did not know I had married a plebeian." Thus ended the first act in this drama of national regeneration. Power had passed to the people. They could still boast that they had won it, almost without fighting a skirmish or retaliating a wrong.

VI

"The chief thing that makes life a failure from the artistic point of view is the thing that lends to life its sordid security, the fact that one can never repeat exactly the same emotion" (Oscar Wilde). The "'sordid security" of course realizes a tremendous shock in times like July, 1789. But, by the law just stated, it rallies very soon, if only allowed to do so. The chief obstacle is that identical fear of losing landmarks and reaching a mad world, whose universality ought to teach us that it will allow no such danger.

Versailles, deserted by the defeated nobility, presented a melancholy spectacle. The king's lackeys perceived that he had lost power, and, flunkey-like, respected him no longer. One of them coolly looked over his shoulder at the edict which he was signing. Louis XIV would have sent such a fellow to the Bastile. An ordinary king would have dismissed him. Henri IV might have kicked him downstairs. Louis XVI (who weighed twenty stone) attempted to brain him with a poker! These little things tell tales.

France, bankrupted, devastated, starving, a specter excluded by the spell of debate while that greater question about despotism and liberty was before her legislature, now rushed into its midst. The famine was not likely to abate. Crops, in the south, were short. About Puy they had again been destroyed by hail and rain. That, in the midst of such misery, there should be some outbreaks was inevitable. But for about two weeks these seem to have been very few, and of the least culpable kind. There was poaching, wood-cutting, stopping of grain by hungry people on its way from one place to another—few things worse. On the

whole France waited for an administration of her own choice to do some good, till she found out that, like the former authority, it did harm.

The recently-organized parish assemblies direct local affairs—and do it ill. Special regulations, confused and contradictory, adopted by no less than 40,000 little governments for the purpose of relieving famine, put a stop to trade. For five months not a farmer has appeared in Louviers. So, at last, disappointment begets panic. Rumors fly from mouth to mouth. The monopolists have locked up all the grain. The bakers and millers are poisoning that filthy black stuff they sell for bread. Flour is being thrown into the Seine. Food is exported from Brittany. The nobles prompt all this—they hire persons to commit outrages for the purpose of discouraging liberty. The weak-minded king incurs suspicion. The "Austrian woman" heads the conspiracy, of course. Those who have observed what popular terrors are, will doubtless believe the accused as innocent of the specific crimes laid to their charge as Catiline or Oates' victims, the Jesuits, the Templars, or the Chicago martyrs. But do not suppose the intelligent bourgeois is less, or less unreasonably, afraid of the peasant than the ignorant peasant of the nobles. All over the country, imaginary riots occasion frightful scenes.

At Angoulême, July 28, 3 p. m., the tocsin rings. A report flies about that 15,000 brigands are coming to plunder the town. Soon they are seen approaching in a cloud of dust! Oh—no—it is only the post-wagon going to Bordeaux. The number of brigands now falls to 1,500. However, by 9 p. m., twenty thousand men are under arms. At 3 next morning, there is a fresh alarm. The brigands have burned Ruffec, Verneuil, La Rochefoucauld, and other places. As this news spread thru the country, men come in to defend Angoulême. "We had to be grateful to 40,000," says an eyewitness. Bordeaux, learning that Angoulême is in danger, generously offers 20,000 more. As no brigands appear, the brave militia go to look for them—and find nothing. This absurdity spreads over a radius of forty

miles. In Auvergne, there was even a greater scare of the same sort. Whole parishes took to the woods. Pregnant women perished. Individuals became insane. Madame Campan was shown a rock on which a woman, winged by fear, found refuge; but, when tranquillity returned, proved unable to get down again; so she had to be lowered by ropes! Neither imagine that the common people were afraid for nothing. The invariable history of such an epidemic is that they misconceive the nature of peril, but look for it in the right quarter. The king, queen, and nobles, were really plotting counter revolution; tho in no such ways as was popularly imagined.

Meanwhile, the Assembly's measures were well meant, but weak. Even before July, the king and nobles had seen the absolute necessity of doing something to relieve distress, and done what they could, without inconvenience—greatly to the edification of those who try making out that the revolution sprang from popular ignorance and wickedness. The Te Deum archbishop of Paris had borrowed 400,000 livres. The bishop of Troyes gave 12,000 francs, the chapter 6,000, for relief workshops. One rich man is said to have distributed 40,000 francs within a few hours after the hailstorm. One convent of Bernardins fed 1,200 poor for six weeks. Taine says (without giving his authority) that the detested Berthier had, as equalizer of taxes in Paris, reduced overcharged quotas by a quarter. Immediately after Louis surrendered to the people, the Assembly took up a subscription amounting to $9,000 and called on all people to send in contributions. The kind-hearted king gave the bulk of his plate. The hall was crowded with rich men, bringing their services; ladies, their jewels; and trades people, their little heirlooms. Charity, which took the bolder name of patriotism, proved contagious. Poor persons who had any means to live, subscribed their mites. A schoolboy brought a few louis, which had been given him for spending money. A courtesan sent, with her offering, the following neat address: "Gentlemen! I have a heart to love. I have gained something by loving. I place it all in your hands, a tribute to the country. May my example be followed *by my compeers of all ranks.*"

Meanwhile Necker made a desperate effort to borrow money, but in vain. The national credit had been totally destroyed before his recall. A few months' settling down would have restored it. But the emigrant party's attitude made that impossible. The English ambassador Dorset told Louis' ministry of a plot to put the naval arsenals in his own government's hands, while Austrians and Prussians marched on Paris. England had refused to participate in such an infamous treason. The ministers concealed this terrible news. But an intercepted letter from the Comte d'Artois to Dorset gave it wind. The effect may be imagined. France, loosed from her Titan chain of two centuries, with mangled limbs and fevered blood, was a patient in danger of tetanus. This was a douche of iced water.

As the people get frightened into doing something they sensibly resolve to be rid of their oppressors, old and new; but the latter first. One government can do much harm; 40,000 are beyond human endurance. As early as July 19 the archives are destroyed at Strasburg. At Cherbourg, this good work is done on the 21st. At Maubeuge, taxing offices disappear on the 27th. Rouen was purified on the 24th. At Troyes, after much muttering, the storm comes September 5. It is unnecessary to proceed. The old customs and new administrations are everywhere killed, till, in the spring of 1791, the Assembly yields, and gives them all a decent burial.

During these riots occurred the real crimes of the first revolutionary period. It is worth seeing how much they amount to. At Strasburg, much wine was spilt but no blood. At Maubeauge and Rouen, some houses of obnoxious persons were sacked. At Besançon, there was plundering. A St. Bartholomew of partridges was enacted everywhere. At Troyes, the mayor, accused of forestalling, fell a victim to popular fury. Major de Belzance met a like fate at Caen. Messrs. de Montessau and Cureau were murdered at Mans. At Vanes, a collecting agent was tortured. Somewhere in Languedoc, M. de Barras was cut to pieces before

his pregnant wife, who died in consequence.* Other country gentlemen—in the voluminous grist of M. Taine's outrage-mill I have counted four—sustained assaults which might easily have been fatal, but were not. Six murders, or, including two celebrated lynchings still to be recorded, eight; and four assaults—such is the extent of vengeance among twenty-five million people, now that two centuries of worse than Turkish oppression have been reversed in a day. Injuries to persons and property are carefully distinguished from overthrowing authority. At Strasburg, the populace hanged a thief; at Rouen two vandals, at Besançon two.

There were however some acts very criminal under ordinary circumstances, which undoubtedly commanded sympathy or at least apathy just now. One was burning the chateaux of the emigrant tyrants and traitors. In the most feudal part of France, between Alsace and Franche Comte, incendiary fires began July 29. They spread thru Burgundy, Maconnais, Beaujolais, Auvergne, Viennois, Dauphiny. The destruction was on a gigantic scale, and excited the utmost consternation among property owners. But it did not last over three weeks. As in similar cases, there were all sorts of theories—revolutionary societies in Paris sent out the perpetrators—similar societies sprang up where tyranny was worst, and, thence spreading, forced unwilling peasants to assist—it was a mere imitative craze—it was a spontaneous movement, not against individuals but a class, ("down with the nests, and the rooks will fly"); etc. The truth is that, as with the houghing of cattle in Ireland, the "Swing" arsons in England, the Ku-Klux and White Cap outrages here, its inner history remains unknown. This, however, is

*I suspect the authenticity of some of these tragedies. "Languedoc" is as definite as "Texas"; and nothing can be more meagre than the original statement by Lally-Tollendal (from someone's memorial), which Alison and others have amplified with circumstances. But let that go! These retaliatory murders shall be as shocking as you please; the true point (never enlarged on before) is that they were extremely few.

noteworthy. At first the chateaux were fired secretly, by night, without alternative. As some time and space are traversed, mobs begin to visit them by day, and demand the title deeds; having got which, they are generally satisfied.

The Assembly, after its fashion, follows the people "afar off." On August 4, M. Kerengel, a deputy in the dress of a working farmer, which had attracted notice at the first session, rose, and said: "You could have prevented the burning of the chateaux, if you had been prompt in declaring that the terrible arms which they contain, and which for ages have tormented the people, were to be destroyed. Let those arms, the title deeds, which insult not only moderation but humanity; which humiliate the human species by requiring men to be yoked to a wagon like beasts of burden; which compel men to pass the night beating the ponds to prevent the frogs from disturbing the sleep of their luxurious masters; be brought here. Which of us would not make an expiatory pile of these infamous parchments? You can never restore quiet to the people, till they are redeemed from the damnation of feudalism." There was no opposition. Nobles spoke only to renounce their privileges, priests to give up their tithes, municipal representatives to surrender charters. The feudal system was swept away in an hour. A monarchist has called this "the St. Bartholomew of property." A bourgeois retorts that it was only the St. Bartholomew of abuses. But the distinction is a little too refined.

Among victims of the unsettled period there were two whose fate connects as directly as De Launay's with July 14, and was equally little deprecated at the time. It was reported first that Foulon had died of apoplexy at Soissons, where his funeral was celebrated with pomp. On the 22d, some of his own people who had found him hiding on a friend's estate near Fontainebleau, brought him on foot to Paris. His hands were tied; there was a truss of hay on his back—this man, seventy-four years old, who said the people might eat grass. Berthier was arrested at the frontier, so nearly about this time they reached Paris within a few

hours of each other. Foulon was the first. At the news of his arrival, all St. Antoine turned furiously out. Everyone knew his face, and hated it. At 6 a. m., he stood in the Hotel de Ville. The mob filled the neighboring Place de Grève. Lafayette exhorted the multitude to respect *la loi*. He said his opinion of Foulon was not very different from theirs! He added, Foulon must be sent to the Abbaye for trial. Men like being praised for stupidity. They applauded Lafayette's appeal to their law-abiding temper. Foulon, remembering, what they did not, that the only courts which could legally try him consisted of his own colleagues, was foolish enough to join in the applause. Instantly, suspicion took fire. A *well-dressed* man cried: "Why try one who has been condemned these thirty years?" In a moment, the bar was carried—the prisoner hanged to a lamp-rope. Twice it broke, and he begged for mercy, before life was extinct.

Berthier reached the Hotel de Ville in an open cabriolet, untouched amidst a storm of execration. A squad of National Guards set out as his escort to the Abbaye. Had he trusted to their military instinct, he might probably have been saved—as Foulon might by keeping still. But when danger became imminent, he snatched a gun from one of them, attempted defending himself, and was cut to pieces—the soldiers now joining the rabble. Berthier's and Foulon's heads, and Berthier's heart, were carried on pikes—the heart adorned with a bunch of white carnations.

Of course, only one opinion should be possible about the temper of the Parisian mob. It was, in Louis the Sixteenth's time, essentially what it was in that of Henri IV, when they ate bread made of dried bones from the cemeteries to keep out a heretic king, or in that of Charles VI, when they carved the badge of the Armagnacs upon their bodies.* Most royalist writ-

* The soldier who cut out Berthier's heart was informed by his comrades that he would have to fight one duel after another until someone killed him. He was, in fact, killed the same night. As to Paris—she was always fanatical; those who say frivolous, I think, are wrong.

ers give up Berthier and Foulon. M. Taine attempts to make them philanthropists. A much easier mode of apology would be to allege that their greatest real crime was having planned the attack on Paris, which all except Anarchists should call their official duty. On the other hand, it may be remarked that Foulon was most hated by his tenants, who knew him best.

Shocked at excesses which they could not control, Lafayette and Bailly proposed to throw up their offices. They were persuaded to retain them by friends who assured them that the people would henceforth "respect la loi;" that Foulon's was a peculiar case; that a man so hated could have been protected in no city. This, then, Lafayette and Bailly seem to have believed. And in fact France, having reached the climax of Anarchy,* was rapidly settling down to peace and quietness. An unprecedented spirit of harmony and tranquillity, normal fruits of complete Anarchy, prevailed, on the whole, for many months. We have noted the good behavior of those nobles, priests, and privileged bourgeois, who chose to accept the accomplished and to stay in France. Abbé Fauchet preached to a vast congregation in Notre Dame upon that festive occasion when the Bastile was, by order of a resuscitated legislature, pulled down. Mme. de Genlis, governess of Orleans' royal children, took her pupils to rejoice over the spectacle. The weird eyes of De Stael beheld France with equal pleasure. Church, court, aristocracy, joined with the proletaires in the Te Deum. Some attempts to revive the measures of the crisis met with universal condemnation. During October, a baker named François was murdered by a mob, on charge of monopolizing flour, which was sufficiently odious during famine. The revolutionary journals united to de-

* The Americans in Paris at the time, the conservative French writers, and those frightened into conservatism, like Loustalet, by the unfamiliar spectacle of Anarchy, agree that between August and October civil government had as nearly as possible ceased to exist. As indeed is evident. This was the period of tranquility and good will thruout France. New troubles begin with new laws—first among them the Riot Act, passed late in October.

mand punishment of his slayers. "Des Français!" exclaimed Loustalet, who incited the riot to release the mutineers of the French guard, in July, "Des Français! non, non de tels monstres n' appartiennent a aucun pays; le crime est leur element, le gibet leur patrie." Two were hanged in the Place de Grêve. Even Taine allows there were no more "jacqueries"**—not, of course, because these two men were hanged, but because the public sentiment which hanged them could revive only when the day of "jacqueries" was past.

Amidst all the cooing, there was, at first, but one discordant note—a thin, subaudible, stridulous snarl from the emigrant noblesse, thru their agents at Versailles. That second semi-chorus which gradually cheered it into the roar of a hurricane, came from the Assembly. "However bad a particular government may be," says M. Taine, "there is something still worse, and that is the suppression of all government." We seem to have heard this observation before. The Assembly had heard it, and believed it—of course. All except Anarchists do. The Assembly perceived that all government had been suppressed. It did not perceive that the general revival of confidence, quiet, prosperity, and good feeling, was the consequence. Since government had been suppressed, the evident duty of the moment was to set it up again. And the results are what we have now to trace.

On the 18th of August, after six weeks' incubation, the constitution-makers produced a document on the Rights of Man. It was imitated from the American Declaration of Independence, and designed, like that, to state first principles, which the actual work-a-day law should apply. The most important was "that everyone has a right to do as he pleases, except to injure others." Most important, that is, not because anything came or could come of it; but because there still are those who think it a great principle—among them,

** Except that in sluggish Brittany for the first time, and elsewhere the second, they are started up next year, by governmental attempts at restoration. This is what forced recognition by the Assembly that the old government (hydra-headed) was dead.

some who suppose themselves to be Anarchists. Many criticisms have been made upon this famous Declaration. It defies the whole previous teachings of religion, law, and morals, say the privileged classes. "All *rights;* nothing about *duties!*" cry the Comteists and other philosophers essentially conservative. To which the Assembly might well reply: "'Religion, law, and morals,' have taught us our duties a long while; and the bright consummate flower of their teaching was—the Parc aux Cerfs." Meanwhile, practical statesmen, like Burke, observe that human rights are cognizable only by human precedents; quasi-Socialist philosophers, like Dumont, that they exist by law, not it by them; metaphysicians of a later school, that they are an evolution, not an institution. Thru all this runs, as it were *subauditum*, the real objection, never clearly stated until now—this definition of rights says nothing about how the rights in any disputed case are to be maintained or even ascertained. It is metaphysical —a "view," a statement of Everything in General, which verily is Nothing in Particular. The jurisprudence of Terror will attempt reducing it to practise! Then it is not Anarchism; for Anarchism means no laws. It is Individualism, a mongrel as sterile as all others similarly produced by unnatural union of syllogistic form with the illimitable substance of emotions. For this very reason, if it does no good, it can do no especial harm.

But now comes, messieurs, a problem of actually framing something more tangible than words, which will tax your legislative skill. Under the incipient constitution, shall there be two chambers or only one? A majority incline to favor two, provided the Senate is elective. The nobles and clergy will not consent to that; so, after long debate, it is one, by a vote contradictorily stated, but, according to all accounts, overwhelming.

During these discussions, "the Fourth Estate" begins to make itself felt. This Fourth Estate,—represented in the gallery, addressed by newspapers and pamphleteers,—debates political questions at its Palais

Royal and answers them; which the Assembly cannot do without it. It determined first to have only one chamber. There is only one.

Had the Assembly been like the English revolutionists of 1642 or 1688, they would have perceived that what paralyzed all their own efforts was the king's instability. They would have exacted from him nomination of officers. They would have remodelled the army, the navy, the judiciary, the civil service, the departments of diplomacy and finance; and all this in name of mere temporary necessity, before attempting to construct any permanent institutions. An English or American statesman could have told them that, in this they would meet no opposition. Such counsellors were at hand, if they had been called on. Arthur Young was there, with the experience of England; and Gouverneur Morris, with that of America; and Mirabeau, who had studied both. He induced Romilly to send over the commons' standing orders. But the legislators did not feel their need of guidance. Those most intelligent among them—very few in number—were royalists, who wished to baffle the entire undertaking, or else democrats, who wanted another revolution and a republic. The rest were pedants, who got their history from Plutarch, and their politics from Rousseau. They knew as little of means as ends. A hundred were on the floor at once.* They do not reply to each other: their shots are all in the air.** "You would hear," says a reporter, who was present, "more shouts than speeches; the sessions seemed more likely to end in fights than decrees. Twenty times, I said to myself, on leaving, that if anything could arrest and turn the tide of the Revolution, it would be a picture of these meetings, drawn without feeling or idealizing. All my efforts were, therefore, directed to represent the truth, without making it repulsive. Out of what had been a row I concocted a scene. I translated yells into words, furious gestures into attitudes; and when I could not inspire respect, I endeavored to excite sympathy."

* Young, June 15.

** Gouverneur Morris.

Other legislatures have witnessed things as bad as this. But it is something new that the galleries join in the uproar, till a speaker proposes to give them a voice in the deliberations.*** The Long Parliament brought the London fishwives to Westminster that these might intimidate the court party; but, when the fishwives would intimidate themselves, they bade the soldiers shoot! Brutes? Well, yes: but they were Saxon brutes. They knew what they wanted, at all events. These flighty Frenchmen have no notion. They actually believe they are the people's servants, and should obey the people. And they are right, too; for the people do know what they want; which is the first condition of being obeyed. It was a dark day for dreams of a regenerated monarchy when attempts to resist their will began. That Lafayette was the leader in such resistance, may serve to illustrate what I meant by saying he had a genius for blunders.

The question of how many chambers being settled, a still more important one comes up. Shall the king's veto be absolute or limited? The aristocratic party, still numerous and wrong-headed, as had lately been proven, were for the former. They were re-enforced by many of those "moderate" men, who think, not what is true, that logic can be useful only to suggest experiments, but, what is false, that there are actual virtues in inconsistency. These muddle-headed gentry find the revolution moving too fast, and in the very spirit of confusion, they propose to check it by the absolute veto of a king whose idiosyncrasy is never being in one mind two days together! Great was the alarm at Paris and elsewhere. Mounier, leader of rebellion at Grenoble and in the Tennis Court, is informed that 20,000 men are ready to march on Versaillés and drive out those who vote for an absolute veto. Rennes, capitol of conservative Brittany, sends up a resolution declaring them traitors. Louis was now told by somebody to propose a *suspensive* veto, good for two sessions only. The moderate men were wont, sensibly, to consult the Americans in Paris, who

*** Moniteur, September 12, 1790.

had done such things before; but unluckily they took for their oracle Jefferson (then United States minister) instead of Morris. At his house, Lafayette, Dumont; Barnave (another Grenoble patriot); Lameth, his satellite; Mounier, and three nobodies, held a caucus, Yankee fashion, and resolved to uphold the king's plan; which presently was adopted—673 ayes and 355 noes. Remember, they are much lauded for their trimming proclivities. And then observe how their makeshift worked in practise.

Imprimis — they could not even get it passed without suppressing those very sacred "rights of man," a free speech, a free press, and assembly! The famine afforded a prospect for riots, which they seem, after the usual mean fashion of authority, to have magnified. On August 19 there were but one day's provisions in Paris. Another time, even Bailly wrote to Necker, threatening that if a supply of flour which had been stopped at Versailles were not forwarded, 30,000 men would go thither and take it. On August 30 there was a report that Mirabeau had been arrested. Fifteen hundred men, under St. Huruge, a marquis, and a Bastile prisoner, set out for Versailles; but were turned back by Lafayette with his soldiers—perhaps the more easily because since August 4 Mirabeau had begun to get suspected. He happened to be absent the great day when "abuses" were massacred. He was noncommittal about the veto at Paris—supported it at Versailles. He now joins with Siéyès to speak ill of the Palais Royal people, who have begun to call themselves the Patriotic Assembly. The multitude love and trust him still. But he is attacked by the orators and pamphleteers of the Palais Royal—so is Siéyès, and so Lafayette. They resolve to strike, and, unlike imbecile Louis, do it. St. Huruge is the Mirabeau of the Palais Royal—big, noisy, magnetic, his enemies say insane. He is arrested for writing a threatening letter, which he declares a forgery. Bailly's municipal government forbids the Palais Royal meetings; Lafayette's National Guards prevent them. And now radical journals cannot be sold without a license—nor printed without danger. Caricaturing, however, is ir-

repressible. It sums up the situation in a cartoon group —the Patrol driving out the Patriot.

No sooner has this transformation scene been effected, than Authority, ever a coward and a liar, begins to show again the ruffian hid within. Exactly two weeks after driving back St. Huruge to Paris, Lafayette comes in consternation to tell D'Estaing, an aged admiral commanding the Body Guards at Versailles, that he has detected a royalist plot. At its head are the queen and De Bouillé, who commands 20,000 reliable troops at Metz—where he afterwards put down several most formidable mutinies for arrears of pay. The king will shortly fly thither. Then Paris and the Assembly will be declared in rebellion. Reactionary nobles and bishops have pledged themselves to find $300,000 a month for the war. DeBreteuil, the home-secretary, is negotiating with Austria. This awful news Lafayette has shrunk from proclaiming, since it would certainly cause another revolution. D'Estaing, equally dismayed, can think of nothing more hopeful than writing to the queen! But Lafayette—commander of all the National Guards, first nobleman to declare for democracy, he who by "putting down the mob," has just assumed responsibility for doing what it always does in time of need, Lafayette, whose head would be the first to fall if Bouillé's designs were carried out—what will he do, now his colleague thus bids him get out of the pit he dug for himself, as best he can? Oliver Cromwell would have enclosed Versailles—king, queen, and all—with a bastioned line defended by National Guards. But tho Grandison Cromwell was managing now, I absolutely fear to write, notorious as it is, that he did nothing.

He continued to receive warnings enough. It was said after the event there was talk of something to happen on October 5, and that Lafayette told the ministers so. On the 23d of September, ten days after his interview with D'Estaing, a regiment universally believed to be in the royal plot, arrived from Flanders. A thousand or 1,500 regular officers were in Versailles for no ostensible purpose. They even swaggered about Paris, frightening the excitable people with the mysterious badge of a black cockade. On October 1 they were

feasted in the palace Opera Hall. The boxes were filled with court ladies. At a late hour, when wine had flowed freely, Louis entered, accompanied by Marie Antoinette, who carried in her arms the dauphin, a boy of four. The band struck up her favorite air—the air of Blondel and Cœur de Lion. Every man rose to his feet. They formed "the arch of steel" over the royal family. The king, the queen, and the dauphin, were toasted with deafening shouts. Some one proposed "The Nation." A storm of hisses made answer. Suddenly, all ladies in the boxes appeared decorated with white cockades. The frantic warriors threw their tricolor badges downward, trampled them under foot,* and received the Bourbon emblem from their charmers. These orgies were repeated the second night.

Marie Antoinette had planned her *coup de theater* very scientifically. But she lacked the promptitude and discernment of a great queen—a Theodora, a Mary, an Elizabeth, or a Catherine. Had she possessed these qualities, the royal family would have started for Metz immediately. They lingered several days—poor, gilded moths, fluttering among flowers before the mouths of a cannon! One of their bullies challenged Lecointre, a local commander in the National Guard, who replied that he did not believe in dueling, but, if things went too far, he would kill any "vile gladiator" who had insulted himself or the Nation. Thus the army was again prepared to side with the populace. When the explosion comes, where will be these heroes of the white (and black) cockade? They will be hiding from women, like Falstaff in the buck basket; while the queen they swore to defend is chased by ruffians; while pole axes are raised by butchers over their king's head; while the dauphin is held up for a spectacle to poissardes and grisettes. Among the whole Body Guard, just two, privates and plebeians, will fall at the right time, like pieces of blood-letting machinery, as they are, to protect these deities from death or worse.

* Taine says they only made them white by reversing them. Why did they climb into the boxes?

VII

On October 5, 1789, a disagreeable day, threatening to storm, a woman appeared in the Faubourg St. Eustache, beating a drum and crying, "Bread! Bread!" She was soon followed towards the Hotel de Ville, by several hundred furies, with streaming hair and hungry faces. Before they reached the civilized region about the Place de Grève, they numbered at least seven thousand,—some authorities say ten.

If reading any history more modern and authentic than Plutarch had been the fashion, Messrs. Bailly and Lafayette, who had taken upon themselves to guide this raging Revolution, might have known that, in such times, the normal result of overawing agitation among the men is—an Insurrection of the Women! They did not know it, and were without an idea what to do. It really looks as if they kept out of the way intentionally; and considering the result of their previous dictation, one may doubt whether this were not the best thing in their power.

Bailly being *inventus non*, the women abuse him and Lafayette; sack the Hotel de Ville; and mob poor Abbé Lefevre, who was not afraid of De Broglie, but is of them! Maillard, a Bastile hero, tells them they will get no bread here—they must go to Versailles. The idea takes. "To Versailles! to Versailles!" cry the Amazons. *After they were gone*, Bailly appeared, and sent for Lafayette. Lafayette called out the National Guard—3,500 troops of all arms. But far from being willing to suppress an insurrection of women, among whom many had eaten nothing for thirty hours, these warriors declare that Lafayette must lead them to Versailles "for protection of their women against those traitors who have just insulted the nation." An im-

mense crowd joined in the clamor. It was mainly to overawe this mob, already large enough for danger, and every moment increasing, that Lafayette had assembled his soldiers! Lo! the crowd orders the soldiers, and they order their general—who shortly before had told Gouverneur Morris that he, Lafayette, was master of the situation, and really felt himself more powerful than a subject should be! As for the women, it does not seem to have struck him that they were any account! He had only wanted to avoid a disagreeable encounter with them! But he stood for hours talking to the soldiers and citizens—at last said he would do as they wished if Mayor Bailly sanctioned it. Mayor Bailly *orders* it instead. Lafayette drifts away with the flood he "arrested" last month. But it is now 5 p. m. Before this, the women had captured Versailles—king, queen, and National Assembly.

As they started, one said, "We shall bring back the queen's head on a pike." At the Sévres bridge, another was heard to say: "Cut her throat, and make cockades of her entrails!" Similar threats were uttered against the archbishop of Paris, Maury, chief of the royalist priests, and D'Espréménil. No one menaced poor harmless Louis—on the contrary, the women sang songs in his praise, and Maillard took every opportunity to tell people whom they passed that the good king was to be delivered from his bad advisers. Maillard, self-elected general, had given his female army a military organization. At head and at rear, for greater safety, are a few National Guards, mostly Bastile heroes, like their chief. Foremost among the women, are a troop of courtesans—not street-walkers, but queens of the demi-monde, "most of them young, dressed in white, with hair powdered, and a sprightly air." One wields a naked sword. The famous Théroigne de Mericourt sports a red vest, and rides on a cannon. Another piece of artillery is also in the column. The rest of the "Mænads" are fishwives, nondescripts, poor, hungry, furious. A few tallest are suspected of being men.

The impression produced by this unique procession, is everywhere, first ridicule, then terror, at last

admiration. Messengers had been sent at the very outset to warn the Assembly and the royal family. There were hours for preparation. But the Assembly pooh-poohed. The queen was at Trianon, the king shooting hares at Meudon. Instead of flying, they returned to Versailles. As excitement and rumors of danger increased, the carriages were brought out. But Louis now became afraid that if he fled Orleans would be king; which is very probable. He entreated the queen to go; but she would not without him.

All along the way, most people fled from the Mænads' approach; but those who remained, were favorably impressed, and cheered them. It began to rain in good earnest; the wind blew fearfully; the cold became severe. Between 3 and 4 o'clock, the Mænads, now fully recognized as deliverers, tramped thru mud and mire into Versailles, amidst shouts of "Long live our *Parisiennes!*"

The king had neglected to sanction the Declaration of Right and that abolition of feudalism which not a single priest or noble chose to vote against. On this 5th of October, the Assembly angrily discussed his conduct. Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Pétion, of whom we shall hear more, spoke against it.

At sight of the Mænads, Louis sent the Assembly a qualified acceptance. As usual, he was too late. Maillard had been admitted to the Salle, where he made a very temperate address. The women overflowed the galleries, and put in their oar. "Who is that spouter? Silence that babbler: he does not know what he is talking about. Let Papa Mirabeau speak: we want to hear him. M. Mounier, why did you vote for that vile veto? Beware of the lamp post!" Mounier, who presided, was sent to the palace. His chair shortly becoming vacant, a woman sat down in it. Some Parisiennes were sent by their friends with Mounier. Louise Chably, a beautiful flower girl, or sculpturess (?), was pushed ahead and bidden address the king, who encouraged her to speak. Eleven miles' walk, with probably nothing to eat, the presence of majesty, and a sense of her responsible position, were too much for her. She stammered and fainted. Good-natured Louis

caught her in his awkward arms and kissed her pretty white lips. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." These women supposed a king to be an ogre who had baths of blood. They saw one now; and behold he was a man, prematurely obese indeed, but so fatherly that their hearts melted. They emerged with a glowing account of his kindness, which their constituents promptly interpreted in quite another way. They had been bribed. "*A la lanterne!*" The ruffianesses pull off their garters. Mounier and others got poor Louison back to the king;* who appeared on the balcony to justify her, and sent the whole delegation home in royal carriages! He promised to exert his authority for the relief of Paris; but, with characteristic judgment, did nothing about feeding the hungry crowd at Versailles.

On the women's approach, Lecointre had drawn up the National Guard to prevent mischief. D'Estaing, insisting with true royalist stupidity on etiquette, pushed the Body Guard before them. These fools attempted to drive back Mounier and the women. Directly after the Chably affair, they began skirmishing with the National Guard and the Parisians. Some shots were fired, two or three of the mischief makers wounded, and a horse was killed. D'Estaing then withdrew his fellows, tho the Marquis de Favras, a traitor, soon to be hanged, was for fighting.**

* Louise herself wrote an account of this interview, which has lately attracted attention, and differs in some details from the time-honored story. Nothing is more difficult for an historian than to digest a consistent narrative from the conflicting tales of eye witnesses, and at the same time respect the rule that his evidence should be the best. Unless, indeed, he lets prejudice rule; when it becomes fatally easy—in his own conceit. An important point is that she was saved principally by Mounier, not the Body Guard. This I believe because it harmonizes so well with the other acts of both. But I suspect she gives us rather what she meant to tell the king than what she succeeded in making intelligible—i. e. that the fainting incident is true.

** Saint Priest. He was himself a royal officer, who, at an earlier hour, had advised resistance. Taine dodges the whole affair—sure proof he found nothing good for the court. Of

Louis haggled five hours with Mounier over the Assembly's demands; but at last accepted unconditionally. And now it was night. The licentious part of the women easily find quarters. The National Guard eat, drink, and sleep with them; and swear vengeance on the Body Guards, by whom they and the country have been insulted. But these adroit females seduce Body Guards also!***

It was near midnight when Lafayette arrived,**** with an army of good soldiers, loyal alike to king and country, but also encumbered by a formidable mob. Obstinate Louis has his Body Guard, and will be beholden for nothing to Lafayette.

A few hundred women were feasted by the Assembly till 4 a. m. Thousands shared the dead horse, and camped as they could, on that horrible night, which brought them so terrible a reenforcement hanging upon Lafayette's rear and wings. About five in the morning, Lafayette having just lain down after making such arrangements as royal stupidity would permit, some Parisians, coming too near an ill-protected gate, were, according to the most probable story, fired on by the Body Guard. They almost instantly broke into the "Grand Court," thence into the Marble Court, which received the Grand Staircase. In this brief scuffle, however, an unarmed National Guard was shot dead, and some other persons wounded. Two sentries were slain. The bearded ruffian Jourdan (Jacques Coupe-tête) cut their heads off. Up the staircase ran the murderers, brandishing pikes and axes, urged on by a human sea behind. Before them, in the southwesterly diagonal of

course there is an entirely different account—in the Deux Amis and Carlyle—given by Mounier et al. D'Estaing was not there, etc.

*** Taine, Carlyle, and Mme. Campan, whom they probably follow, state that men prominent in the revel of October 1 were also in the attack of the 6th. That the women distributed money among the soldiers is a very improbable and unsatisfactory explanation of defection so contagious.

**** Thiers says seven. But Taine's account, decocted from a host of conflicting authorities, is more detailed and consistent.

the west wing, between the staircase head and the two famous galleries of Glass and Peace, is the very *nucleolus* of monarchy—the Œil de Bœuf. The Body Guard take refuge in it, and bar the door. To northwest of the mob is the king's bedroom, due south the queen's long suite of apartments. A few guards ran thru them to the anteroom—the two last, both badly wounded, bolt the outer door. The others have broken in upon the slumbers of the queen's women, who cling round them sobbing and shrieking. "We will die here," said the brave fellows. "You save the queen!" Exhausted by the unwonted excitement of danger, she is sleeping sound within. Two of her ladies have some difficulty in rousing her. As her spirits, casting off the mysterious coil of slumber, return from the silent shore, what sights, what sounds they meet! Those frantic undressed women shaking her, regardless of etiquette; her voluptuous chamber otherwise as usual; white wax-lights burning to a pale October dawn; but in the air a noise as of a mighty tempest, while ringing thru the corridors are curses, shots, and blows! She fled toward the king's apartments, her women, as she ran, fastening a petticoat about her waist. It was in the Œil de Bœuf she met her husband; who can hardly have slept as well as usual. There the fate of France has been decided for a hundred years. Here, today, it will be fixed once more. Here nobles had lounged, and chatted, and caballed; here decided that this man should go to the frontier, and that to a living grave in the Bastile or the Chateau D'If. Tho the contrary has often been stated, the mob did not break into the queen's apartments; but with truer instinct began storming the Œil de Bœuf.* At the sound of their axes on the door, the queen loses heart and bursts into tears. "Oh, my friends, save me and my children!"

Dives and Lazarus, some political philosophers tell us, are psychologically associated poles of one so-

* Campan, II., 75-87. The Œil de Bœuf was the ante room, into which the king emerged from his bed, among his courtiers at each levee. Its name ("the Bull's Eye") was perhaps derived from the roof—a conspicuous object.

cial organism. There can be no real antagonism between their interests. Pity that neither Dives nor Lazarus learns this elementary truth! When Dives and Lazarus happen to meet, even during this life which now is, upon terms advantageous to Lazarus—when the Cour des Miracles breaks into the Œil de Bœuf—it is likely things may happen not contemplated in social organism philosophy.

But now some French regulars made their appearance, and called on the Body Guard, who had fought with them at Fontenoy, to hold out. Lafayette also came up, and bade the mob retire. One ruffian pointed a gun at him. Those men nearest took this fellow head and heels. They raised him high in air. They reversed him on the pavement. He never trifled with a gun again. A cry runs thru the multitude that Lafayette has arrived. The human sea is petrified. The National Guards attend to some rascals who have been mounting the king's horses. Madame Adelaide (one of Louis' aunts) embraced the republican general exclaiming, "You have saved our lives." Yet nothing is clearer from Marie Antoinette's correspondence that his own would not have been worth a rush with her power once restored. The courtiers laid up this nap against him. Instead of Cromwell, as before, they called him General Morpheus.

That crowd which filled the lower court now began to cry, "Le Roi a Paris!" Papers were thrown out announcing that their wishes would be granted. They shouted, "Vive le Roi!" The queen was also called for. She announced that she would go to Paris with the king. Lafayette escorted her to the balcony. She led her two children. M. de Luzerne had heard whispers that she would be shot. He attempted to stand before her. She bade him give way. "No children!" shouted the mob. That is because they mean to shoot! She put her children back, and stood forth alone, in that white and yellow gown which she loved to wear at Trianon—this daughter of so many Cæsars. She stood with folded arms before women of the fish market and the pavé, at the end of whose vista, full of misery and oppression, they had always been wont to see her

standing. There was little mutual comprehension. Her mind did not rise to the point of supposing her dignity could impress such wretches. She only stood up, game, to die. When she found this was not yet to be her lot, she retired to weep over the disgrace of being thus exhibited. But Princess and Poissarde, at all events, possessed in common that one virtue which, having been the earliest recognized, is the most usual. These Furies, who had helped to storm the Bastile, knew a brave woman when they saw one. A tremendous shout of "*Vive la Reine!*" made the court ring and rolled along the streets. Then Lafayette, laying aside Cromwell to assume Grandison, kissed her hand, and the acclamations redoubled. The Body Guards put on the tricolor cockade, and were also cheered.

The National Assembly at once voted itself inseparable from the king, and ordered a hundred delegates to accompany him. Thus did the much reviled mob do, not without some hard winking from the much praised Lafayette, what he clearly should have done. Since no better use could be made of this king and queen, why, O Lafayette and his eulogists, find fault with your tools—which never was the mark of good workmen—nor rather put majesty where it could do less harm than anywhere else? That was what the mob did. The why and why not seem to me as follows. King Mob is in truth the father of sovereigns. All their power, wisdom, faults and folly also, if genuine, are but his. When they become shams, Mob must needs assert himself again. But so long as the royal brood which sprang from his plebeian loins reflect his purpose fairly well, he honors them, like any doting parent—which is their means to live. Naturally, the last to acknowledge that they have become shams, are legislatures, nobles, and such like—because these are part and parcel of the shams.

At half-past one, the strange procession set out. The heads of those guards who had been killed were already in Paris, and did not shock the royal eyes.*

* Lafayette, Thiebault, Miot de Melito, Gouverneur Morris. The last is strictly contemporary. "Two heads of the Body Guards are brought to town, and the royal family are to come this afternoon."

But black loaves, stuck on pikes the previous day, to show Dives what Lazarus must eat, were carried back; for, after all, they could be eaten. Green boughs were waving. All the people were shouting. Fifty cartloads of provisions, detained hitherto at Versailles, were borne as spoil of real value. The women remembered Trianon. "We won't starve now," they said. "We have got the baker, his wife, and the 'prentice." At eight, the royal family arrived in Paris, to endure a reception at the Hotel de Ville before they could take possession of the deserted uncomfortable Tuileries. It rained hard all night. But next day there was another inundation of milk and honey. The king and queen were called forth, showed themselves, received a perfect ovation. Even Marie Antoinette might still be popular. But of course she could not understand that. When she left that palace she would never see again, her face was crimson and suffused with tears. She had scarcely voice to say, "Captive kings are near death." There was no danger, till she chose to make more. Bitterly she must have felt (one would think) the ignominious flight of her Flanders regiment and her 1,200 noble officers! "The days of chivalry were over!" But she was far from realizing how completely. The men who made chivalry, when there was something new and real about it, were not the nobles of that time.* Monseigneur's art — *son metier a lui* — is to have Jacques

* The Plantagenets descend from Torthulf or Tertul of Rennes, a Breton peasant, made a forester by Charles the Bald. The counts of Flanders first appear in the same humble office. The Capets were Saxon adventurers. Nomeuse, the Breton, and his successor, Allan Barbetorte, are popular leaders, who exact freedom for every serf who flies to Brittany. Rollo and his Normans are sea-kings, penniless Scandinavians, who would not submit to a king on land. Everywhere, during the decay of the Carlovingian empire, this new plebeian aristocracy supplants effete ones descended from the Amals, the Paladins, or the Senators. See, for authorities, Michelet, "History of France," Chap. III, "Incursions of the Normans." It was at this same period chivalry arose, as if spontaneously (Charles Nodier, on "St. Palaye" in ***"Biographie Universelle"***). Limitation of knighthood to the noble (military) race is not traceable further than the twelfth century (Menestrier, ***"Preuves,"*** Chap. I, and see, for discussion of these authorities, G. P. R. James, "History of Chivalry").

go first. So when Jacques sinks in the road of Ohain, no one thinks it strange; but when Picolomini takes a hedge lined with pikes, and falls, all Europe rings with his valor—because one of Picolomini's order very seldom does. These truths, we shall see, no experience could teach Marie Antoinette.

However, the mob had put her where her power of doing harm was a minimum; so, for a long time, there was nothing but sweetness. Louis walked in the Champs Elysées without guards. His sister, Madame Elizabeth, a beauty devoted to religion, sat at an open window that the multitude might see her eat, which condescension excited much more enthusiasm than if she had given them something to eat. Louis did give money freely to beggars.

A hall connected with the Tuileries was opened to the Assembly, which, on taking possession, changed its title of National to Constituent. A host of really valuable reforms ensued. The gabelle was abolished. The price of salt fell from fourteen sous a pound to less than one. Those acts which nullified the Edict of Nantes were themselves revoked, thus restoring toleration to a million Protestants. The decayed parliaments were suspended, which meant abolished. All criminal cases were to be tried by a jury on previous commitment. While this was under discussion, both Robespierre and Marat endeavored to procure abolition of capital punishment.

At this crisis, arises a member with a hobby—Dr. Guillotine, who had proposed adjournment to the Tennis Court when the Assembly were locked out of the Salle des Menus. "I have invented," he said, "a machine with which I can clip off your head in the twinkling of an eye without your feeling it." A roar of laughter answered this enthusiastic speech—the first among many laughs associated with the doctor's great invention, and joined in by dozens who were predestined to experience its efficacy. Investigation and approval followed. In March, 1792, the ghastly novelty first delighted a populace of "tigers and apes." This was experimentally, at the Bicêtre. A real live highwayman was beheaded in April by the machine. It was

called, as elsewhere, for its like had been seen in other countries, the Maiden, and the Widow:—also (from one Dr. Louis, who fully materialized it) the Louisette. But Guillotine was soon vindicated by unanimous adoption of his name. His principal improvement was simplicity. Five routine motions did all—"in the twinkling of an eye," as he said. Two assistants strapped the victim, with one pull, to a board—turned him over backwards—shoved him into position. The executioner raised the axe meanwhile, with one hand, at a pulley; with the other, a catch to keep back the chin. Nothing more, but let them drop. The axe-and-pulley frame was painted red to hide the blood. For the first time, the headsman became a popular character. He had a worthy history. His name was Samson.* The first of his trade who bore it was a gentleman, who appalled society by marrying the executioners's daughter. This plebeianized aristocrat became noble again, while other nobility was going down. Samson, having business enough in the metropolis for some years, was revered as Monsieur de Paris. His successor, less oppressively patronized, is now Monsieur de France.

The money problem remaining urgent, it was resolved to make a particular class of cormorants disgorge. On motion of Talleyrand, bishop of Autun (October 10), all Church property was declared disposable by the government (November 2). So far the Assembly's work had been altogether destructive—and therefore unmixedly good. No one objected but those interested in abuses. The nobles, just before the parliament disappeared, had begun trying to use these antiquated bodies for their selfish ends. The aristocratic bishops (but not the useful curés) resented the "confiscation" of Church property. The alms-giving archbishop of Paris, took his charitable and noble heels across the Imperial frontier.** He was joined in flight

* Also spelled Sampson and Sanson. Revolutionary orthography is distraction.

** He was opposed to democratic innovation, and had been mobbed during the first crisis at Versailles; on which (being a clerical deputy) he joined the commons and then at once resigned.

by sixty thousand emigrants, mostly of the Third Estate, and comprising among them some three hundred deputies frightened out of propriety by discovering that the mob knew what to do when they did not. But all this would have wrought no real harm. The constructive acts of the Assembly were what furnished reaction with excuses of some validity; and made it actually dangerous again. The old provinces were cut up into 83 Departments, each about 54 miles square. These were subdivided into "districts" and *communes*. This democratic measure shows all the folly of doctrinaires. It was highly unpopular in such conservative strongholds of anti-tyranny as the Celtic Land, which retained some of their old free institutions and were proud of their local traditions. By substituting the despotism of "the Nation" for the despotism of Versailles, the Assembly thus prepared itself the terrible counter revolution of Vendée.

As the famine and revolution had together made land unsaleable, an issue of 1,200,000,000 francs in paper money, receivable for confiscated property when this should come into market, was authorized, and took effect next year. Some such measure may have been required to relieve the pressure; but any good financier could have told the Assembly that this one would work mischief. The security, indeed, appeared to be good; and for about two years the *assignats* were floated at 90 per cent. of their face. Unless, however, the issue were limited, it was no less certain so convenient a means of paying debts would be abused by a revolutionary government than by another. In due time the issue increased to 45,578,000,000 francs, while the privilege of exchanging for land at a fixed value, having enriched a ravenous horde of speculators,* was

* The Church lands came into market during the summer of 1790—in large lots, to exclude the rabble. Only 12 per cent. of the price was paid down—Mirabeau was one of the great purchasers (see his letter to Beaumarchais, September 17). The buyers stripped the land of everything salable; and either failed to complete the purchase, or resold in small lots. From the original confiscation sprang the new bourgeois aristocracy of France—from the second sale at advanced rates, her peasant proprietors. See Watson, "Story of France" (1900).

destroyed by auction sales. Meanwhile, such desperate measures as a maximum of prices (1793), produced hoarding of grain and cessation of manufactures, besides betraying fear that the currency could not last. Wretched execution made the assignats so easily imitated that the country was flooded with spurious notes, despite their grim mottoes—"La loi punit de mort le contrefacteur—La Nation recompense le dennunciateur." In July, 1796, the genuine, since March worth only one-three-hundredth of their face, were redeemed at one-thirtieth in *mandats* (orders for land) which, being similarly abused, fell to a seventeenth, and expired as taxes or purchase-money next year. The best which can be said for such business is that the Revolution bought means to live, of its bourgeois enemies, at a rate which might have been very much reduced if it had possessed an economist.

Having taken away the ordinary support of religion, the Assembly tried its hand at ecclesiastical restoration. Each Department was made a bishopric. The bishop was to be chosen by the electors of the Department, the curé by those of his district (December, 1789). The bishop-elect was forbidden to receive confirmation from Rome. A bishop must not exact from his curés any oath but that they profess "the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion." To those whom he disapproves, he can only refuse canonical installation. Even this must be done in writing, and with consent of his council. A civil tribunal eventually decides whether the priest shall exercise his functions. All this is incorporated into the Constitution. An oath to the Constitution is exacted from every priest (June, 1790). Clergymen who refuse to swear without a reservation about spiritual matters are soon deposed. A hundred and thirty-four bishops and coadjutors did refuse. Probably a majority of curés did likewise, and were either deposed or allowed, by connivance, to swear with the reservation. In the diocese of Besançon, only 380 priests out of 1,400 swore, and 80 soon retracted. In Doubs, all but four refused. In Lozère there were 240 non-jurors to ten "constitutionals." Nowhere is the learned ignorance of those deductive politicians

who governed France more conspicuous than in such attempts to reconstitute a conservative, sensitive, highly-organized body, which grew up not by fiat of government but in spite of it.

The confiscation, likely to be imitated by Spain and other countries, alienated the Church of Rome, tho hardly that of France. Then the Assembly called to the chair a Protestant whose father, still living, had hidden from persecution like a wolf in his den—surely a very unnecessary and injudicious display of sentiment, in a country where the priests had proved generally, tho timidly, patriotic; and where the masses (as soon appeared), were, despite Voltaire's popularity, still, at least moderately sound Catholics.

Now, finally, every priest is required to swear that he will support a Church, which tho called Catholic and Roman, is Presbyterian and schismatical; this too under the grave penalty of suspension—with others if he dare officiate. It was all the more foolish because totally unproductive of any practical benefit. As Macaulay says about England on a similar occasion, if a priest conspires against the government, he can be put to death; if he preaches against it, he is answerable for libel; if he violates the new statutes (*of præmunire*), he can be ousted; and all this without having sworn to anything. Why then require him to swear, except for the purpose of forcing a quarrel with a patriotic priesthood, and even the religious feeling of a patriot nation?

The bishops excommunicated the Constitutional priests. The people would have nothing to do with them. Communicants demanded the sacraments from the non-jurors, who found themselves in a painful dilemma—to be mobbed if they would not officiate, and prosecuted if they would! Many despotic and other governments had practised more cruel persecution; but for unreasonable disregard of public sentiment this popularly elected legislature surely bears the palm.

The people endured it, because like the English people under Elizabeth, they had something else to take up their zeal. They were thoroly determined to have no more of the old regime; and could not afford

to quarrel with those who were erecting, however little to their own taste, the bulwark of a Constitution against it. To see that the bulwark, being paper, would prove flimsy is more than could be expected of them. They appear on the whole to have approved another piece of anti-clericism. The religious orders, except a few deemed useful, were suppressed—always a harsh measure, tho it may sometimes prove beneficial, and executed after the usual blundering fashion. In Franche Comté the Capuchins were starving. They were not allowed to sell their stores, tho these had been secularized. At Portalier, the Bernardine nuns were left dependent on a hungry people's charity. At Besançon, the municipality ordered the nuns to assume secular habits; tho a statute provided that anyone might dress as he pleased; and tho few had the means of obeying. At the same place were secularized three churches out of eight, with all their appurtenances. If we had the statistics elsewhere, they would, it is thought, be very similar.*

That no folly might be wanting, the Assembly offended the masses simultaneously with the classes. The franchise was limited to taxpayers, whose direct imposts were worth three days' wages, and to soldiers in the National Guard. Domestic servants were all excluded. Only freeholders who paid a *marc d'or* (about $10) were eligible to office. Among the thirty thousand inhabitants of St. Antoine, those who took the Bastile and brought the king to Paris, scarce two hundred were "active" citizens (voters). It speaks volumes for the people's patience that this did not cause insurrection; tho it did much grumbling.

Thus, amidst famine, treachery, incompetence, blundering, countless pressing unsettled issues, but enjoying almost complete Anarchy, France struggled on towards her bourgeois millennium, from October, 1789, till midsummer, 1791, without another explosion—on

* Taine. The nuns were often in as bad a quandary as the non-juring priests. Those who consented to renounce their vows were imprisoned and ill treated by others; those who did not were mobbed—in many cases, whipped by vile women. Ib., Carlyle, Watson.

the whole exuding milk and honey. It is among common faults of historical writing to omit these great quiet periods during which things mature, giving only the few days of "storm and stress." Who that reads about Alexander's "mad sweep" thru Asia remembers that it took eleven years, of which two were spent in tranquillizing and improving such a country as Bactria, alone? The few hours of Arbela appear the whole, in a perspective which ignores the foundation of nineteen Alexandrias. If another, and more terrible revolution were in process of incubation, we must look for the breeding place elsewhere than in the Faubourg St. Antoine, or even in the Constituent Assembly, unqualified for its self-assumed task as this august body was.

VIII

The terse designation "architect of ruin," belongs to no other character in the French Revolution so justly as to Marie Antoinette. For the imbecile king, tho often obstinate about details, did, in most matters of importance, what she told him; and his measures brought on the second upheaval of 1792. From the removal to Paris until then, hell-fire was brewing in the Tuileries as constantly as milk and honey were flowing wherever her fatal influence was not felt.

The Assembly's first act on removing into Paris, was to ask the king how much money he wanted. He said $5,000,000 a year. This modest allowance was voted without division, besides all revenues from the royal parks, forests, and buildings. The queen received an additional $800,000 annually. His majesty spent $2,000,000 a year on the emigrants who were fomenting foreign and civil war. This came out in the Assembly, April, 1790. Froment, the organizer of the clerical reaction, asserts that in January of that year he persuaded the emigrant princes (half of them infidels) to take up the cause of the Church, as the only way of uniting nobles, clergy, bourgeois, and superstitious proletaires, against the Revolution. I hardly believe he saw so far or had so much influence at this early date. What he claims for himself was the work of a greater thinker and rhetorican, Edmund Burke, whose "Reflections" were not published till November. There were anti-Protestant riots at Nismes, Marseilles, Montpellier, Valence, and Montauban. At Nismes, where Froment himself was the leader, several hundred lives were lost—much more than the Revolution had yet taken, altogether. But this agitation was easily squelched—clergymen aiding in the good work. The outbreak was directly encouraged by Marie An-

toinette and the Comte d'Artois. The Federation of Jalês (August, 1790-July, 1792), a Catholic club which expired in giving birth to this abortion, was to have a terrible resurrection as the White Terror of Avignon, Lyons, and Vendée. In these conspiracies Louis was deeply implicated, for among his few personal traits of zeal, none was more conspicuous than orthodoxy. During one and the same month (December, 1790) he sanctioned the new constitution of the Church, but wrote to the sovereigns of Prussia, Spain, Sweden, Austria, and Russia, urging a coalition against his own country. His wife was as yet scarcely ready for that, because she feared the foreign conquerors would set him aside. His chief counsellor this time was his sister, Madame Elizabeth, whose simple religious nature the new fanaticism had entirely absorbed; so Marie Antoinette, for once, has been blamed to some extent unjustly. But it was not her character to be idle when mischief was afloat. Tho chary about advising foreign invasion till after it had actually begun, she constantly corresponded in cipher with the foreign powers.*

On Christmas day, 1789, the Marquis de Favras, who wanted to charge on the women at Versailles, was arrested. On February 18 the court of the Chatelet convicted him of a conspiracy to abduct the king and murder Lafayette, Bailly, and Necker. He was hanged with every circumstance of ignominy, denying his guilt, but saying very little. So far as we can make out from data purposely mutilated, the abduction (flight) of the king was all along Marie Antoinette's idea. Louis himself shrank from it a great deal, because the small cunning of a feeble nature taught him that someone would probably step into the vacant throne. Orleans was named for this purpose by that party which eventually, in 1830, set up his son. But his irresolution disgusted Mirabeau, who turned instead to Provence (Louis XVIII). This prince gave him 1,000,000 francs,** and authorized Favras, who was most likely

* Campan gives full details.
** Dumont; Talleyrand ap. Greville.

ignorant of the ulterior design, to raise a loan. This last fact was proved on the trial. Mirabeau and Provence, both suspected, denied everything, and loyalty to Louis XVI, as the scapegoat imagined, stopped his mouth. Louis XVIII destroyed the papers in the case. But a letter of his is extant which shows that he knew about all those designs attributed to Favras.* The court, according to a familiar method of governments, adopted hypocrisy as often as it was foiled in violence. A few days before Favras suffered, the king paid a voluntary visit to the Assembly and made a speech which thrilled all France with enthusiasm.

The flood of milk and honey, as I have called it, ran fastest during five months ensuing, and reached its height on the first anniversary of the Bastile. But scarcely was Favras cold before Count d'Inisdal presented to Mme. Campan credentials from sundry nobles authorizing him to get the king clear of Paris. The guards were won over. Madame Campan's father-in-law broke the news to Louis, who was playing whist with the queen, Elizabeth, and (significant) Provence. All urged his majesty to fly. The response they got out of him with some difficulty, amounted to an old maxim of kingcraft—such things should be done, not proposed. D'Inisdal remembered Favras, and went off in a huff. But the queen, very much disappointed, prophetically told her biographer that Louis must come to it before long.

Next month the royal family removed to St. Cloud, where they were practically under no restraint. While they supposed they could do this at pleasure, Louis' flight, to which he had personally objected, was no longer talked about. A new intrigue, the most mysterious of all, was set on foot instead. Mirabeau had hitherto been regarded by the court as a deadly enemy. The queen called him "the Monster." Her eye, good for personal traits, tho blind to general tendencies, had discerned his weak point. She said he should have all the money he wanted, but no place. In November, 1789, his ambition was defeated by a resolution for

* Watson, "Story of France."

which the royalists voted, that no deputy should be a minister. It was not, however, until March that the court is known to have given him even money. He then received a pension of 6,000 francs, 1,000,000 in notes, and payment of his debts, to steer Louis between the Scylla of radicalism and the Charybdis of Provence or Orleans. The immediate result was that he gained for the crown the initiative in war and peace. On July 3, he had his celebrated private interview with Marie Antoinette. Let us waste no romance upon it. In public, the Monster henceforth spoke with admiration of the queen, and the queen avoided saying any more harm of the Monster. But nothing is clearer than that each was merely trying to use the other. To Madame Campan she boasted of him as a creature who made her sick; but whom she had caught and tamed. On the other hand, Mirabeau had obtained from her assurance that he should be prime minister in fact, tho not in name. But he perfectly knew what her promises were worth, and was at pains to make her feel what he could do. The court played him and Lafayette against each other—Louis writing to D'Artois that Lafayette was a "villain," etc., "in whom no confidence could be placed," which is substantially what Marie wrote about Mirabeau. Lafayette had chosen to lay on Orleans the blame of the women's insurrection.* At his suggestion the duke was ordered to leave Paris; and when he threatened to return without leave, Lafayette touched his vulnerable place by informing him that he must fight a duel if he did. Now, however, Mirabeau procured his recall (July 9). He had an interview with Louis, and both agreed to bury the hatchet. Next Sunday, at the royal levée, Orleans was mobbed by noble blackguards, and actually spat upon while descending the stairs—neither king nor queen choosing to be visible!

* It is, we may hope, by this time an obsolete absurdity to lay these great spontaneous upheavals upon individuals. But there are reasons for believing that Orleans had agents in the crowd, and expected Louis to be killed. In a letter discovered after his death, he forbids his banker to pay certain persons because "the marmot still lives."

The court bullies next formed a scheme for suppressing radicalism which we might really believe was stolen from Captain Bobadil. It was to kill off the popular leaders in duels! Mirabeau, receiving innumerable challenges, adopted a stereoptyped form of reply, to the effect that he had put Monsieur—on his list; but it was long; and first come must be first served!

Immediately after Louis' visit, the Assembly promulgated a new constitutional oath, which everyone hastened to swear with the usual gushing ceremonies. About November preceding, very picturesque festivals of national regeneration had begun in the provinces; since which time they steadily increased in size and frequency. Altars were erected; the offerings lit, by a priest, with the sun's rays gathered thru a glass; maidens in white robes and garlands formed a circle; prayers, chants, and appropriate addresses closed the ceremony. The 14th of July, it was now soon resolved, should witness a grand combination of national fete and oath, at the Champ de Mars, where foreign mercenaries refused to fight for the Bastile.

A few Americans and other strangers, headed by Paul Jones, of Bonhomme Richard and Serapis fame, came to request a share in the rite. That same day, almost before they were satisfied, came Jean Baptiste, or, as he called himself, Anarcharsis, Clootz, Prussian baron, and apostle of Humanity without God,* followed by a real Spaniard, Chaldean, Syrian, and Arab, —professors of languages at the king's library—besides a motley host of persons, probably French, but representing all nations. They were made welcome. Fired with Clootz's enthusiasm, a duke rises *to propose abolition of nobility*; a marquis (Lafayette) applauds; and away go titles into the dreadful past!**

On the 7th of July, some fifteen thousand laborers were set at work making the Champ de Mars into an amphitheater. It soon appeared that they would not

* Lafayette, accordingly, was called, while the fit lasted M. Motier, and Mirabeau Riquetti (Arrighetti), (the origin of his family was Italian.)

accomplish their task in time; and then was shown again what enthusiasm inspired by Anarchy can do. Three hundred thousand people turned out. A rendezvous was established in every section (ward). The multitude, comprising, children, monks, nuns, poissardes, merchants, lawyers, students, and fine ladies, moved in bands, with military precision, under self-appointed leaders, to triumphal peal of trumpets. They attacked the earth with as much zeal as if it had been the Bastile, whose fall they were celebrating. As to the Bastile itself, its cursed stones had already become a bridge, "to be trodden under the people's feet forever." Its site was turned into a dancing hall.

Tho the weather was horrible, four hundred thousand people attended the fête. Twenty thousand delegates from the provinces assembled at the Place de la Bastile and marched to the Champ de Mars with an escort of royal troops, sailors, and National Guards, thru garlanded streets, and over a pontoon bridge. Under an awning decorated with *flure de lis*, the king and queen sat on gorgeous thrones. When Louis had taken the oath, Marie Antoinette arose, and holding up the little dauphin said: "See, my son! he joins as well as myself in the same pledge." This awful perjury was answered with shouts of "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Vive le Dauphin!" The festival was prolonged a week. Paris was illuminated. Carriages were excluded from the "Elysian Fields," that all might have full benefit of these beautiful gardens. Pyramids of fire wantoned amidst the foliage. There was no drunkenness, no disorder. All classes mingled in a jubilee of love.

At this auspicious moment, Mirabeau urged the king to leave St. Cloud, issue a charter from Fontainebleau, dissolve the Assembly, and defy the radicals. He was quite consistent so far. Immediately after Louis was brought to Paris, this had been substantially what Mirabeau proposed, thru the same mediator, La Marck. The king, or rather the queen, refused now for substantially the same reason as before. If the *coup d'etat* proved successful, Mirabeau would rule;

and, in her heart, she hated him as much as she did Lafayette. She soon received a lesson. One of her bravos wounded a Lameth in a duel. A mob sacked his house. Mirabeau took their part. In vain the royalists howled. He "let them rave"; and that was all they could do. There were no more duels. He had always wished for a coalition with Lafayette; but this man of best intentions and worst comprehension would none of it; and his honesty became a serious obstacle to Mirabeau, whom everyone had learned to distrust. The humbled queen was brought to use her influence; but it was not much—perhaps she did not mean it should be. From thenceforth, the two would-be dictators were constantly disputing some place or other, till in January, 1791, Mirabeau, despite Lafayette, became president of the Assembly. Necker, intractable as Lafayette, was even more signally overcome by the Provencal giant. They had long been at variance about suffrage and the finances (Necker wanting to establish a National Bank); but in August, 1790, events still to be related rendered the ministry odious; Mirabeau, tho he had taken their side this time, made a scapegoat of Necker, who had prevented his being a minister, and the latter fled from France into obscurity. Lafayette, after his last defeat by Mirabeau, continued to quarrel with both parties, as industriously as his rival, but less judiciously. In February, 1791, there was a riot against repairing the old fortress prison of Vincennes. Lafayette, supported by some popular leaders, such as Santerre, suppressed it without bloodshed. Meanwhile, a number of royalist gentlemen assembled at the Tuileries (whither the king had returned), under pretense that he needed their protection. Their intrusion, and their vaporing language, provoked the National Guards to seize some of them, when it proved that they had daggers. At this crisis, Lafayette returned from Vincennes in a bad humor, and encouraged his soldiers to kick the whole lot down stairs. The practise of carrying concealed weapons followed that of duelling into oblivion; but this was another matter ever after treasured up against Lafayette by the king.

So far as the arena of ordinary politics was in dispute, Milabeau triumphed. But there remained for him to overpower, both those centers whose opposite attractions so often pulled down the shell of ordinary politics—the Court and the People. The long contest between Bouillé, with his noble officers, on one side, and his "reliable" troops on the other, came to a crisis in August, 1790, when the soldiers seized the military chest, on the strength of rumors that it was being sent across the frontier. In the fray which ensued, at Nancy, 3,000 were slain. This was one of the Assembly's conservative days. "Order" must be maintained, discipline enforced, the "progress of Anarchy" checked; and the rest of that. Louis, Lafayette, Necker, Mirabeau, the vast majority of deputies, were all, for a short time, on one side. To discuss the rights and wrongs of the brawl would require more space than its results merit here. Enough to say that Lafayette appears to have acted rather more like a hasty and incompetent pretender than usual: and—what is of much greater consequence—the sound instinct of the mob saw something at once which it took many years for others to see. The fundamental cause of trouble was that the army had long been as rotten as any part of the old regime. To dismiss the reactionary chiefs; to make every soldier eligible for every office; to condition promotion upon merit; to enforce honesty and acceptance of the new system; were measures simply inevitable—what had been done was but prolonging the agony—unless, indeed, the old regime were to be restored. Loustallot died of grief. Marat proposed hanging those eight hundred deputies who voted with Mirabeau—the latter highest. The tumult arose which politically killed Necker. Lafayette never had the people's love again. Mirabeau alone still commanded their respect, by rising somewhat higher than they could see.

But he appeared bent on alienating them. In November, St. Etienne, the notable Protestant chairman, proposed that the National Guard should consist of "active citizens" only—a measure actually carried next April. Mirabeau supported it. He was assailed in the Jacobin Club, and totally failed to procure a favor-

able verdict from that body, which no revolutionist could now treat lightly.

In February, 1791, the king's aunts left France. Mirabeau advised Louis against letting them go; but, when they insisted, deprecated all attempts to stop them; said it was absurd to debate whether two old ladies should hear mass in Paris or Rome; and manfully defended the right of emigration. Reasonable as this clearly was, the radicals thought it a point of general policy to oppose him; so there were violent scenes both in the Assembly and the Club. In the former, Mirabeau's audacity triumphed. In the club he had at best but "a Cadmean victory;" and he never went there again.

Mirabeau has received all the praise he deserves from two widely opposite points of view. With immense parliamentary, oratorical, and diplomatic power, he had really but little originality.* Among all the great revolutionary measures—the oath, the organization, the confiscation, the new representative system, the abolition of privileges—every one was proposed by a Mounier, a Talleyrand, a Siéyès, or someone still less important—none by Mirabeau. Dramatically, morally, he impresses us as a far stronger man than Siéyès, or Mounier, or Talleyrand—a consistent positive man among pedantic trimmers; a true man, whose very knaveries were honest, among hypocrites and charlatans. But then the French Revolution was not the work of great men. It was the work of a great nation; whose history one might believe Carlyle has written for the express purpose of reducing his own hero worship to absurdity. Successful as Mirabeau was in practical politics, he effected nothing permanent except when his views fell in with the people's. To effect something permanent without the people was, however, the task he died attempting. And here his very want of originality makes him dear to all apostles of "moderation," half-measures, constitutions, "order." As Carlyle longs

* His gift of appropriating other men's suggestions was remarked by his father, and furnishes Carlyle with congenial material for a disquisition on the organizing faculty of genius.

to say that Mirabeau might have proved the archangel who could guide this tempest; they wish to think he might have averted "Anarchy." But all discern a grave obstacle to saying anything. Mirabeau could perhaps have found a way of pacifying the people. Nothing less sedative than death would have satisfied Marie Antoinette. So Mirabeau's eulogists take refuge in saying that we cannot tell what Mirabeau might have done if he had lived. Of course we cannot. Murky as a thundercloud he remains for all his lightnings! But this is on record, that Mirabeau knew the king meditated flight, and said if this design took shape he would declare for a republic. Now it is just possible that the king's or the queen's low cunning was too much for Mirabeau, as it has been for historians. I incline to think Louis told the truth when he disclaimed intending to fly from France; for there is evidence that he too knew this would be abdication. He intended flying to some such place as Metz, where the whole force of reaction would gather round him. If he had done this, it is difficult to think otherwise than that Mirabeau must have either perished or surrendered to "Anarchy," the only agency except reaction which had any definite purpose of its own.*

While he was trying to mix oil and water, the people were finding plans and leaders which suited them. The first fruit of the Revolution was journalism. The year 1789 had witnessed the birth of the great *Montieur*; *Les Actes des Apôtres* and *L'Ami du Roi* (royalist); *Les Revolutions de Paris* (radical); the *Chronique de Paris* (what was afterwards called Girondist). It deserves special mention because one of its editors was Condorcet, the only Frenchman who at that time really was what we call now an Anarchist. His life was worthy of his opinions. He was eminent among the philosophes, a contributor to the Encyclopedia, and a mathematician no less practical than deep. But his

* About the time of the festival in the Champ de Mars, the radical element in the Assembly had dwindled to some thirty, whom Mirabeau treated with great contempt. How the court acted towards them, we have seen, and with what result we begin to see.

fame rests chiefly on his posthumous "Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind." Camille Desmoulins continued to publish his *Revolutions of France*. Fréron's *Orator of the people* was extremely radical and constantly attacked the reaction.

His fame, however, suffers eclipse by Marat's journal, which, after appearing under various other names, became in September *L'Ami du Peuple*, and so continued long. No other man represented so faithfully as Marat the queer combination of panic and courage which characterized the masses at this time. He persistently repeated that the income tax, devised by Necker, would yield $100,000,000, which were to be used in equipping an army to enslave the people; that Lafayette, Bailly, and the new municipality of Paris, besides being in the plot, were stealing at a great rate. So far as we can judge, all these statements were quite false; but—that morbid suspicion which inspired them pointed in the right direction. Lafayette, Bailly, and Necker, were at the head of the constitutional monarchists, who, with such a king and queen to act for, were the element truly dangerous to liberty. In October, 1789, Marat was prosecuted and compelled to fly. In December he was arrested, but not punished; in January was re-arrested on the old warrant. Danton defended him. The courts decided the arrest to be legal; but meanwhile Marat got away again; and his enemies were reduced to the eminently constitutional method of wrecking his office. Far below Marat in the scale of what they call respectability, came Hébert, with his paper, *Le Père Duchèsne*, named in ridicule of another which it soon killed. The vehicle of all low wit, personality, bluster, profaneness, and indecency, it attained great popularity without any real influence; and was bought by thousands but prized by none. By true zealots of radicalism, like Robespierre, it was more detested than by royalists—in fact the latter probably did not read it. Robespierre did, and considered it unmixedly mischievous to the common cause.. The latest writer on this subject justly remarks, what should be emphasized, that the other side was quite as bad. "Marat was not more ferocious than Rivarol or Royou;

and Hébert not more obscene than Souleau and Pettier." These scribblers blackguarded every revolutionist, from Talleyrand down to Théroigne, just as the libelers on the other side did every conservative from Marie Antoinette to the three-day taxpayer. We are so well used to this sort of thing now, that there is no excuse for making a few pencil pushers shoulder the horrors of Ninety Three. Not only were these incubated in the Tuileries; but it is my firm persuasion that the sanguinary papers, on both sides, were safety valves. They blew off in harmless gas much passion which otherwise would have been left to swell the quantum of bloody deeds. There were, of course, plenty more new-born papers, and a few old ones; but they are less important to our subject. Besides the *Moniteur*, only one lives—the *Journal des Debats*.

The organs of practical revolution were the political clubs. The original Breton admitted such men as Barnave; and communicated its plans to a committee of ten, among whom each undertook to direct ten leaders in the municipal government of Paris, the National Guard, or the public meetings. Following the king to Paris, it took possession of an abandoned Jacobin monastery, which gave it a new name. Similar organizations, in immense numbers, were formed all over the country. At first the Jacobins were not very ultra. After those schisms occasioned by the ambiguous conduct of Mirabeau, Lafayette, and Bailly, began, the mother society was weakened by secession in both directions. The extreme radicals, under lead of Camille Desmoulins, formed a new club, the Cordelier; the Constitutionalists another called the Feuillantists. Both names were taken from disused religious houses where the societies met. In Paris, the Cordeliers, for a time, were almost as influential as the Jacobins. The Feuillantists attempted to capture the affiliated clubs. But victory remained with the original Jacobins. When a second revolution became clearly necessary, the daughter societies rallied to their support; the Cordeliers were eventually reabsorbed; and the Feuillantists vanished in obscurity. It is interesting to note who were the men who thus understood just how far to go.

Robespierre is the most conspicuous during this critical period. Danton and Pétion rose into prominence more gradually. Marat, like Desmoulins, was considered too radical. Yet neither had seriously named a republic. That was first talked about in earnest after the king's actual flight, by a tiny society which seems to have consisted of Brissot, Condorcet, Duchatelet, Bonneville, and Thomas Paine.

During 1790 Mirabeau's iron frame began yielding to the strain of labor and debauchery. Frequent attacks of rheumatism and colic gave warnings to which he paid no attention. The suspicion that he was poisoned, tho confirmed, after the fashion of legends, by several anecdotes, appears to me quite gratuitous. In December, March, and at other times he expressed consciousness that he was near his end. The day of his fatal illness is stated with extravagant variations which show the access to have been gradual. But he died April 2, 1791, peacefully after great sufferings. All party bickerings were forgotten in the fall of what had been so great. Paris went into mourning. The theaters were closed. Private festivities were postponed. All places of business observed a Sabbath. The Assembly, the Club, and the National Guards, attended in a body, Lafayette, on foot, leading the military. A hundred thousand people were in line. The corpse was laid in the Church of St. Genevieve, converted about this time into the Pantheon, with the inscription "Aux Grands Hommes: La Patrie Reconnaissante." At the end of the ceremony, twenty thousand muskets fired a salute which shattered every pane of glass.

The death of Mirabeau unsettled whatever plans the court had founded upon his influence. A feeble attempt to substitute his secretary, the minister Montmorin, with whom Mirabeau had been friendly, the Lameths, Dupont, or Barnave, resulted only in showing that leadership had passed to Robespierre, Danton, Pétion, and Marat. Yet the infatuated Marie Antoinette was glad.* It was much rather Louis who, for reasons we can understand by this time, had leaned on

* Madame de Tourzel (the dauphin's governess).

Mirabeau than herself. Now the king must adopt her scheme of flight; which external occurrences had made more promising than before. At Avignon, an old papal fœf, there were frightful riots and bloodshed, till the Assembly stepped in and cancelled the pope's nominal sovereignty. His holiness denounced all adherents of the Revolution. Paris replied by burning the pope in effigy. During July, 1790, Belgium, then subject to Austria, was beginning to imitate France. England, Prussia, and Holland, countries profoundly interested in the liberties of Belgium, such as they were, gave them up. Louis allowed the emperor to send troops over French territory. This mad act of a king who professed to accept the Revolution was the true immediate cause of trouble at Nancy. In the same memorable month, Pitt, before the British parliament, endorsed those sentiments soon embodied in Burke's book on the Revolution, henceforth the Bible of that formidable coalition which was forming against France.

Here, as wherever there was brooding mischief, Marie Antoinette's finger may be seen. Burke knew her; and her personal misfortunes are the constant burden of his Jeremiad. The effects of this publication upon all subsequent history are, however, far too important to permit dismissing it lightly. The reasoning, indeed, is worse than contemptible, for it starts with utterly false premises. The author of "Natural Society" and champion of American independence, assumes that the French Revolution is a hateful triumph of Anarchy and infidelity. But when he wrote, Louis might, at his own choice, be much more of a king than George III, whom Burke resisted so manfully, had ever managed to become: the French Church had not been destroyed—only reformed, with far less violence than the English; the nobles had either voluntarily sacrificed their odious privileges or proved well worthy of the fate so many found. If it be said Burke foresaw the future—I will reserve that.

Burke sometimes writes for the class of English gentry, sometimes to them. In the former case he betrays what they have in common with all exploiters—a bad conscience, fearing to give up the worst of their

neighbor's sins lest awakened public sentiment should require from themselves some other title than prescription. But in laboring to combine all elements of reaction, he shows no common skill. The Revolution was hailed with delight by the English Evangelicals, on whom the George Gordon riots had recently brought a stigma. Burke identifies sympathy for the Revolution with Dissent; and thus engages the English establishment on the side of the Roman hierarchy. Unitarians, Deists, *hoc genus omne* were for the Revolution. Burke, most illogically, but also sagaciously, makes the Revolution saddle the burden of infidelity, as well as Evangelicism! Thus he gains hearers among the "people called Methodists," and Presbyterians, who inwardly regret the godly days of Cromwell. It was a real triumph of genius to get the English rectors, country gentlemen, and half the sectarian preachers, into line with a despotic throne and popish Church! To the foreign priests and nobles, Burke could give no feelings. But he gave them ideas and words—two commodities of which they were abundantly in lack. Nay, he added to their material force something else besides England. The philosophic and reforming kings of that period—the Fredericks and Josephs—might have thought twice about flying, Quixote-like, at so novel and formidable a giant as revolutionary France. They might have reasoned that a weak popular assembly was in many ways more convenient for themselves than a graded aristocracy, rich, proud, powerful, and punctilious. It was Burke who convinced them that they had no choice —that if Europe regenerated still allowed kings to exist, they must be servants playing at masters, not masters playing at servants. Thus, his success was prodigious. Thirty thousand copies of his pamphlet were quickly sold. Without it there would probably have been no coalition—certainly the coalition must have been without England; that is, must have failed completely.

We have already remarked that those social conditions which inspire men's deepest apprehensions are, *for that very reason* exactly those which there is least ground to fear. A cross-examining philosopher, like

Socrates, would soon compel prophets of Chaos to prove, against themselves, that Chaos, being abhorrent to general human nature, can never come of giving human nature free swing, but only of uniting personal power to personal idiosyncrasy. Yet this is also true, that, as Bacon remarked, the intensity of any action is increased by vicinity to its opposite. The Revolution, before 1791, was not even republican. But with the conservatism of Europe united against it, it rapidly became so. The execution of Louis, the leveling of social distinctions, the abolition of the religious establishment, were thus added to the list of prophecies which work their own fulfilment.

On May 6, 1791, Burke publicly renounced friendship with Fox, and went over to the Tory ranks, followed by a large section of the Whigs. On the 20th, a conference of the European powers was held at Mantua. Leopold, the new emperor of Austria, agreed to assemble 35,000 men in Flanders. The German States were to send 15,000 into Alsace. As many more were engaged in Switzerland, to march on Lyons. Sardinia promised invasion of Dauphiny; Spain to send 20,000 soldiers over the Pyrenees. Prussia and Hanover (under George III) cooperated heartily. Naples and Parma joined the greater folks in a protest against French reforms which involved extreme doctrines of divine right. Pitt was drifting the same way unwillingly; and so, for reasons already explained, was Marie Antoinette. But both did resolve on trusting the coalition.

IX

On the 18th of April, the royal family now proposed going back to St. Cloud. Lafayette sanctioned this move; and they supposed him omnipotent. Public suspicion had, however, been awakened by the facts that in Mirabeau the king had just lost his only adviser who was still generally trusted; that his aunts, having got out of the country, took care not to return; and that he made substantially the same excuse for leaving his regular residence as they. He could not, it seems, receive the sacraments from "constitutional" priests; yet it would not "look well" to have non-jurors at the Tuileries! With characteristic propriety, all Paris was allowed to know of his intentions, the date, and the scarcely ostensible motive. Lafayette appears as infatuated as anyone else. He took no precautions to protect the king from insult. It does not, indeed, seem impossible they were all playing double—Louis trying to feel the public pulse, the queen to create a riot which would scare him into actual flight, and Lafayette to have others take the responsibility of detaining both in Paris. If this were so, all had their wishes. On the fatal morning a mob assembled at the Tuileries, and stopped the royal coach. Bailly was sent for, and remonstrated in vain. Lafayette appeared with some National Guards; but they took the side of the people. He went to the Hotel de Ville, and demanded authority to proclaim martial law. Danton was there to oppose the proposition; and another batallion of National Guards were ready to fight it. The municipality decided against Lafayette. The king gave up, and next day complained to the Assembly. The Assembly expressed sympathy with his majesty; Lafayette resigned command; the Guards apologized, and begged him to

resume office—which he did. The king remained in Paris!

Escape from thence, on the direct road, was next planned for the royal prisoners by Bouillé. But they would not let him have his way about details. He wished that they should separate and ride in ordinary carriages. The queen, knowing how little her husband could be relied on, insisted that all should go together. A huge vehicle called a Berline was sent, not indeed to the Tuileries, but the city gates. The queen made so many preparations that two of her maids gave warnings; and the watch was accordingly doubled. Bouillé advised Louis to take as "courier" a competent person, whom he had selected. The king chose instead to have three blundering Body Guards look out for such important matters as securing the horse-relays. Against Bouillé's advice, he also insisted on having small cavalry parties stationed in towns he had to pass. By all these means was aroused again that Asmodeus of suspicion, who watched over Liberty so savagely and well. To get rid of a questionable attendant, the flight was moreover put off a day. This assisted to create belief in further postponement, after those troops who were to escort Louis had given people an idea that something was going on. During the night of June 20, the count of Provence, directed by a sensible escort, arose, left the Tuileries, took a post chaise, and reached Brussels without difficulty. The adventures of Louis and his family about the same hour, are related in a very conflicting manner by authorities none of them the best; and as such particulars are of no consequence to history, it is enough all found the Berline. Madame de Tourzel traveled as Baroness de Korff, a Russian who had obtained the necessary passports. The queen was her maid, the king (called Durand) her valet; Madame Elizabeth governess to her children, (the dauphin, dressed as a girl, and his sister). A Body Guard accompanied them as another flunkey; a second rode on the box, beside the coachman, Count Axtel de Fersen, who had steered the queen out of Paris; the third went ahead to have horses ready. At Bondy, only seven miles and a half from Paris, Louis insisted on

dropping his best companion Fersen.* From hence, to attract more attention, the Berline was followed by a small carriage, containing two of the queen's ladies. At Montmirail, it was detained an hour by breaking of a trace. At Pont Sommevelle, the first station beyond Chalons, it should have found soldiers, but did not. As Bouillé predicted, they had proved enough to excite alarm but not to give protection. The people had driven them away; and they had sent word to their comrades elsewhere that Louis was not coming. At Sainte Menehould, which the fugitives reached about sunset, there were, however, some dragoons, surrounded by an angry mob. Here the king and queen were recognized by one Drouet, himself formerly a dragoon, who had seen them at Versailles. Probably to avoid an encounter with the cavalry, he rode ahead seeking a better place at which to interfere. The Berline was allowed to go on; but the people, already suspicious, detained the soldiers with wine and compliments, won them over, and arrested their captain, D'Andoins, who had declined joining Louis on the really plausible ground that it would do more harm than good. The alarm bells were now ringing from village to village. Count Damas, in command of the dragoons at Clermont, said, like D'Andoins, that he could only compromise the king by seeming to know him. At Varennes, the officer entrusted made a final mistake by ordering fresh horses to wait on the further side of a bridge, tho the last stage ended on that nearer Paris.** He neither sent word to the king, who, he had been

* He was always the queen's friend, and has been represented as her lover; but he would not join in the follies of her set. He had served in the American war. After Marie Antoinette sank into a culprit under the death watch, he attempted to save her by bribing an officer; but her own blunders, as usual, frustrated his plans. He represented his country (Sweden, tho the origin of his family was Scotch) at Campo Formio. Fate overtook him finally, in a riot at Stockholm.

**His idea apparently was that if suspicion should arise while they were changing horses (the most likely time) it were best the bridge should have been already crossed.

told, would not arrive, nor thought to warn Bouillé's son, who came to see if all went well, that the horses might be expected where they were not to be found.

The post boys would not go beyond their stage. For half an hour the coach was delayed—half an hour late at night, with the dread alarm bell sounding from the neighbor villages. This was decisive. But by bribes and threats, the Body Guards at last got the coach to move again. It entered a yawning chasm—a gloomy arch surmounted by an antique tower, across the bridge, which spans the little river Aire. Here a cart had *just* been overturned in the way—for Louis' money procured such fast driving that Drouet was barely able to reach Varennes before him, arouse a late party at a tavern, and send for the mayor. The church bell now began to ring. The sleeping hussars roused themselves and came out, only to meet National Guards who attacked them with wine and quickly won them over. Their commander, a green youth, rode off to tell Bouillé, whose son, in despair, soon did the same. The king's interview with Drouet and the mayor, is, of course, contradictorily reported. But, according to the most probable version, the mayor, Sausse by name, politely escorted his suspicious visitors into his shop (he was a grocer). They sat down forlornly upon barrels. Sausse coaxed them upstairs, and sent for a local nobleman named D'Estey, who recognized the king at once. By this time, building and streets were full of peasants armed with pitchforks and other rustic weapons. No longer attempting disguise, both Louis and the queen addressed them with much dignity, and made a considerable impression. But while some wept, others cursed and threatened to shoot him on the spot. All agreed he must wait. That this fat, awkward man, dressed like a servant, should be the king, and that faded, agitated woman, the queen, was strange enough. But that the king should be going over to *the enemy*, only thirty miles away, excited fury which nothing could restrain except assurances of his detention.

During the small hours the Duke de Choiseul arrived from Pont Sommevelle with his party of forty German dragoons, and Damas, who had joined en

route. They ran the gauntlet of some obsolete cannon; entered Varennes, picked up a few more loyal soldiers, under Goguelat, the person who had blundered the relay; and sought Sausse's grocery. De Choiseul and Goguelat, sword in hand, forced their way up the narrow crooked stairs and urged the king to let them cut him out. As when D'Insidal made a similar proposal, Louis would not formally consent. The debate lasted an hour. By that time the patriots had assembled in such force that Drouet and Sausse could be firm. Goguelat, intent on repairing his error at any cost, tried to bring up the carriage again and was shot by a National Guard. The queen almost went on her knees to Madame Sausse, who made the sensible reply, "I must think of my husband as you are thinking of yours!" The dauphin lay asleep on Sausse's bed. His sister, in great terror, was clinging to her aunt, who sat by Mme. de Tourzel on a bench. The king was eating bread and cheese, and drinking wine which he pronounced good! At daylight, he was brought to plead with the multitude from a window of the little room. They looked at his sorry figure with compassion; and some cried "Vive le roi!" But they were unanimous in demanding that he should return to Paris. At five, about sixty dragoons arrived from Stenay, where their commander Deslon had been warned of the situation. It is said even Marie Antoinette shrank from the risk of attempting to carry out her children now. Louis pinned his hopes on Bouillé. This energetic general, notified by his son, about half past four, of what had happened, did actually, tho with great difficulty, collect 3,000 German horse—for not a Frenchman would have moved. But he reached Varennes too late, and at once fled over the frontier.

The king's escape was known at Paris about 7 a. m. on the 21st. The Tuileries was instantly invaded by a mob, who stole nothing, but showed their contempt for royalty by peddling, smoking, and rummaging. Somebody put one of the queen's caps on a maiden of St. Antoine. She threw it down, saying, "It would stain my forehead." Soon there were more alarming demonstrations. Santerre led forth 2,000 men, armed

with pikes and wearing a new device—the red cap of liberty. As usual, Lafayette's conduct was ambiguous. He perhaps thought the king's flight opened his own way to prime ministry under a less unmanageable sovereign. He openly dared to insinuate such sensible reflections as that Louis could do more harm in France than anywhere else. But he soon found it would cost his life to be suspected of connivance. At eight he took upon himself to order the king's arrest wherever found. At nine the Assembly met. It assumed regency. It ordered the detention of all would-be emigrants. It set about vigorous preparations for war. Lafayette's aide De Renouf, whom the royal family rather liked, was able to reach Varennes at 7 a. m. on the 22d. With tears in his eyes, he presented the Assembly's order. When the queen reproached him, he said, most likely with truth, that he had hoped not to overtake her. Louis threw the document on the bed, and made the prophetic observation, "There is no longer a king in France." The queen snatched the paper away, crying, "It shall not defile my children." "Madame," said Renouf gently, "would you have others witness these passions?" The royal family, doubtless with his connivance, delayed as much as possible; but the local authorities, expecting Bouillé's arrival, insisted on their starting, about eight.

Meanwhile, the news of their flight called up all France, as the first shot fired against Fort Sumter did America. Truly or falsely, all believed, and in spite of Louis' excuses continued to believe, that he went to head a foreign invasion. From every Department poured in vehement expressions of loyalty to the nation and abhorrence of the king. The municipality of Villepaux wrote, "We are all prepared to be torn in ribbons rather than let the integrity of the Constitution be violated." "Our fields," said the citizens of Allier and Nivernais, "are covered with harvests and men. Men and harvests are at the service of their country." "We are but few," cried the people of a little Norman town. "We have but two hundred men capable of bearing arms; but they are young, strong, and courageous. They are all ready to rush upon any foe who shall in-

vade the soil of France." Bordeaux offered 4,200 troops at once. Women sent their jewels to the treasury. The king had left an appeal to the people, and a private note to M. de la Porte. This gentleman brought it to the Assembly still sealed. It was returned to him. The Assembly condescended to answer the king's complaints, over whose shocking weakness it is charity to draw a veil; denounced his perjury without diplomatic phrases; dropped, in acknowledgment of public sentiment, the pretense that he had been abducted; hurled defiance at his foreign allies; and called on the people, not (which would be unnecessary) to rise, but to keep cool and avoid excesses. The outburst of feeling was not confined to France. The English radical historian Catherine Macaulay is said to have died of the shock on learning that Louis had fled to direct the coalition against his country. At the news of his arrest, about 10 a. m. on the 22d, the Assembly appointed three commissioners to receive and protect him. But the popular passion did not subside. Marat called loudly for a dictatorship and execution of the trimmers. Robespierre, Danton, Pétion, and Camille Desmoulins, expressed themselves very similarly. The membership of the Jacobin Club and its affiliated societies increased rapidly to 200,000.

The royal captives spent three days on the road they lately traversed in one. They presented a picture of misery. The queen's hair had become snow white during these few terrible hours at Varennes. As there was great danger of violence, their stage-horses walked amidst thousands of infantry, in a cloud of suffocating dust. At Sainte Menehould, 15,000 people greeted them with hisses. On the road to Chalons, an aristocrat who attempted to salute the king was shot. Chalons itself was a royalist town, and received his majesty with ceremony; but at Epernay he was insulted again. Not far from this place, the Berline was boarded by the commissioners Barnave and Pétion, who henceforth exercised authority. Lafayette arranged to have the cortege enter Paris from the west, where the wide streets could be lined with troops. Placards laconically announced: "Whoever applauds the king will be

whipped. Whoever insults him will be hanged." It was impossible, however, wholly to suppress expressions of feeling—for the most part very bitter. Pétion, an honest but vulgar radical, had behaved rudely on the journey. Barnave appears to have been quite captivated by Marie Antoinette, and he succeeded in imparting more ideas to her than she ever learned from any other man. The one revolutionary sentiment she could understand was ambition; and this gentlemanly Barnave made her see that a plebeian might not unnaturally wish to rise. "If power should ever fall into our hands again," she said, "the pardon of Barnave is already written in our hearts." This was one of those speeches which gush out of the soul's abundance. Orleans, Bailly, Lafayette, Marat, Coupe Tête, were all lumped together in her mind as traitors, of whom the least guilty might think himself lucky to be pardoned. Having become fascinated with such a queen, the best Barnave could do was to die for her—as he eventually did. But at present she appeared to be guided by him. He assisted Louis to answer the Assembly's demand for an explanation of his intentions—pending which he remained disqualified. The substance of the reply has been already stated. The Assembly, under lead of Barnave, resolved that his majesty had a right to visit Montmedy, a place within his dominions; that there was no proof he meant to leave France; and therefore that his suspension from his functions ought to cease. The absurdity of this white washing was made evident by condemnation of his accomplices, Bouillé and the three ignorant Body Guards.

Bringing back the king, it must be admitted, was a mistake of the mob's. Individual conservatives, like Lafayette, and radicals like Robespierre, alike opposed it all they dared. But since he had been brought back, decided measures should have been taken to make him harmless. An English parliament could have managed this without disrespectful forms. The state of his health would have warranted a regency. His ministers might have been made personally responsible for abuse of the veto and other royal prerogatives. Anyway, the main thing to do was plain; and the mob made no

such mistake as overlooking it. The Assembly, ever masters in the art of botching, declared the king unaccountable to law (July 15); and, having almost caused another revolution by doing so, conceded to the mob that in certain circumstances he should be held to have abdicated nevertheless! Inconsistency, one would think, could go no further. But the Assembly's talent for mismanagement was great.

On July 1, Thomas Paine had placarded Paris with demands for a republic. Billaud Varennes made similar proposals in the Jacobin Club on the same evening. He was overruled—properly enough, since the Assembly had still to take action; but surely this shows the Club was not inclined to go further than necessary. The Cordeliers did declare for a republic; and from the salon of the famous Madame Roland a movement in that direction began to permeate the bourgeoisie. After the decree of the fifteenth, Danton and Laclos (the Duke of Orleans' man) drew up a petition, not for a republic, but deposition of Louis XVI. The Club was now deserted by almost all members who were in the Assembly—Duport, for example, the Lameths, Barnave, La Rouchefoucauld, Siéyès, Bailly, and Lafayette. From their secession dates complete the Feuillant organization above referred to. About the same time, some three hundred royalists, under Maury, ceased to attend the Assembly.

On Sunday, July 17, the petition for Louis' removal, somewhat modified, was to be signed in the Champ de Mars. The law required that such meetings should be announced to the municipal authorities four and twenty hours in advance. This had been done, and a regular permit issued. Early in the morning, two men with some tools were found under the altar on which the petition was displayed. They were arrested as having no business there. A report flew about that the altar had been mined and was to have been blown up. An excited mob questioned the prisoners, at a considerable distance from the spot. They confessed an indecent purpose; and were lynched. About one in the afternoon, Bailly and Lafayette, with the National Guard, marched to the Champ de Mars, carrying the

red flag (a proclamation of martial law). A mob followed and stoned them. They fired, not into this crowd, but the dense throng assembled in the Champ de Mars—a throng of men, women and children, who beyond doubt were generally unarmed, and according to the petitioner Sergent had given no provocation at all. The dead were thrown into the Seine; so that their number has never been reliably stated. This terrible act was done while commissioners sent by the municipalities to see whether the proclamation could be justified were en route. Two of them recorded their protest. Camille Desmoulins and Madame Roland immediately left the neighborhood. Danton fled for a while to England. Marat hid himself in the sewers! Robespierre remained in privacy for some time. Sergent says a personal warning from Lameth had already driven out of Paris Desmoulins, Danton, Fréron, and some others belonging to their set. The radical journals were suspended. Pétion was fain to save the Jacobin Club from suppression by a humble address. The Assembly voted thanks to Bailly and Lafayette.

Such, in very meager outline, is the story of the "massacre at the Champ de Mars." I have stated nothing which has been disputed, as a multitude of details have. The theory of the radicals was that it sprang, like a great many similar tragedies, from a conspiracy by those in authority, to put down the opposition under pretense of a riot. This derives confirmation from the flight of the radical leaders; because they cannot without gross absurdity be held responsible for the lynching, at another place than that where they planned the demonstration, of two fellows who, by their own story, had given offense well adapted to cause their fate; or for the throwing of a few stones which needs nothing to explain it but the threatening appearance of the troops. Bailly, on his trial, also said that at the time he knew nothing about a reactionary plot; but he had seen reason to believe it since. Allowing the existence of such a design, suspicion points more directly to Barnave than anyone else. But of course the tendency represented lay deeper than his personality. He had denounced the radicals as intending war upon

"all property whatever"—a stock charge which the bad conscience of Property inspired then, as it always does. At an earlier period, Mirabeau made it a complaint against the constitution that the cities, by their mobs, exacted too much power. Still earlier, Louis warned the Assembly against that coercion by "the mob" which had since become a fact. Thus the crisis between "the mob" and the Assembly was now forming. The reason the Assembly's victory proved a Pyrrhic one, is that the mob had more practical intelligence than the Assembly. That fifty thousand Parisians from St. Antoine should coerce the representatives of twenty-five million Frenchmen was very wrong, no doubt. Yes, and if the representatives had represented, it would have been impossible. But ever since the Revolution began, this Assembly had dreamed and dawdled, and let the mob do what was necessary should be done. While this Assembly was in a deadlock, that mob found places of meeting, organs, and a purpose. While this Assembly sat waiting to be dispersed with bayonets, that mob took the Bastile. When King Louis was about slipping away from this Assembly to Metz, that mob brought him, Assembly and all, to Paris. Now he has abdicated, that mob says so! This Assembly still cannot make up its august mind. A few months will show again that the mob is right, as usual. Then the blood of those women and children who have been slain that he might have another opportunity to betray his country, will cry for vengeance on poor old bookworm Bailly and Grandison playing at Cromwell. If the yells of that mob which howls indeed and curses, but at least can think and act, disturb those quibbling logicians called an Assembly, why not take their king and go to some safe sleepy Rouen, as Mirabeau had suggested? Because they know well enough they cannot think and act, but only drift; so this red flag business, which might pass for "surgery" from a ruler, is parricide when their rickety hands perform it upon Mob who has made them all they are or can be!

Six days before the massacre, the Assembly had shown what it really could do. If it could not think and act, it could always exhibit. On July 11 Voltaire's

bones, or that casket supposed to contain them, were removed to the Pantheon with paraphernalia borrowed from a Roman triumph; and deposited between the graves of Descartes and Mirabeau. The casket was afterwards found to be empty. So the ghouls had done according to their kind—in secret. I regret to state that their example continued to bear fruit; but the dust of Mirabeau was removed to an unknown grave among those of convicts, when his court intrigues became better known; and Marat's, which took its place, remained only till the reaction of 1795. We live, it may be hoped in better days. For us, a great man's monument is the result of his acts—a fraud's a momento of his shame which malice itself may spare.

More exhibitions were soon in order. On September 3 the constitution complete was presented to Louis, who signed it without a murmur on the 14th. Its incubation had lasted two years and four months. It lived eleven months and one week! A general amnesty was immediately voted for all acts done in connection with the Revolution. On the last day of this month the Constitutional Assembly, having fulfilled its oath, dissolved.

"Nothing in its life,
Became it like the leaving—"

That there might be no suspicion, all legislative members were rendered ineligible to the coming Assembly. The act is a noble contrast to that of Self Denying Institution which aimed at making "the Rump" a Council of Ten. It is the fashion to say the French Assembly betrayed its trust into incompetent hands. But I think we may very fairly doubt whether hands less competent than its own could have been found. It saved its honor—the only title to esteem it ever had. I expect to show that nothing could have saved France and monarchy too—except the woman whose heroism in wrong made this impossible.

Louis appears to have recovered by this time as much popularity as he ever enjoyed. Abortive as his flight was, it had for a short period, appeared likely to

be followed by a general war. Bouillé, immediately on reaching Germany, put forth an insolent manifesto in which he declared his intention of leading the foreign enemy and laying Paris in ruins if a hair of the king's head were hurt.* On August 27, the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia declared the regeneration of France an "open revolt" and a "scandalous usurpation." The French king's apparent reconciliation with his people disarmed, for a time, these confederated powers. On November 18, the constitution was sworn to by a mass meeting in the Champ de Mars, amidst tremendous shouts of "Vive la Nation! Vive le Roi!" An immense multitude assembled before the Tuileries. It repeatedly called for both the king and the queen. As often as these august persons showed themselves, they were greeted with shouts of love and joy. At night, every town in France was illuminated. Paris fairly blazed. The Champs Elysées were all garlands, stars, and pyramids of fire. Their trees were hung with toys and tapers, as at Christmas. Constitutions rained out of balloons! Lafayette rode thru Paris escorting the royal family. His crime had not been forgiven; tho theirs', attributed to stupidity, had. He attracted no applause. They were everywhere hailed with shouts of "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Vive le Dauphin!" Had Louis, at this eleventh hour, allowed himself to be pushed along the right path, it is clear he might have won the laurels of a hero sovereign, the civic crown of him who saves his countrymen. A great war, to be raised by traitors as truly his personal and political enemies as Marat or Robespierre, was inevitable. Had he been as much as loyal to his own independence, scarcely a captious critic would have denied him the glory of beating united Europe. But Marie Antoinette, who governed him, remembering her very different reception a few weeks before, laid that change she could not help seeing to every cause but the right. Her upper-class ethics had taught her much about divine

* He was in fact held blamable by the emigrants, and denied a command under the allied sovereigns. He died in London during the year 1800.

institutions, the majesty which hedges kings, the fickleness of the multitude, inevitable reactions, the rallying of property and virtue, etc., etc.;—nothing about the magnanimity of a victorious nation, willing to forgive an offense which it must consider unprecedented. We have but to contrast her conduct and Louis' with their people's, at this very time, if we would know which was answerable for all that followed.

X

The new (Legislative) Assembly had been elected before the Constituent dissolved, and so took possession next day, October 1, 1791. A change in the composition was apparent without words. "The white heads had disappeared." Among the new Solons, 750 in number, sixty were under twenty-six years of age. Almost all belonged to the bourgeoisie. A new parliamentary phraseology had come in. The two chief parties were called from their usual places, Left and Right. Both were subdivisible, and there was between them a Center. The benches at the Extreme Left were elevated; hence the most radical party, as yet small, is called the Mountain. "Jacobin" soon came to be synonymous in political language with "Montagnard," tho as yet many members of the Jacobin Club were not extreme; and some, who joined the "Mountain" subsequently, could not get into the Club. Next to the Mountain, sat those legislators whose caucus was called Gironde, from the district whence some of them came—occasionally Brissotins, tho Brissot, their godfather, was not a native of the Gironde but of Normandy. He was a journalist and practical politician of very advanced views. It would be difficult to prove that at this time the Girondins were less radical than the Jacobins. They far surpassed the latter in education, eloquence, technical parliamentary knowledge, numbers. Within a few months, the fame of their orations filled Europe. Experience was required to show that they were inferior to the Jacobins in organization, purpose, promptitude. For some time they usually proposed measures, which the Jacobins supported. The Center, vacillating and irresolute, also followed the Girondins more frequently than it did the

Right; because the latter, tho consisting not of old-fashioned royalists but strict constitutionalists, supplied the king with those ministers whom he had power to choose—thus, in the eyes of trimmers, it was "the administration party," which needed "checking." The Gironde, accordingly, led the Assembly as a rule.

Louis immediately began to snub all those representatives of Young France. Their youthful bumptiousness boiled up. They retaliated by such wise measures as omitting his titles, "Sire" and "Majesty," from their addresses, as if boorishnesses like these were not the best excuse for the royal perfidy. To their surprise, the popular demonstrations were all in his favor; and the Assembly, warned betimes, backed down. The court was not so judicious. Instead of improving this signal victory, it set about encouraging demagogs to push forward! Madame Campan attests that, while these royalists who possessed only common sense regarded the advance of radicalism with alarm, the initiated took pleasure in promoting excesses which they vainly held would discredit the Revolution as a whole. Lafayette, whose loyalty went to the last point consistent with his constitutional oath, was insulted by the queen's ladies when he visited her. Being now free from legislative cares, he resigned command of the National Guard—it is significant that, tho there were tears and embraces, he was not asked to resume it this time!—but patriotism soon called him to new fields of labor: Bailly, catching the fever of self-abnegation, was no longer the mayor of Paris; and Lafayette consented to seek that office. His opponent was Pétion, the Girondin, who had insulted the king while returning from Varennes. To everyone's amazement, Marie Antoinette personally instructed royalists to vote for Pétion. She gave her reasons in this sparkling epigram: "M. de Lafayette would be mayor of *Paris* that he may be *Mayor of the Palace.*"* This was decisive:

* This was by no means her only very unfortunate joke. If we except a few ebullitions of pride and of temper, which, moreover, may be apocryphal, Marie Antoinette always appears a model of politeness. But she had a turn for raillery, which if harmless among friends is dangerous with such ques-

Lafayette was no longer popular in the city; and Pétion triumphed easily. He watched his royal prisoners jealously—a duty Lafayette had neglected—and encouraged "the mob," which Lafayette had intimidated, to gather force enough for their effectual suppression at the proper time. It seems as if the people forthwith believed that Marie Antoinette had really seen the error of her ways. She received an ovation at the opera (October 7); ** and was now allowed to visit St. Cloud "without let or hindrance."

In the old papal city of Avignon, we remember, there had been tumults and bloodshed excited by the priests. The Assembly stopped this for a time by establishing purely national authority. Now there was alleged to be a new conspiracy. A national officer was murdered by a mob of "clericals." The ferocious Jourdan (Coupe Tête) was the local military commander. He arrested more than sixty ultramontanes, and put them to death, after a hasty trial. Almost all historians, echoing the royalist and priestly outcry, pronounce this a barbarous massacre. I will not go so far as to say it was not; but the following facts are significant. Jour-

tionable acquaintance as the Duke of Orleans. Among Lafayette's many bad moves was an intrigue to have her divorced; for which it was thought her levity afforded legal ground. This partly explains her dislike to him, but not wholly, for that began earlier.

** This illustrates the difficulties with which historians who would be accurate must struggle. Marie Antoinette attended the same opera, February 20, 1792; her last night in a theater. On one of these occasions, she received an ovation; on the other the Jacobins were out; they answered a royalist air with republican cries; and a fight ensued, in which they were worsted. Madame Campan says this was in autumn; Madame Elizabeth's letters make it February. The various writers who have tried to reconcile such very good accounts, get into hopeless confusion. I give up the attempt to harmonize; am sure one is simply mistaken, and prefer Madame Elizabeth, because she wrote at the time, while Campan might have forgotten her dates. Elizabeth's story is also the more probable. It is worthy of note that during February the tone of Marie Antoinette's letters changes. She is no longer afraid to encourage foreign invasion, but urges it with constantly increasing zeal; convinced, at last, that there is no hope of counter-revolution from within France.

dan was brought to Paris, that he might answer for his alleged crime. The administration was ultramontane and conservative. The majority at least of leaders in the legislature were avowed sceptics and radicals. Such mutually checking authorities may be supposed to have acted with impartiality, since they certainly did without friction. Jourdan, tho a man of notoriously savage temper, was deemed to have this time done his duty only. He returned accordingly to Avignon.

This seems to have been the immediate cause of legislation against the non-juring priests and the emigrants, whose attitude was intimately connected with the quasi-independence of French papal and imperial foefs, like Avignon, Lorraine, and Alsace. The Assembly first required the king's brother Louis to return, on pain of forfeiting his eventual claim to regency. The king assented to this. But another statute requiring the emigrants to disperse before January 1, under penalty of treason, "without prejudice to the rights of their wives, children, or creditors," called forth a first royal veto (November 10). On the 29th a severe law against non-juring priests was similarly killed. These vetoes excited great dissatisfaction, and much eloquence at the Club, but no tumults.

The king, elated by success, issued a proclamation commanding his brothers to come home, which he well knew they would not do. He referred to his vetoes by way of proof that he was not under duress, as certain foreign kings alleged. His secret purpose in all this is explained by a letter which Marie Antoinette wrote to Mercy during February, about the time when she fully came over to Sister Elizabeth's program. A foreign war was indeed their only hope; but rebellious France must provoke the war—Louis, meantime, standing stiffly on his dignity, while refusing to compromise himself with the nobles or the Church, and only reluctantly consenting to defend his country, so that no party could blame him. Perhaps as yet it was not foreign conquest he desired: but at least it was temporary defeat. The governments near enough to be dangerous had made civil replies to his announcement of the new

Constitution, except Treves and Mentz, which, as States of the German confederation, were not contemptible. It was to them the emigrants largely resorted. An army raised by these gentry had stations at Strasburg, Worms, and other frontier places, but especially Coblentz. It amounted to 23,000 men. Sweden, under Gustavus III, and Russia, under Catherine II, were eager for war, but in no position to make it. Leopold, emperor of Germany, tho vehemently reproached by Catherine and others for not going to his sister's aid, doubtless thought, with much justice, that it would be endangering her life unnecessarily. He had inserted into his blustering pronunciamento of August the salvo that there must be concert of action among European powers; and it was well known that England, where Lamballe acted as Marie Antoinette's agent, would not, for the present, do anything.

Thus, the king's program involved considerable difficulty. Among the French themselves, Girondins and Feuillantists favored war—the former, because they reasoned that Louis would prove a traitor and be pulled down to make room for a republic; the latter because they believed him honest, and thought war would make him popular. The Jacobin leaders knew he was untrustworthy, and would not stoop to the duplicity of using him to destroy himself. Which deserves praise—the blundering party of Lafayette; the double dealers who followed Brissot; or the party of Danton, Paine, Robespierre, and Marat, which, with fearless honesty and consistency, advocated just what proved necessary? There is no question which deserved success—and got it.

Louis had perceived that he must take measures to force his brother-in-law's play; and he did not lack the necessary encouragement. He dismissed his do-nothing war minister Portail, whose impeachment had been threatened. In reply to the veto of November 10, he received a very respectful remonstrance from the legislature, which employed a royalist as its mouthpiece. On December 14, his majesty came to the Assembly. He was received in gloomy silence, which

changed to acclamations when he announced that the emperor must deal with the emigrants, and that the new minister, Narbonne (Madame de Stael's lover), would make vigorous preparations against war.* At the same time Louis was privately urging the emigrants to persevere.** The emperor returned a somewhat defiant reply (December 21). In January, the vacillating king demanded an explanation of his intentions, but did not persist. Meanwhile causes of trouble multiplied in France. Vendée, excited by the priests, appeared on the verge of counter-revolution. Louis gave great offense by employing non-jurors at his chapel. With the narrow logic of a very foolish man, he said it was hard the king alone should have no rights of conscience, as if a king's visible acts were unofficial, and it would be an intolerable grievance not to attend public worship until a new concordat could be arranged with Rome. On March 9, Narbonne was dismissed as too efficient, in spite of a protest from Lafayette. His colleague, De Lessart, was instantly impeached for a known friend to the emigrants. During the debate on this memorable day (March 10) the Girondin Vergniaud, a great forensic speaker, used expressions interpreted as threatening, for the first time, to impeach the queen. She shed tears of anger on hearing about it. Many writers have blamed Vergniaud. But I observe they neglect to compare events at the Tuileries with what was going on elsewhere. Leopold had died on the 1st of March, leaving his dominions to the somewhat noted Francis, a boy of twenty, who was expected to begin the war from which Leopold had shrunk. Is it uncharitable to see in this the explanation of Narbonne's dismissal; or in that the hand of Marie Antoinette? At any rate, Vergniaud effected his own purpose. The ministry were all dismissed, and their places filled with persons reckoned Girondins. On the 16th, Gustavus of Sweden was assassinated by a man

* This gentleman won the heart of Napoleon by addressing him on his knees. As ambassador to Austria, he quickly penetrated her secrets, which plebeian diplomats could not do.

** Campan, Vol. II, p. 172.

whom his factious nobles employed.* This was a severe blow to Marie Antoinette's plans, for Gustavus was a kindred spirit, an able despot, an ambitious lover of glory, who vehemently urged war, and, as many think, had been actually about to take the initiative. For a time, the court appeared in harmony with those responsible for its acts. It betrayed them; but this was not yet known.

The only important individuals among these were Roland and Dumouriez; and Roland's importance consisted in his being the husband of Madame Roland. Dumouriez, like many really simple men, believed himself a master of intrigue. Thruout a long and adventurous life, he was always going for wool and coming home shorn; and, if we may judge by his conduct this time, the underlying reason is that, tho he tried hard to justify his reputation of a double-dealing rascal, nature had cut him out for a very honest gentleman and soldier. He was now fifty-three years old; a battle-scarred veteran, who had risen to command solely thru merit and time; active and sanguine as a boy; and as ready to attempt playing all games at once as ever. He was among the first at the Club, to assume the red cap (Robespierre would not wear it); while at the Tuileries he became quite personally agreeable to Marie Antoinette, on whom "Grandison" made so unfavorable an impression. Like herself, he was polite to the rare point of dispensing with silly forms. Of course he was for war, both as officer and Girondin. On what grounds, gentle reader! do you guess that war was opposed at this very time by Robespierre, Danton, Billaud Varennes, and Marat? On the grounds that it was cruel; that the poor chiefly suffered by it; *that it would destroy the monarchy*; *that it would cost the lives of the royalists in France*; and that it would end in military despotism!

On the 19th of April, Francis addressed the French an unbearable ultimatum. He demanded that the feudal rights of the German princes and the pope should be

* Half the historians say the 29th. This was the day on which he died, having been shot by Ankarström on the 16th.

restored; refused pecuniary compensation; required the confiscation of Church property to be annulled, and the Constitution revised according to Louis' program of June 23, 1789! Two days later, Louis himself appeared in the Assembly to declare war against "the king of Hungary and Bohemia." (The Imperial throne being elective, Francis did not yet possess it). For almost the last time, the unhappy monarch was greeted with hearty shouts of "Vive le Roi!" During the previous month, Marie Antoinette had written to Mercy revealing all the military projects which Dumouriez allowed her to understand!

The first battle was fought on the 28th. The French attacked in three columns; and were everywhere repulsed by superior numbers, because their plans had been betrayed. They saw it plainly; and killed one of their traitor generals, Theobald Dillon, a life-long sharer in Marie Antoinette's follies, as in her darker deeds. Somewhat moderate historians hold this up as proof that the French army had become demoralized by the Revolution! Carlyle admits what must be evident to whoever has studied first-hand documents, that it was thoroly demoralized before the Revolution; and that what it needed to become conqueror of Europe was just a little more such energetic purging. The amazing thing is that Lafayette, a soldier, a courtier, a politician, did not see matters must be worse before they could be better.

Dumouriez and Barnave did see it. They knew that Louis was believed to have betrayed his country, and solved the difficult problem of making war against himself. They also knew that Marie Antoinette managed him. They accordingly approached her with a view to remonstrance—Dumouriez at this time, Barnave in May. She admitted to Dumouriez, and Barnave found out, that her hatred of the Constitution was implacable. After a birth-pang which must have been terrible, their wish became mother to the thought that Marie Antoinette could by no possibility effect her nefarious designs; and that duty did not, accordingly, require them to increase her danger. Barnave said he would give his head for her, since she chose to have it

so. Dumouriez warned her that to resist the Constitution was to ruin the king. This most dramatic interview is given in two highly reliable memoirs — the queen's, by Madame Campan, and Dumouriez', by himself. Tho the coloring is very different, the great human features are the same. Either version would make a worthy study for a Schiller. The obstinate queen would not be saved by Dumouriez; whom she chose to call a radical. But the woman, so lonely in her height, could not refuse him her friendship, since he had proved a gentleman. She confided to him not only those schemes which cost her life; but the motives which underlay them. She could not bear those little traits of disrespect, those petty ebullitions of impertience, to which she must be exposed unless despotism were restored. This raises to tragedy the comedy of Titania caressing Bottom! The old regime was that ass-headed love on which Marie Antoinette's eyes opened after the sleep of infancy; and in its vast "body of death" there was no common bond but the magic of wickedness. The royalist paper of the emigrants abused her as vilely as did *Pere Duchèsne.* If she mortified a high-born snob, her card-table was deserted; and Louis came in for his share of refined insults. Such was the thing to which she had resolved on sacrificing crown, husband, children, honor, and life itself!

A few weeks passed amidst that brooding calm which precedes the hurricane. The Austrians did not pursue their success—perhaps because Prussia had already secretly promised another army; beyond doubt, in part because they were receiving advice from the Tuileries. This, tho not yet known, was suspected. A Girondin editor openly accused Lamballe of treason. He was prosecuted for the libel, and named three members of the Assembly as his informants. The magistrate, Larevière, issued warrants for their arrest. As they were exempt by the Constitution, he was himself arrested for a treasonable act. The Assembly fearing dissolution by the king, declared itself permanent. It also passed three most important decrees. The Constitution gave the king 1,600 Body Guards. He had taken the liberty of increasing their number to 6,000.

Some of these troops, commanded by Brissac (Madame du Barry's last noted lover), had been sent to war, and, perhaps under instruction from the Tuileries, behaved badly. The first decree (May 29) dismissed their commanders and broke their corps up.* Even the Swiss were removed from the palace. Barnave's interview with the queen was to urge anticipating this step. Another bill provided for the formation of a camp with 20,000 men, to defend Paris. Still another ordained that any of the refractory priests might be summarily banished on complaint of twenty citizens that he preached disloyalty—a severe measure, which seemed to find justification in the state of ultramontane districts like Vendée, where the constitutional clergy were in what soon proved no idle fear of insurrection and massacre. Louis vetoed the two last decrees. If one veto might be attributed to extreme zeal for the rights of conscience, we can allow no such excuse to the other. Nothing could be more evident than that he had rushed into great danger. Lafayette came to Paris, and advised the king, thru Malouet, the queen, thru Gouvernet, to join the army, under protection of the Swiss and National Guards. Both refused—the queen contemptuously. Instead, they sent Mallet Du Pan to hasten the Prussian invasion.

As the Girondins were now in power, and have been greatly praised by many who decry the Jacobins, it is well worth while to keep a close eye on their methods. Pedantry and superficiality mark all French Revolutionary politicians, from Siéyès reviving consulships to Marat raving for "a military tribune.** But I am

* One of their officers, D'Hervilly, had the temerity to propose dispersing the Assembly by force. It is perhaps rather to the credit of Louis' judgment that he declined.

** Macaulay justly remarks that this was because the French had no traditions of liberty later than Roman times. In 1830, Brutus, Timoleon, Cato, and the rest, were forgotten by a people who had learned to cry "Vive la Charte!" On the other hand, earlier French radicalism was as full of sham classics as the Revolutionary. There is a tract of the Reformation period, called "Le Contre Un." "Wretched and insensate people!" cries some premature Marat, "what do you fear? He who crushes you has but two hands, two eyes, two

really inclined to think the much belauded Girondins the most callow sophomores of all. Their eulogists make the astonishing admission that their inspiring Nymph was Madame Roland, a charming but unmitigated specimen of a *blue*. She had read Plutarch at nine. Tacitus followed in due course; and her whole political philosophy was founded on these two unreliable Fore World writers. The Girondins, instructed by this Egeria, committed most of those blunders which have disgraced the French Revolution more than its crimes. Promoting a war which should have been delayed and prepared for, was the first. The lady now wrote a letter, which her husband delivered to Louis at a cabinet meeting, actually attended by Marie Antoinette. It urged recall of the vetoes, and enlarged on a subject only fit for private mention—the peril his majesty was courting. "What shall we do with all these insolent people?" snapped the queen to Dumouriez. "Kick them out," was his laconic advice. They were kicked out the same day (June 12); and Dumouriez became prime, or rather sole, minister. This was an excellent specimen of his finesse. He had no sooner risen on the necks of his colleagues than he respectfully advised the king, whose real intentions, we remember, he already knew thru the queen, to do just what Roland had proposed with less reserve. The effect may be imagined. Within three days Dumouriez had himself resigned—disgusted, tho still favored. In a last affecting interview, he besought the king to reconsider; and set out to join the army, big with a secret which would soon make him commander in chief. Lafayette was now the only person of any consequence who believed it possible to save both the king and the Constitution. His idea of a method fully sustained his character for

feet. The powers he wields for your oppression are your own. Think of Harmodius and Aristogiton"—a modern reader will undoubtedly excuse more. This is exactly the style of the French Revolution. As to taking Plutarch for gospel, it is doubtful whether the French scholarship which made that possible was worse than other nations' at the same time. Mitford was the first English historian who dared to disbelieve a Greek one.

blunders. Beyond doubt the state of Paris was most alarming. The charge against Lamballe was universally believed—can we give a reason why it should not have been, except that only decorum still tried to make her the queen's lightning rod? The rod was too small for the thunderbolt. Mobs filled the street, crying, "Death to the Austrian committee! Death to the queen!" Insulting, and even indecent demonstrations occurred under her windows. The National Guards at the Tuileries were ready to repulse royalist visitors with the bayonet—can we blame them?—and averse to nothing which would warn their infatuated sovereigns how the people really felt. But instead of perceiving that, to save Louis' life, he must be at least practically deposed, Lafayette wrote a most foolish letter to the Assembly, in which he blamed this body collectively for unconstitutional legislation, blamed the Girondins particularly, blamed Dumouriez personally, and "demanded," in the name of the army, that the Jacobin Club be suppressed. More bad moves could scarcely have been brought into so small a total. "Let us draw a veil" over the scene which followed! Sulla, Cæsar, and all the other military usurpers, not forgetting Cromwell, were, of course, invoked and marshalled, that Lafayette might lead them back to hell! —the result alone is important: hitherto none but Marat had dared to call Lafayette a traitor; now his very friends in the Assembly were reduced to the insignificance of proving he was not that. Still there were enough present to prevent the Assembly's taking any decided action.

As usual, "the mob" alone had both clear ideas of what it wanted, and power to give them effect. It was resolved to celebrate the 20th of June, third anniversary of the Tennis court (and first of the king's flight, tho that was not mentioned) by a monster demonstration against the vetoes. St. Huruge; Legendre, a butcher; Billaud Varennes, the coming legislator of Terror; Collot D'Herbois, dramatist and actor; Tallien, a very prominent Jacobin, were among the chief projectors. But the embodied spirit of the movement was Santerre. Rich, generous, extravagant, a promi-

nent officer of National Guards, and a thoro man of the people, he was exactly the person to get up an exhibition after their taste.

Louis had supplied his late ministers' places with obscure Feuillantists. One of them demanded that Pétion should protect the king. The municipal council at first refused to sanction the demonstration. Pétion was personally solicited by Santerre, and agreed to allow it on condition that the National Guard should take part in the parade. On the very morning appointed, he was talked over by other members of the local government, and forbade the Guard to participate. Later on the same day, he directed their commander to assume control of the spectacle. The effect of these contradictory orders was that the commandant, Raimonvilliers, would do nothing; and the Guard marched as part of the populace.

Two great streams of people, from Sts. Antoine and Marceau, met at the east end of the Rue de Rivoli, descended the Rue St. Honoré, and drew up in the Place Vendome before the Assembly Hall (at the north side of the Tuileries). At that very moment the Assembly was debating whether to treat them as insurgents or give them a hearing. Santerre sent in a letter requesting permission to show that they meant no harm. He and a few others were admitted. Their petition was read. It was very much to the point. Measures for national defense must be taken. If the executive would not carry out the law, he must be deposed. The president made a non-committal reply; and the debate was renewed,—Feuillantists opposing, Girondins advocating admission of the people; who were thus kept two hours in the broiling sun. At last they were let in, and spent two hours more filing thru, with Santerre and St. Huruge as marshals. They carried tables on which the Declaration of Rights was displayed. Around these, men and boys danced to a favorite tune of Marie Antoinette's, singing their new pæan *Ça ira*. Pikes and olive branches indicated that they were equally ready for war or peace. A pair of ragged breeches hung on a pole, inscribed "The Unbreeched (*sans culottes*) are Coming." One fellow

carried a calf's heart, impaled, with a label stating that it was an aristocrat's. He was turned out. At four, the mob were in the Tuileries gardens. They marched before the long façade, which was lined with National Guards. Some called for the king to appear; some roared, "Down with the veto!" some said, "the king means well, but is deceived." When the garden was crammed full, some people went north toward the Palais Royal, a larger body westward along the quay, and another east thru certain wickets into the Place du Carrousel, between the Tuileries and the Louvre. This brought them right opposite the main entrance. They demanded to see the king. The Guards at first refused admittance. Their own comrades from the Faubourg St. Marceau brought up cannon and threatened to fire. A royalist gentleman, seeing the house surrounded, proposed to let in a few leaders with their petition. This, however, operated only to break the jam. The crowd poured in. They actually dragged a cannon up the marble cataract before them. Whenever they found a door locked, carved oak and walnut yielded to Jacques Coupe Tête's weapon. Thus they marched, right thru the palace, home.

The queen, alarmed, started, from a window whence she had been looking out upon this human tide, to join her husband. He was in an inner apartment with Madame Elizabeth and some National Guards. Thus she ran straight among the mob. Her friends drew her into an alcove and set a table before her. Some guards stood ready to defend her if necessary. Unable to move, she stood petrified with horror, while hollow cheeks, blear eyes, red noses, and unshorn chins, filed past. Among emblems borne before her was a gibbet with a dirty doll bearing her name, and a pair of ox-horns suggestively legended. But people whose passions take such forms are not immediately dangerous; nor had they expected to meet her, and find her human too. The majority went by in gaping silence. Santerre stood at the queen's side, and commanded all to behave respectfully. Someone gave her a red cap, which she put on her son. Santerre took it off, saying, "The child will stifle." The king's door, having been

attacked, was opened by the same officer who let in the crowd. Legendre tried to make Louis understand the necessity of yielding. He replied firmly: "I will do all the Constitution requires. This is not the time or place to ask me." He put the red cap on his head, and was applauded. As he appeared to suffer from the heat, someone gave him a beaker of wine, which he drank to the toast of "the Nation," amidst fresh applause. All this while a delegation from the Assembly were vainly trying to get in. Pétion at last succeeded in doing so. The king received him with marked disdain; but Pétion urged the people to hasten their departure; and they obeyed. Such, denuded of legends, was the celebrated "Day of the Black Breeches." I confess inability to see that it was a day of crime. It witnessed a last attempt, well meant, but ungraceful, and most unlucky, to force acceptance of the inevitable on the obstinate queen and the deadlocked Assembly. Most unlucky, because our species consists of improved monkeys, on whose dread of the unusual and idolatry of the unreal, such a scene (since it was a fiasco) could operate only to cause reaction. It made a sanguinary battle necessary to effect what ought to have been done without one.*

* What appears to have destroyed the fair prospect of a bloodless issue is that Orleans had agents in the crowd, who shouted "Down with Louis!—Vive Philippe!" Philip was in bad odor just then, because of impudent demands which he made on the Treasury.

XI

On the 21st of June a vast concourse filled the streets and visited the Tuileries, for the purpose of applauding Louis and denouncing those who had insulted him. Nearly all the Departmental governments sent in messages of sympathy for the king and condemnation of the mob. Lafayette hastened to Paris, and "demanded" that the "leading rioters" should be punished. Guadet bade him mind his military duty instead of dictating to his government; and a furious debate ensued. But while the Fueillantists vehemently denounced the riot of June 20, as an unprecedented crime, the Girondins and Jacobins were a little afraid of appearing in sympathy with it; so Lafayette might be said to triumph. Thousands of National Guards escorted him to the Tuileries, and clamored to be led against the Jacobin Club, June 28. The Department of the Seine, which had authority to suspend the mayor of Paris, began investigating Pétion's conduct. Pétion himself offered abject apologies to the Assembly and the king. He put forth a proclamation dissuading from disorderly gatherings. The ministry, probably at Lafayette's suggestion, recalled to the palace the 1,500 Swiss, as many more "constitutional guards," and 2,000 National Guards who were reckoned reliable. The Girondins and Jacobins thought all was lost. Some of their leaders, Condorcet among them, prepared again to fly from the country, which had apparently gone back to 1789.

If even now Louis would have rescinded one veto which almost the whole nation regarded as treasonable, he might have had under his feet all whom any but proved traitors could call his enemies. What he did was to drive everyone from him again. Pétion was insulted in the council chamber and mobbed in the

courtyard of the Tuileries. Sergent, now chief of police, for not preventing the demonstration on June 20, was decoyed into a guard room by some royalists and beaten by a grenadier, whom Louis next week made a captain! This went all over Paris at the time, for Gouverneur Morris not only relates it, but adds certain incidents which modesty caused Sergent to suppress in his "Memoirs." Lafayette on the 28th was insulted by the courtiers, and snubbed by the king and queen. There was to be next day a review of the National Guards where he would appear. Pétion, *warned by Marie Antoinette* (Toulongeon), countermanded it. After twice trying to reassemble those old comrades whom he might perhaps have used on the 28th, Lafayette left Paris on the 30th. The courage of the Assembly, which had been thoroly intimidated, began to rise, and so did that of the multitude. But both knew that the peril was still fearful. Lafayette was burned in effigy on the night of his leaving Paris. The Assembly dismissed his old staff of the National Guard, after a stormy debate and an all-night session.

A few resolute individuals perceived that neither measures like these nor another weaponless mob could be relied on to overcome the armed conspiracy at the Tuileries. In a conference at the house of Roland, this Girondin leader, his wife, and Barbaroux, agreed upon a plan of action. Barbaroux sent to his native city of Marseilles for six hundred soldiers "who knew how to die." No blood, he thought, need be shed. It was only necessary the Tuileries should be blockaded by an army of which at least one brigade would fight if necessary. And this proved true enough. A last blunder of Louis' caused the actual carnage of August 10.

The Assembly took alarm. They knew the Marseillais were coming. They knew the Prussians, 90,000 strong, were also coming to aid the Austrians. With characteristic perfidy and stupidity, the court did not itself convey this last awful intelligence to the legislature, but attempted to terrify an heroic patriotic nation by the most thrasonical talk. It was unofficially announced that Spain was to have Navarre, Rousillon,

Languedoc, and Guienne; Sardinia,—Dauphiny, Provence, and the Lyonnais; Holland,—Flanders and Picardy; Austria,—Alsace, Lorraine, and Champagne; Switzerland,—Franche Comté; England,—Normandy and the colonies! In conclusion, the Assembly knew, doubtless, from Pétion and Santerre themselves, that Marie Antoinette had given them 720,000 francs to corrupt the Marseillais! It was her theory, which she bequeathed to her descendants, that the bourgeoisie, who, according to this same gospel, wanted nothing but money, were loyal. This earthquake and tempest was the work of a few ambitious nobles, like Orleans, and a few envious *sans culottes*, like Marat! Afraid about equally that the court or the mob would triumph, the tongue-valliant orators of the Gironde resolved on bombarding Louis with eloquent threats.

On July 6, Pétion was suspended by the royalist Department of Seine. This same day, Vergniaud, mounting, according to the picturesque custom, that tribune from which each member in his turn addressed the House, reminded his auditors that Europe was marching against them in the name of their own king. "Now I read in the Constitution," he said, " 'if the king puts himself at the head of an army, and directs his force against the nation; or if he does not *by a formal act* resist any enterprise of this kind that may be executed in his name, he shall be considered as having abdicated royalty.' What is a formal act of resistance? If one hundred thousand Austrians were marching toward Flanders, and one hundred thousand Prussians toward Alsace; and the king should oppose to them ten or twenty thousand men, would he have done a formal act of resistance? *If the king, whose duty is to notify us of imminent hostilities, being apprised of the movements of the Prussian army, were not to communicate any information upon the subject to the National Assembly; if a camp of reserve necessary for stopping the progress of the enemy into the interior were proposed, and the king were to substitute in its stead an uncertain plan which it would take a long time to execute*; if the king were to leave the command of the army to an intriguing general of whom the na-

tion was suspicious (Lafayette); if another general, familiar with victory (Luckner), were to demand a reenforcement,* and the king were by refusal to say to him, 'I forbid thee to win,' could it be held that the king had done a formal act of resistance?" Brissot said: "Our peril exceeds all that past ages have witnessed. The country is in danger; not because we want troops, not because those troops want courage, or that our frontiers are badly fortified and our resources scanty. No, it is in danger because its force is paralyzed. And who has paralyzed it? One man—a man whom the Constitution has made its chief, and whom perfidious advisers have made its foe. *You are told to fear the kings of Austria and Prussia; I say the chief force of these kings is at the court; and it is there that we must first conquer them.* They tell you to strike the recalcitrant priests thruout the kingdom; *I tell you to strike at the Tuileries, and fell all the priests by one blow.* You are told to prosecute all factious and intriguing conspirators; they will all disappear if you once knock loud enough *at the door of the cabinet of the Tuileries*, for that cabinet is the point to which all these threads tend, whence every scheme is plotted, and whence every impulse proceeds."

A patriotic bishop (Lamourette) now made an appeal which caused all the parties to rush into each other's arms. This extravagance was called the La-

*The meaning of this was that Luckner called on Dumouriez to reenforce him. The latter, who was directly under Lafayette, from whom apparently he had no orders, refused; but wrote to the Convention for instructions, with the remark that, as far as he could make out, there was no war minister. It was all very characteristic—Lafayette and Luckner both, I incline to think, honest, but both certainly incompetent and both consequently suspected; Vergniaud, like a sharp parliamentarian, playing one against the other; Dumouriez, always trying to be a politician, and succeeding only in being a better soldier than his commanders; for he understood the needs of the military situation; and they, unless they were traitors, did not; Louis too stupid to be guilty this time, but guilty of so much that his shoulders were broad enough for all. Some say Petion was suspended on the 3d, some even on the 1st. But most agree it was Lamourette's day, which was the 6th (Moniteur).

mourette kiss. (L'amourette means the lady of pleasure). Just at that crisis, someone advised Louis to roll his hypocritical obesity into the hall. He did so, and received his share of "the Lamourette kiss." Thus an opportunity to suspend him without violence was lost. But, on the 10th, his Feuillant ministers, disgusted with the atmosphere of treachery, resigned—too late to save their own heads, which had been compromised by recalling the Swiss.

Next day (July 11) the Assembly adopted the Roman ceremony of declaring the country in danger, and calling for volunteers. The great 14th was celebrated as usual; but by faint hearts and with small attendance. The king and queen made their last public appearance as such. According to custom, they managed badly. Louis was to have marched with the Assembly. He preferred to appear attended by his hated guards. The women of his family made him wear a breast plate for fear of assassination; and the queen shrieked at seeing him stumble, for she thought this had happened. He was to have burnt a pageant representing feudalism; but he left this popularity-making duty to Pétion and others. As soon as he had repeated his false oath he hurried away. During the past ten days the mob had been clamoring for Pétion's restoration, which was now granted by decree of the Assembly. The vacillating mayor was, however, hailed once more with the shout of the time, "Pétion! Pétion or death!" At the same moment, some *claqueurs*, hired by the queen, raised a feeble "Vive le roi!" Of all the melancholy farces played by expiring royalty, this was perhaps the most absurd. The feature of the day was some three thousand Fédérés (Department soldiers), not crack regiments, poor, patriotic, going to Soissons to form a camp in evasion of the veto.

During this terrible month, while all Paris waited breathless for the army of slaughter from Coblentz and the army of deliverance from Marseilles, the mob tried to shake the queen's resolution in its own way. The Tuileries gardens had been closed after the 20th of June. The Assembly claimed a part of them, and

marked it off wth tricolors. Thus the populace got in again. The space behind the tricolors was styled Coblentz. The queen was excluded from it by hoots and yells. No one entered, it was supposed, without a ticket from the royal traitors. If an incautious patriot did so accidentally, he could escape being mobbed only by shaking the accursed dust of Coblentz off his feet. A sentinel told the queen he would like to have her head on his bayonet. While half the guards cried "Vive le roi!" as Louis passed, the other half cried "A bas veto!" At the king's own chapel some choristers fairly shouted the suggestive line, "He hath put down the mighty from their place." The royal family went to mass no more! But tho the queen was in agonies of terror; and even Louis realized his danger; neither wavered in their deadly purpose. His steadiness hardly merits a finer name than apathy, but as she said, he was not a coward—tho he was a lout. Her gaze in the face of death was worthy Clytemnestra or Medea! On July 4, she wrote to Mercy that *a manifesto should render the Lagislative Assembly and France responsible for the king's life and his family's.* She rejected a proposal of Lafayette's, made by letter, to carry them away to Compeigne on the 14th. She had the madness to say the best thing that could befall her was to be shut up in a tower some two months, by which time the Prussians and Austrians were expected. Thus the army she had collected at the Tuileries was itself paralyzed! Authority lives on divisions among men. Its essence being perfidy, its Nemesis comes in the form of inconsistent expectations.

Volunteers did not appear as fast as was expected at the dingy offices where their names were taken down; so Sergent proposed a spectacular call to be made on Sunday, July 22. The enemy gave him effectual aid. On the 20th, Prussia formally declared war. On the 22d, all the bells in Paris were set ringing. Sixty bands of music began playing in different places. Every hour the dismal boom of a gun re-

sounded over the city. * Flags waved from every staff; and municipal officers rode thru the streets bearing others, inscribed, "Our Country is in Danger." Bawling heralds read the Assembly's decree. Volunteers were received at garlanded tents in the public squares. As each put down his name, an aged officer embraced him and gave him a laurel wreath, while drums beat anew. The quota of Paris was three thousand men. Hitherto scarce two hundred had been raised. Now there were almost instantly five thousand! Like the Fiery Cross, this tableau was carried over the country. The volunteers elected their own officers. On the roll of new generals appeared Moreau, Pichegru, Soult, Massena, Jourdan, Davoust. Within a year and a half, bulletins add, "Citizen Buona Parte (*sic*), commanding the artillery." Meanwhile, Brissot, Vergniaud, Gensonne, and Guadet, earnestly besought the king to appoint reliable ministers and repudiate the coalition. On the 26th the Assembly, at Guadet's motion, addressed a last appeal. Louis was entreated not to confound symptoms with causes; nor see in clubs, mobs, and revolutionary talk, what should be attributed to acts of "the executive power." He took offense, and gave a defiant reply. To the memorial he had granted none at all.

That same 26th there would have been an insurrection, but for dissuasion by Pétion and Sergent. Next day, D'Espréménil was attacked, at the Palais Royal garden, and Sergent saved him with difficulty.

* This suggested the song of the Girondins, which sounds feeble now; but may have done well until that of the Marseillais superseded it.

Par la voix du canon d'alarme,
La France appelle ses enfants;
Allons, dit le soldat, aux armes!
C'est ma mere, je la defende.
Mourir pour la patrie (bis)
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

Justice should be done to Lafayette's talent for blunders. He wanted the king to rely on him, not the Assembly, and rather encouraged the veto of the camp at Paris, accordingly,

On the 28th, the duke of Brunswick, commanding the Prussians, put forth his celebrated proclamation, in which he threatened to burn every town which resisted, treat the National Guards as rebels, and totally destroy Paris if any harm befell the king. This atrocious folly electrified France, and caused a strong revulsion of feeling in England. Everyone concerned was ashamed of it, and tried to throw it on everyone else. But the body had been furnished by Louis to Mallet du Pan, and the venomous tail by Marie Antoinette to Mercy. The populace, as usual, laid the blame on the right shoulders. A verse of the Carmagnole (the street war song) asserted,

> "Madame Véto avait promis
> De faire egorger tous Paris."

All this while, the black-browed Marseillais were coming, "tramp, tramp, tramp," along the dusty roads to Paris. They entered on the 30th amidst the plaudits of the beleaguered city which they had relieved. Their gay waistcoats (carmagnoles) at once became the fashion. A new song was in their mouths—a melodious battle-cry as shrill as a steam organ's note, trembling on the verge of discord, as tho Euterpe had borrowed from Calliope her sword and improvised an air upon the jarring edge. A few days before it had thrilled the army of the Rhine. But Paris baptized it for immortality as the "Marseillese Hymn." That same day, the coalition armies crossed the frontier in three columns. Already the white flag* had been raised and patriots massacred, both in Vendée and along the Rhone. Oh Marie, Marie! tender mother, who hesitated too long whether to choose a prison or a race amidst flying bullets for thy children, look forth and see the brood which thou hast raised!

> "The children born of thee are sword, and fire,
> Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws."

The prince of Hohenlohe, with a corps of emigrants

* The flag of the old monarchy. It consisted of a white ground embroidered with golden fleurs de lis.

and Hessians, entered near Rodemack. He threatened Thionville and Metz. The Prussians, forming a line forty miles in length, ascended the Moselle on its left bank, intending to reach Paris by way of Longwy, Verdun, and Chalons. The Austrians, with another force of emigrants, marched against Lafayette, who was on the Meuse about Lille, Sedan, and Mezieres. They also extended their left behind Brunswick to aid Hohenlohe. The total of invaders is estimated at 133,000—a great army then. The French was ridiculously small, tho it had just been reenforced by 10,000 men from Paris. Louis wanted to keep them there, but was persuaded to withhold a veto less injudicious than some of his others.

Since the proclamation of danger, petitions for his deposition poured in from every side—so completely had the effect of June 20 been undone by his perversity. Pétion presented one on August 3, in the name of all the Parisian sections. The Assembly actually agreed to consider on the 9th. On the 5th the last levée was held at the Tuileries. Next day the Departmental troops in Paris presented their demand for the king's removal. On this same 6th of August, the duke of Liancourt, assisted by Lally Tollendal, Mallouet, and other royalists, had everything planned for the flight of the royal family to Rouen, under protection of two reliable regiments. At the last moment, Marie Antoinette refused to be saved by the man who had dared to tell Louis, "Sire, it is a revolution." On the 8th, the Girondins and Jacobins proposed to arrest Lafayette, that is to remove the only bulwark of royalty. After an acrimonious debate in the Assembly, they were totally defeated. Those who voted in his favor were mobbed and threatened. But Barbaroux' bloodless revolution had failed; for the majority—446 to 280—was not easily overcome. So far was the Assembly behind not only Paris but France at large. Meanwhile everything operated to increase the tension. There were fights between the royal troops and the national. Dysentery had broken out in Lafayette's army. It was rumored that royalist bakers were poisoning the soldiers—no doubt with connivance of the

traitor general who cared less for his country than a traitor king. The patience of the populace was exhausted. On the promised 9th, forty-seven sections sent word to the Assembly that if Louis were not deposed that very day, they would march to do it at midnight. The Assembly adjourned without action, so strong was the Plain. King Mob could no longer trust his chosen servants. The water was full, and the dam blew at last.

The plan of insurrection had been arranged by Danton, Sergent, Santerre, Westermann (an experienced officer), and Camille Desmoulins. The troops of St. Antoine, under Santerre and Westermann, were to join those of St. Marceau, headed by the Marseillais, and commanded by Danton, at the old place. Sergent found ammunition. Knowing Pétion too well to trust him—they had been school fellows—he also agreed to take possession of the Hotel de Ville with four hundred National Guards, displace the municipal government, and install another. On the king's side, Mandat, who commanded the National Guard that month, had taken up his quarters in the Tuileries, and planted a battery at the Pont Neuf, a far eastern bridge, to prevent the rebels from uniting. The St. Antoine column he meant to take in flank. Pétion was sent for. He said the king had a right to defend himself. But he stayed so long that Sergent became alarmed, and got some messengers sent from the Assembly, during the small hours, just in time to prevent his being murdered in the garden! His empty carriage driving away, is observed by all our witnesses. Sergent took him home, badly frightened, and put him under guard. He was made, about daybreak, to send Mandat a summons, which the king advised him to obey. Mandat went to the Hotel de Ville, was arrested by the new city government, and shot on the way to prison by Rossignol, a friend of Danton's, who gave instructions. (Three members of the old commune, Danton, Pétion, and Manuel, had been allowed places in the new.) Santerre was appointed to fill Mandat's office; and the Tuileries thus lost its strong outpost.

At midnight, faithful to appointment, the tocsin's hollow voice had announced the work begun. The royal household roused from sleep made hasty preparations. The syndic of the Department, Rœderer by name, had become Louis' principal adviser. It was a beautiful night, but very hot. The windows were all open to admit air, and the Tuileries appeared to be illuminated for a festival. Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth stood, we are told, at a very elevated window. Pointing to the waning moon, the queen said, "Before she fills again, the allies will be here and we shall be rescued; or I shall be no more." She was mistaken. They did not come; but the beautiful enchantress who had loosed the fiends of war was not to perish by lawless violence, nor at all till more than thirteen moons had waned and waxed. It was two hundred and twenty years, almost to a day, since another queen had watched from the same palace the progress of another royal treason—the St. Bartholomew massacre. But that one managed better. "Let us descend," said Marie Antoinette. The eastern sky had become glorious; but the sun was not up. There was a lull in the storm, occasioned probably by the installment of the new city government. Santerre, it is said, also showed cowardice, and Westermann had to force him on. The court people boasted that "it did not give down." But soon there could be no doubt it did. Taking a pistol from a grenadier, the queen, they tell, gave it to Louis saying, "Now, sire! now is your time to show yourself a king." But nature never intended him for a king. He returned the pistol to the soldier. He reviewed the guards, waddling in his huge corpulence, amidst martial music, to which they presented arms. His dress was disordered, his hair half powdered. In his otherwise meaningless face, the swollen eyes gave evidence that he had been weeping. The queen and her children followed him to the Carrousel. Her appearance, animated and majestic, excited admiration. But the king could hardly stammer a few feeble words. She returned to her salon in despair. From the Carrousel, Louis went on thru the gardens and back. Those National Guards

on duty at the palace, occupied them with twelve pieces of artillery. Civilians were already talking thru the rails. Some soldiers cried, "Vive le Roi!" but others "Vive la Nation!" and as the king retired, gunners shook their fists at him. It was just after this that Mandat departed, never to return. His continued absence, and the appearance of a noisy crowd in the Carrousel, alarmed Rœderer, who was not a military man. He relates how his fear identified each bell which rang! He requested a private interview with the king, and told him that, having no reliable troops, he must seek protection from the Assembly. When Marie Antoinette learned this, she is said to have protested with characteristic spirit. Rœderer ran back and forth between the king and the Assembly, which had met on the midnight alarm. At last he insisted that the real insurgents were actually coming; there were not five minutes to lose, etc.

At this critical moment the mob alone knew its business. The Assembly was requested to send a delegation for the king's protection. It refused. It had been repeatedly called on to depose him, and had evaded action. Even the queen, as we saw, was in two minds about using the army she had collected. The mob sent a last demand for abdication. Both king and queen hesitated a moment. Then Louis rose—to throw responsibility on the Assembly by going thither. His kind heart made him say something to Rœderer about the friends he was leaving. Rœderer assured him they would be safe if they surrendered. The foolish monarch forbade them to fire; but did not bid them surrender. Thus they were left to find their own way out of an ambiguous position under aristocrats who were willing they should make a desperate attempt, since the noble skins of these parlor knights might be saved by a subterranean passage to the Louvre whose existence they only knew.* The sole way to the Assembly hall was thru

* This bad conduct of the nobles may be read between the lines of any orthodox account. Mandat protested against their presence. The queen would have it. That Marie An-

the garden. Louis remarked while taking it that the leaves were falling early! No one else felt inclined to offer a meteorological observation. At the door of the Assembly, the royal family found a mob, which shouted: "They shall not enter! They shall deceive the nation no more! Down with the veto! Down with the Austrian woman! Abdication or death!" These threats came from an unarmed crowd; and Louis had soldiers. Some of them elbowed a passage—contrary to privilege of parliament. One carried the dauphin, and set him on a table. The royal family were put into the reporters' box. His majesty had not breakfasted. Accordingly, he went to work on a plate of peaches. Almost at the same moment a few scattering shots were heard. Then volleys of musketry and artillery announced that the attack had begun. Louis, peach-stone in hand, looked up to remark that he had forbidden firing, and then resumed his refreshment. The Assembly was dazed and terrified. Blows were heard on the door; and for some moments everyone expected a massacre. But the mob's sound instincts told it that this resort of incompetence was not its where to strike. Let us try to understand the tactical situation.

In front of the great entrance at the end of the Tuileries, where Santerre's procession had entered and where the fight took place now, a courtyard occupied by Swiss separated the palace from the Carrousel. The Swiss Guards' barrack formed the external front of this court. Immediately after Louis' flight, their general Boissieu called them all into the Tuileries, packing it to suffocation. The mob from the Carrousel poured into the court. The Marseillais, and the National Guards from the two sections (southeast and northeast of the Pont Neuf) approached in a column, pushing thru the crowd. Westermann entered the court and addressed, in German, the red-coated Swiss, of whom

toinette pointed these heroes out to the Guards and said, "There are the men who will show you your duty!" either is a legend, or she addressed the Swiss. To find the National Guard, at least a large body of them, she must have gone into the garden; but she did turn back before entering it.

a large body were holding the marble staircase. Some of them came down among the people. Some, it is said, were dragged away from their posts. Then a deadly volley was fired from the staircase and the windows, killing nearly a hundred persons, among them some Swiss. (An Incredible has asserted that three Marseillese cannon fired first—into the backs of their own people?) The civilian rabble ran away—some as far as St. Antoine. The Guards charged fiercely. Routed friends and victorious foes together, drove the Marseillais back to the Rue l'Échelle, beyond the Carrousel, with loss of two cannons. These, and one or more deserted by Nationals in the garrison, the Swiss vainly tried to fire with their own flints. Meanwhile thirty guns were trained against them from the opposite side of the Seine; a few balls were launched from the Pont Royale; the Nationals in the garden mostly joined their muskets and cannon to the people's. The Tuileries were untenable; but the *sans culottes* preferred risking their lives to destroying a principal ornament of that city their royal and noble foes had vowed to annihilate. The assailants were rallied by Westermann, Danton, Desmoulins, Alexandre, and Theroigne, who fought like a Jeanne d'Arc. And lo, the Fédérés, of Brest, among them old Swiss guards who had refused to fight for the Bastile, and had been in the galleys for the Nancy affair!—they arrived on July 26, and would not leave for Soissons, till things should be safe in Paris. After a hot fight, the Swiss were driven back to the door. The nobles almost all sneaked off thru the secret passage underfoot. Then, at last, the deserted plebeians threw down their arms and cried for quarter. * It was too late. A good many indeed were

* Napoleon says that the Swiss retreated by order of the king, and might perhaps have won had they had a general (Las Casas). But he is hardly a competent witness; for he was not with the king, but in the attack, tho, according to his own coloring, rather as a spectator than a combatant. From the Carroussel he may easily have failed to see the cannon, which, according to fable, bombarded the Tuileries, but somehow did not hurt it! The account given above harmonizes all parts of itself and many contemporary narratives, his statement not very well either.

taken; and if all our figures are correct as many as a third must have got away. But about seven hundred and fifty are said to have been massacred—the greater part, of course, immediately, and while trying to escape. About half these were hunted down in the Champs Elysées. Hole-and-corner butchery continued for four hours. A party of royalists disguised as National Guards had been arrested while coming to the Tuileries, and confined in a building behind. A mob led by the ferocious heroine Theroigne, broke into it early, and killed four; whose heads were carried on pikes. According to Sergent, the rest escaped by a skylight. One victim was the journalist Souleau, who had called Theroigne every vile name imaginable. This is supposed to be fair usage of a courtesan, unless she has a noble for her pimp. But sometimes it proves unsafe. Theroigne is said to have killed Souleau with her own hand and sword. He was, no doubt, the man she sought there. An eye witness, Baron Thiebault, who fought among the National Guards, describes her appearance and action, which are interesting. She was a dark girl, about twenty, very pretty, and made more so by her excitement. She wore a black felt hat with a black plume, and a blue riding habit; and, as at Versailles, she posed upon a cannon. In the Tuileries some despairing wretches climbed upon marble monuments. The Ionian conquerors would not injure the statuary. But they pricked the living *agonistes* down with their bayonets and slaughtered them at the base. * Few crimes except revenge for what the laws of war make capital, disgraced the popular triumph. The women of whom the Tuileries was full, all escaped death and outrage. Thieves were hanged at sight. "Do not dishonor the Nation!" was the cry which instantly stopped vulgar depredations. The queen's wardrobe was rifled by women—her portrait and the king's

* Some writers, in their hatred of "the unbreeched," try to make out that the Swiss were not killed by the Marseillais after they ceased fighting, but only by Parisians. Napoleon says he saved one, from a Marseillais about to kill him, after surrender, by introducing himself to the Marseillais as another "southern man."

were destroyed. The furniture broken in the fight was thrown out of window. Madame Campan's house was burned. A Marseillais raised a sword over her head, but withdrew it, saying *Va-t en*—"get out." The stables of the Tuileries and the barracks of the Swiss were burnt; but the origin of this fire appears to have been accidental. Some of the bodies of the Swiss were thrown in it. This seems the only foundation for Lamartine's story about burning all the dead and sweeping their ashes into the Seine.** Some twelve hundred patriots had fallen. They were mostly buried at St. Madelaine. And here ends the list of Vandalisms recorded against this memorable day.

The mob having roused itself and done something, the legislature was no longer slow to recognize accomplished facts. A new petition for Louis' deposition, presented by the same person who brought that of June 20, was unanimously "granted." The Girondist cabinet was with some modification restored. Danton became minister of justice. Suffrage was extended to all Frenchmen twenty-five years of age. The National Guard had already, on Carnot's motion, reopened its ranks to poor men; and this, of course, was now legalized. The decrees which the ex-king had vetoed were all declared in force. This involved the banishment of about four thousand non-juring priests. It was two in the morning before the Assembly adjourned, having sat twenty-six hours. Louis, to his wife's disgust, had as good an appetite as ever. About four hours after his memorable peaches, he dined royally on a chicken and good wine, while the death-groans of his last defenders were still heard, and the sentence of "suspension" was ringing in his ears. On adjournment the Assembly sent him and his family to the deserted cells of the Feuillant monks, adjoining, where they all fell into an exhausted sleep. Just five nobles were brave enough to remain with them; and Madame Campan came next morning. Each day they were brought to the reporter's box; for tho the palace of Luxembourg had

** See the account written next day by Dr. John Moore, who visited the spot, as all Paris did, for a sight of actual war.

been declared their residence, it was clear they would not be safe there.

During the 11th, a crowd assembled to demand the heads of the Swiss. Vergniaud denounced them as "cannibals." Danton pacified them by an assurance that all responsible for yesterday's tragedy would be tried. This included very particularly the king and queen. That night they were guarded by jailors, and their friends excluded from the monastery. At length they were removed to the Temple in care of the new Parisian Commune. The Temple, near the site of the Bastile (named from Solomon's shrine at Jerusalem), was originally the fortress of those brave and pious crusader-knights whom a former French sovereign plundered and destroyed. It had recently been the residence of D'Artois. But it was a gloomy tower, each story occupied by the royal family consisting of one room thirty feet square, with narrow windows darkened by stone screens and iron bars. The doors were iron, and so low that a man could not enter without stooping. During two months, the cost of the king's kitchen still amounted to $5,749. The nation, by vote of the legislature, found him the money. But as Paris was full of royalist plots, he saw no friends from outside except one cook and his faithful valet Clery.

Commissioners were now sent the army to announce what had been done, and remove doubtful generals. Lafayette imprisoned the commissioners, and, with his soldiers, renewed the constitutional oath. This was made known in Paris on the 17th. He was, of course, outlawed immediately. In these times of general wakening, the man fares worst who sleeps best! Lafayette discovered that the army, tho it had sworn to stand by him, would not; and on the 19th, after doing his best to provide resistance against the enemy, he fled to expiate his pedantries in the dungeons of Olmutz.*

* His treatment fully illustrated the spirit of that reaction against which Paris rose with such terrific energy. He was arrested in the neutral State of Liege; sent first to Wesel, and afterwards to Magdeburg. The Prussians objected to the odium of keeping him, and transferred him secretly to Aus-

The Constitution contemplated its own amendment by a Convention, still to be elected. The recent acts of the Assembly were, accordingly, not valid, but capable of being made so. As an excuse for not doing them sooner, this was a paltry quibble: it may pass as a reason for resolving now upon a new election and a dissolution; which the Assembly did. The Convention was to meet on the 20th of September. Meanwhile the Assembly played at being the government; and continued to do what it was told by the new Commune of Paris, itself the organ of that mob which first rose to the necessities of the hour. The Self-Denying Ordinance did not apply to the Convention. It was sure to consist largely of men who had been in the States General. Whether it worked any better on that account, is a thing to be considered in due season. We may remark that the Committee of Watchfulness (afterwards Public Safety) which furnished a model for its principal bureau, was organized by the new Commune, before it displaced the old one.

tria. The sovereigns of both were in the field, with headquarters at Mainz. They must, therefore, be held personally responsible. At Olmutz he was denied all news of his family or the political situation; and not allowed knives or folks, lest he should attempt suicide. He had vanished as completely as any Bastile prisoner, till a physician named Bollman succeeded in tracing him out. In England there was much indignation. Colonel Tarleton, who fought against Lafayette in America, expressed it in the House of Commons. Burke, however, was implacable. It was very reluctantly that Austria, four years later, gave up her prey to Bonaparte.

XII

The day after Lafayette's flight, Longwy was besieged by the Prussians. Bombardment began on the 21st; on the 24th, after fifteen hours' heavy fire, the city was evacuated. Lafayette, as incapable in war as in politics, had put his army behind strong fortresses, Lille, Sedan, etc., against which the Austrians could in no case have done anything, leaving open at his rear this way for the greater host of Prussia, which they aided. But outside positive science, methods move in circles. The Prussians, since the Seven Years' War, had adopted the dilatory strategy of Daun, the Austrians, to some extent, the bold tactics of Frederick. While Hohenlohe and Clairfayt from the north, invested Thionville, Brunswick moved with the deliberation of a McClellan. It was not till the 30th that he appeared before Verdun—some even say September 2; but that is wrong. Meanwhile Dumouriez, who had taken Lafayette's place, was bringing his 27,000 men in front of Brunswick's 90,000, under protection of the swamps and mountains called Argonne, which lie north and south between Sedan and Ste. Menehould—drained by the Aire and Aisne to east and west. Verdun might have resisted a few days; but the people and garrison were mostly monarchists;* so the capitulation was almost

* Some royalist women who went to welcome the king of Prussia, were guillotined during 1794. But certain tumbrilsful of little girls were not. (Tumbril means the old-fashioned country wagon, which served during the Revolution as a "Black Maria," and carried victims to the guillotine.) Only two children are known to have taken part in the demonstration—their names were Barbe Henri and Claire Taboiullet—and their youth availed to protect them. Beaurepaire shot himself in his own house about 2 p. m., at which time the message of surrender had not been sent. Its immediate certainty's being reported in Paris the same day, Sunday the memorable 2d of September, was a detail founded, doubtless, on previous approach of the advance guard.

without blood. The commandant, Beaurepaire, blew his brains out, after reproaching the other officers with their baseness. The conventionality of Brunswick's movements still gave Dumouriez time to take up ground.

The same few days were decisive also in Paris. The news from Longwy excited the utmost consternation. Roland proposed abandoning the metropolis; others, calling in the armies to fight before its gates. Then it was that Danton, the Mirabeau of the mob, proved the mob to know what was needed from a military as well as a political point of view. Paris must not be abandoned; and Paris must be defended at the frontier, not the gates. Unfortunately the majority, even in Paris, was royalist rather than republican, and royalists could not be trusted to abstain from taking up arms against the nation in Paris itself as soon as the defenders sallied forth. The logic of democracy required that the majority should rule. But Danton did not intend that any logic might let France be conquered by foreign armies. In a speech which swept the Assembly before it, he proposed that all suspected persons be arrested, all arms and good horses seized, all soldiers sent to the front, and *all towns instructed to follow the example* (August 28). The Commune, anticipating the Assembly, as usual, had already closed the gates. All people were now ordered to stay at home. All the places of business were shut. The defenders of Longwy, arriving at 7 p. m. on the 29th, were told they should have died! Three hours later, patrols, each of sixty pikemen, began going from house to house. Before the 31st dawned, at least three thousand suspects were in prison. Danton, scorning to mince, had said it must be done if there were thirty thousand! Among notable persons arrested now or earlier, were Sombreuil, Lamballe, and the intriguing poet Cazotte.

On Sunday, September 2, it was known that Verdun had fallen or must quickly fall. That Dumouriez had effectually closed the Argonne, was not. Thionville indeed resisted bravely,—a wooden horse hoisted on the walls announced, "I'll eat my oats when you get in."

But at Paris the report went that Brunswick was rushing on, leaving places like this, masked, behind him—that he was only three days' march away. About 2 p. m., the black flag was raised on public buildings, as a signal of extreme danger. All the bells were set ringing. Every sixty seconds, the boom of a cannon pealed over the frantic city. At the Assembly's door, Vergniaud explained the terrible reason to excited crowds. Sixty thousand volunteers were called for—not in vain. Before the trembling Assembly, Danton's voice of thunder proclaimed: "Legislators! what you hear is not an alarm. It is the charge against your enemies! To conquer them, to hurl them back, what need we? *De l'audace, de l'audace! touiours de l'audace!* (To dare, only to dare, and always to dare!)"

About this supreme moment (3 p. m.) a dismal rumor began to circulate. It was said that as soon as the soldiers marched, those twenty-seven thousand missing royalists would appear, and Paris become a spoil to fire and sword! The idea was just about as absurd as that Catiline meant to burn Rome, or that "the Papists" did burn London; but there is no reason to say Danton played the part of Cicero or Shaftesbury. Even the story about his muttering a threat interpreted by later events, is ill-attested. The report, as paralyzing as if it had been true, unless, instead, it should become maddening, sprang from danger, excitement, royalist bombast, and treachery, for which those who suffered the consequences are alone to blame. A man pilloried on Friday, the day after Brunswick reached Verdun, had persisted in threatening all which people feared; until they guillotined him. Amidst that tumult raised by such alarming tidings, six carriages passed thru a throng, each carrying non-juring priests from the Hotel de Ville to the Abbaye (prison). Men began to mutter, "Here are the traitors who intend to murder our wives and children while we are in the field." At the door of the Abbaye, the prisoners having drawn up the carriage blinds, an angry crowd began to pull them down. A quick-tempered priest about to get out, struck with his cane an offending hand—then an obstructive head—twice. Lo, the Promethean spark has passed into that

Frankenstein monster which Church and State have made! he rises to destroy his creator! In a few moments all the non-jurors were massacred, except a famous one, of whom we shall hear again. At the Carmelite convent, a hundred and fifty more were under restraint. A cry arose, "To the Carmelites, to the Carmelites!" The mob, which did not consist of above two hundred persons, ran thither and murdered all the prisoners. Back to the Abbaye it came next, furious as a tiger after the intoxicating taste of blood.

A jailor jumped on a stool, and asked the populace if they would not distinguish the innocent from the guilty? They immediately organized a tribunal, of which Maillard was president. Similar ones were formed almost simultaneously for other prisons. Municipal officers were found to sanction them. The Section Committee sat in the Abbaye (Sicard). At La Force, the president, Chepy, was assisted by Hébert and D'Huillez, members of the Commune. Anti-revolutionary writers say such things as that "of course, there was no real trial." But the following details tell a different story. Maton, a prisoner at La Force, gives his experience. He had three cellmates. *All three were discharged at once.* He alone was brought before the court — and acquitted. Abbé Sicard, inventor of the deaf and dumb alphabet,* recognized by

* The holy monk Pedro Ponce (died 1584), first taught deaf and dumb boys to talk and write. Bonet, about half a century later, wrote a treatise on this philanthropic problem. Wallis, in England, about 1661, devised a rude sign language. His contemporary Dalgarno produced a work which contained the germ of the two-handed letters. Baker, son-in-law to Defoe, taught many children by means of this. Braidwood, about the end of the century, established a school; and the good work never after ceased to be prosecuted. However, these projectors generally, like some Germans, and the French Deschamps, were misled by the tempting but almost impracticable scheme of teaching mutes to articulate. De l'Epee, contemporary with Deschamps, gave that up and confined himself to signs. He died in 1789, lamented and adored by Paris and the Assembly. Sicard was his pupil, but improved on his methods. His signs, being rather ideographic than phonetic, are not the basis of the present system; but he was the first to show practically that definite ideas could be expressed by gestures easily understood.

a person named Moton at the Abbaye door, was that one priest who got in alive. He shared a cell with two men, who concealed him. *Both were discharged.* So was Sicard himself; on being found, and identified again. There were three thousand persons just arrested for treason, we remember—some say four thousand. The Judge Lynch of Paris applied his style of justice also to the Swiss—180 in number—and the common felons, of whom one class, counterfeiters, were sure to die if convicted. What was the sum of murders or executions in Paris? *One thousand and eighty-nine* — a fearful total: but in gross, therefore, as in tale, we find much more than three acquitted or remanded** for each one put to death!

The process lasted four days. Witnesses were heard; and many seem to have attended. Danton was one. He saved several lives—among them those of Dupont, Berardier, and Charles Lameth. The political culprits (subject to interrogation by the laws of France) were asked such things, as to what party they belonged? Whether they could throw any light on royalist plots? Whether they would swear allegiance to the *de facto* government? The worst who did the latter, seem to have been discharged (see below the case of Lamballe). So also were non-jurors who spoke frankly.* "We do not punish opinions," Maillard said. On the other hand a lie was fatal; and influence for proved conspirators did not usually count (Jourgniac, "Agony of Thirty-Eight Hours"). Sometimes, however, compassion prevailed against evidence. Cazotte (soon afterwards guillotined by regular authority) was spared this time to his daughter. M. de Sombreuil, ex-governor of the Invalides, was cleared by testimony of the old soldiers. The fable that Mlle. de Sombreuil said they were republicans, and drank a glass of aristocrats'

** This was rare. The vigilants proposed to "empty the prisons," and generally released those they did not convict.

* Weber, the queen's foster-brother, e. g., and Molleville, who was to have aided her escape. See also Jourgniac's "Agony of Thirty-Eight Hours," and Maton's "Resurrection."

blood to prove it, may have been suggested by Cazotte's case.*

A ghastly style of dignity and consideration for weak nerves pervaded this sanguinary jail delivery. The tribunal sat indoors. The words, "Monsieur must go to La Force—to the Abbaye," meant death outside. But this monsieur did not know. Much oftener, as we see—oh History, what lies have been told in thy name! —the form of acquittal was rendered, thus, "Monsieur may go — *Vive la Nation!* Every person cleared received an ovation. When a misunderstanding threatened the life of one, Maillard ran out among the pikes and saved him at the risk of his own. Yet "historians" had the impudence to call this Rhadamanthus and his cacodæmons "assassins hired by Danton"; and this absurd slander still continues to be insinuated!** Unimpeachable royalist testimony shows they refused gifts. No woman suffered at the Abbaye, tho there were many there. At La Salpetrière, where the Lamotte did her penance, thirty-five (counterfeiters, it seems) were butchered.*** The queen's ladies, except some who had already been discharged, were in La Force. It appears that Hébert, whom they called so bloodthirsty, saved all except the Princess Lamballe (brought from the Temple, August 19). Her fate was the crowning horror. Against the queen's advice, she had left a safe retreat in Normandy (a misunderstanding of the name Bizy has made some say Provence), and had come to share her mistress' peril.

* Sombreuil was afterwards guillotined. He had a son; who was among those royalists kicked downstairs for bringing concealed weapons to the Tuileries, and was now fighting in Vendeé.

** Maillard gave the executioners certificates addressed the Commune, that they had a claim for their services. All property found on the slain, they had accounted for. Yet Sergent says that Marat indignantly refused to honor these drafts. This may be true—it was like Marat to think such work should be gratuitous. A reason for doubting the story is that Marat was not a member of the municipal government, tho his patriotic reputation procured him a certain informal place in the deliberations.

*** Madame Roland has stated that they were ravished. It is somewhat natural to ask how she knew?

By the multitude, she was scarcely less hated—on account of her intrigues in England. But the judges tried to screen her. After she had refused the oath, her escort to the fatal door said, "Cry '*Vive la Nation!*' and you will be all right." Some say she uttered an exclamation of reproach on seeing the bloody heaps; others that she stood petrified, and her silence was taken for defiance. A blow from a saber struck her down. Her body was mutilated—like a male traitor's—her head carried to the Temple on a pike, about which the beautiful hair still curled. Before those windows, had been signalled yesterday, "Verdun is taken!" The guards protected the royal family from seeing the horrible reply of Paris! But they could not get rid of the furious crowd till delegates had been admitted to make sure the prisoners were safe; and one of these had the brutality to tell them what the sight was. Two hours later the queen still remained standing in a cataleptic state; so that Pétion's secretary, who came with a message to Louis, was surprised at what he thought her respect for "la loi!" (September 3). All defenders of the Tuileries were massacred.

"The St. Bartholomew of the Revolution" will sustain no comparison with that of the monarchy either in extent or atrocity. It was confined to four cities—Paris; Versailles, where fifty perished, among them De Brissac; Meaux, and Rheims, in the track of the invading army. It was a savage but not a treacherous crime. It sprang, without premeditation, from the passions of a moment, principally from panic. There is no reason to believe a single life was sacrificed to private enmity or cupidity. Men observed that no enemy of Danton's suffered. Above all, the patriots did not boast of it. No paintings, no medal, no jubilee, commemorated a deed of which all radicals and Frenchmen had some reason to be ashamed. Two men were hanged for the murders (eight about) at Rheims. On the other hand, it is evident that no one objected much—till all was over. Santerre, commanding the Guards, put off Roland, who did not insist. The Assembly, with the machinery of government in their will, and an army

at their call, made no serious effort to stay the hands of a few score men and women with only swords and pikes, during the four days' bloody work. They made it capital to keep arms and not enlist. The Commune of Paris put forth that circular in which its example was recommended to others. Soon, however, reproaches and recriminations began. The army expressed disapprobation of an act likely to aggravate the horrors of war.* The grotesque epithet *Septemberer* or *Septembrist*, became one of dire abuse. Marat was vehemently upbraided for having signed the circular of Paris. Chabot, an ex-friar, defended him with the following churchly logic: "It is well known that the plan of the aristocrats has always been and still is, to make a general carnage of the common people. Now as the number of the latter is to that of the former in the proportion of ninety-nine to one, it is evident that he who proposes to kill one to prevent the killing of ninety-nine is not bloodthirsty."**

Danton much regretted the horrors of September, and devised a way of preventing their repetition which requires notice. There was previously a tribunal ("of the Seventeenth") organized in pursuance of his promise, as minister of justice, to investigate crimes like that at the Tuileries. "The guillotine did not go badly," for a beginning. Within the week of organization (August 17-25) the Tribunal cut off three royalist heads. Ten days after the massacres, it condemned Cazotte, whom the Septembrists had spared. The min-

* Louis Philippe came to Paris with their complaints. Danton told him he did not understand the situation at Paris —must mind his military duties, and not talk too much; but by and by he would be king, for the French did not want a republic. The "Carmagnoles" were much annoyed by the cold reception they met in camp, and said, not without justice, that the army needed purging as well as the city. Dumouriez reproached the most turbulent with their recent crime, and threatened instant death unless they obeyed. They did not come to fight Frenchmen but Prussians, and soon developed into the best troops Europe had ever seen.

** There is really more than casuistry in this. At Nantes or Lyons, a few judicious executions, just then, might have saved much bloodshed later. A recent excerpt from some official document reduces the slaughter in Paris to 966.

ister of justice conceived that the massacres would not have occurred had Paris been sure traitors would be dealt with generally after this prompt fashion; and that the way to prevent other such occurrences was to make sure. So on this idea he wrought, till the Tribunal of the Seventeenth became, next spring, the Extraordinary or Revolutionary Tribunal. He lived to repent bitterly, and died by his own machine. Can an Anarchist historian let such an occasion for reflection pass? Had not the Tribunal already proved itself more bloody-minded than the Septembrists? How could a man like Danton think that, given opportunity, its hands would be less bloody? For the same reason, reader, that you think law less sanguinary than Anarchy. "Everybody says so"—such is the assumption long in vogue. Where do such assumptions come from? From the past. And what is the mental state of the past as compared with the present? Superstition! If an attempt be made to vindicate this assumption by such an observation as that a mob killed more people in September than the law; the answer is ready. Laws act every day; mobs only now and then. All criminal law began as lynch law. The remedy for the horrors of lynch law accepted by all but Anarchists, is to embody in a code which it shall be the sworn duty of "proper persons" to execute, those popular instincts which express themselves in lynch law (because no other conception of criminal justice can be immediately executed). But, in the form of lynch law, these only break forth sporadically. Hardened into a system, they continue to operate after going far enough to become unpopular. The September massacre involved perhaps twelve hundred persons, of whom there is much reason to believe that almost everyone had clearly committed either felony or treason. The Revolutionary Tribunals slew thousands, of whom a very large proportion were probably innocent and certainly would not have been lynched.

The best excuse for the Septembrists is that, as Napoleon said, they saved the Revolution.* The royal-

* "Napoleon at St. Helena," 394.

ists continued to be hated, suspected, and oppressed; and, according to their wont, they did all that was in their power to justify their own "enemies, persecutors, and slanderers." But after so many had been slaughtered by a handful of tatterdemalions, against whom no dog wagged his tongue, it was impossible they could be feared. Beaurepaire received a Pantheon funeral—his widow, a pension. Panic ceased. The twenty-three theaters of Paris reopened; and the city resumed its usual aspect, when blood began to flow! Of Carmagnoles, as the new revolutionary soldiers were called, a hundred thousand went trooping gaily to the front.

Between the 11th and 14th there was heavy fighting at the Argonne. Dumouriez being busy with Brunswick, the Austrians penetrated some passes, and threatened his left flank. His road to Chalons lay temptingly open; and most of his officers wanted to fall back thither. But his plan was in harmony with Danton's and Vergniaud's. By a skillful night march he crossed the Aisne, which thus protected his left against the Austrians, and took up a strong position amidst swamps and creeks between Ste. Menehould and Valmy, whence he could strike the flank of the Prussians; who had been compelled to go around the southern end of the Argonne. As Thionville effectually blocked Hohenlohe's advance on Metz, Dumouriez called Kellermann to join him with 20,000 men from the latter city. These perilous maneuvres were not effected without sacrifice; but they succeeded.

The Prussians made a detour to the heights of La Lune, opposite (west) of Kellermann at Valmy. They were in Champagne, on the site of Louis' misadventures. This country, whose name is known to every vinous soul, is not, as might be dreamed, a terrestrial paradise, but a sandy prairie, among the most barren and uninviting parts of France. There was such rain as there usually is in northwestern Europe at that season. The invaders found nothing to burn but green wood, nothing to eat but unripe grapes. The hills were shrouded in mist; the streams were torrents, the quagmires lakes. Fever and dysentery were sav-

ing the sword much labor. Provisions could not be brought thru the abysses of mire; and, tho Kellermann had only eighteen guns, he was stronger in this arm than the enemy. A third of the Prussians were sick. Thus their available force was not much greater than the French; but they had flanked it. On the 19th, there was cannonading, renewed with double fury next day. Among the German officers was Johann Wolfgang Goethe. He leisurely cantered thru mud where French balls struck without rebound, while the shells threw it up into geysers—testing the sensation of "cannon fever," which he pronounced wholly due to noise. About a thousand men—mostly Prussians—were slain on the 20th. Towards noon there seemed to have been made some slight impression—a powder wagon blew up; and the Prussian infantry then attacked. Kellermann's corps, almost surrounded, "a cape in a sea of bayonets," countercharged; and Kellermann's horse was blown from under him by a cannon ball;—result, repulse of the Prussians. Towards night, they advanced again; but the French stood firm; and the officers decided against a general attack, which if it failed must be fatal. Meanwhile every hour increased Dumouriez' army, which soon amounted to 70,000 men.

The Prussians and emigrants were so unwilling to retire, without even a good drubbing, after all their vaunts, that they fortified La Lune, and part of them remained there till October 13, suffering greatly from sickness and want of all things. * But nothing befel to give them courage. Slight as the action at Valmy was, it has been classed among the Fifteen Decisive Battles. Hohenlohe raised the siege of Thionville. On the 29th, the Austrians began that of Lille—at the other end of their line—they could not follow Brunswick without leaving their base. On October 6, they gave this up—after eight days' heavy bombardment, which the people, inspirited by good news, turned into play. Volunteer brigades worked constantly, putting

* So it has been stated. I must say such contemporary accounts as I have seen indicate they must have all gone by the 1st.

out fires. The Commune, disturbed in deliberation by entrance of a cannon ball, "declared the session permanent." The boys wrenched matches out of shells just fallen. A man put his hat on a spent ball, which set it afire,—when the ball cooled, they gave it a red cap. A barber picked up a fragment of shell, which fell in his shop, used it for a shaving-pot, and started a fashion. Now, at last, Brunswick could call his retreat going into winter quarters. But it was disastrous enough for a flight. Goethe, at Verdun on the 11th, compared it to the overthrow of Pharaoh's army —in a red sea of mud.

Tho Danton always said the majority of the French were not republicans, the majority of Conventionists were. The massacre may have intimidated royalist voters, but there was a deeper cause. Danton spoke for the people of all parties when he said "the ship must be lightened" and war made no longer "in Lafayette's sham fashion." Those who "dared" to act thus were mostly republicans: therefore the people, with little regard to abstract views, supported republicans. In October, Gouverneur Morris recorded his persuasion that public opinion, as regards the best form of government, had changed.

The last act of the Legislative Assembly was a terribly stringent war measure. Every citizen, male and female, was required to obtain from the municipality a card certifying name, residence, and occupation; to carry it always, and produce it on demand. Failure to do so meant arrest as a suspicious person. This was soon to mean trial by the Revolutionary Tribunal, and probable death.

Directly the Convention met, a change of fronts became apparent. The Republic was proclaimed without serious opposition. But if the doctrinaires who did this, made a most characteristic mistake in supposing the people cared a button for it, the people, on their side, had made a mistake equally like themselves in inferring that because those who "dared" were not afraid to say "republic," therefore everyone who did say it dared do anything particular. The truth is the Jacobins, in close touch with the people, were like

them, practical men, indifferent to political terminology. Danton, as yet their principal mouthpiece, had, we saw, no expectation the republic would last. But the Girondins, who predominated in the ministry, were mere idealists, besides being much divided among themselves. Royalism having gone into hiding, the issue lay between these two kinds of radicals—on one side the men of dogmas, which always prove to be inconsistent things, the friends of universal suffrage, local autonomy, "sacred property," the initiative and referendum, universal education, parental authority; on the other the men of facts, who knew that suffrage was a bait; that the times required centralization; that money-grabbing and public spirit did not hitch; that the art of life was not learned from books; that the outgoing generation must win the rising, or else fall before it. Typical Jacobin measures were a maximum scale of prices, first applied to grain only; a progressive income tax; forced loans; requisitions for support of the war; suppression of speculation; provisions for the orphans and the aged; compulsory technical education; security for the property rights of married women; abolition of the colonial slavery; uniformity of laws, weights, and measures; the establishment of a strong centralized government. Against pretty much all alike, the Girondins raised the usual conservative cries of spoliation, Communism, and Anarchy. It is far from my intention to glorify either party unreservedly. The "despotism of freedom,"* I shall take especial pains to show, was a terrible mistake. The political economy of Jacobinism, from a scientific point of view, appears to me very bad. I endorse every word the bourgeois says to effect that laws against usury and speculation hurt the poor but do not disarm the rich; that a tax on incomes is a tax on industry; that forced loans and requisitions are robbery and produce the normal effects; that a premium on children is a premium on beggary; that palliatives for misery delay the true remedy; that technical education is vain

* Robespierre's expression; but Marat seems to have originated it.

in an age of machinery. It is not judicious Anarchism to dissemble so great a truth as that the economists' doctrine of *laissez faire* leads logically, and will lead practically to the Anarchist's contention which make law and government a fraud. But—it can scarcely be too often repeated—the Jacobins do not solicit esteem as political philosophers, but as men of action at a fearful crisis. Many of their measures they would doubtless have admitted to be mere temporary makeshifts. Many are now held useful by all except Anarchists, who claim to have found a more rational way since then.

The Jacobins knew what they wanted. They were consistent about ends, tho not always words and arguments, which are but means. If I may borrow a very homely piece of slang from Yankee politics, the Jacobins were "sound on the goose." At whatever risk, no matter how fearful, by whatever means, no matter how extravagant and clumsy, so they were the most available proposed, France must be saved and coalition beaten! Because almost all Frenchmen agreed to this, the Jacobins succeeded. In other words, from the standpoint of the whole nation, the Jacobins deserved to succeed, and the *soi-disant* philosophers to fail. Yet an Anarchist historian should not forget that among the persons reckoned Girondins there were at least two real Anarchists, Paine and Condorcet, who opposed the Jacobins on account of their faults, not of their merits. The part of these two over-advanced men was not very conspicuous. The Girondin leaders, if a party so feeble and unsettled can be said to have had any, were Roland, Vergniaud, Isnard, Pètion, Brissot, Gensonné, Guadet, and Barbaroux. Among prominent Jacobin Conventionists were Robespierre, Danton, Marat, emerged from the sewers, Billaud Varennes, a prominent lawyer, Robespierre's friend St. Just, Collot d'Herbois, a noted actor, Carnot, Desmoulins. Lesser lights were Orleans, now called Egalité,*

* Sergent says that Manuel gave him this ridiculous name, which is more probable than that he chose it, for he never ceased aspiring to be king. "Orleans," at any rate, would not

Legendre, Sergent, David the famous artist, Fréron, and Lepelletier. Of course there was a considerable "Plain or Center." Trimmers and barometers known as the Toads, supplied its brains. Siévès, Barère, Merlin (Law of Suspect fame), Cambon, Cambacérès, afterwards chancellor under Napoleon, the historian Thibaudeau, and Barras, were always or frequently among them. Such gentry usually brought their heads safely thru the stormy time—their reputations very seldom. Those inwardly royalists and Constitutionalists also tried their hands at balancing, but with less selfish prudence and success. It should be observed that among all the Conventionists and mob orators there was not one Socialist or Communist according to any acceptation of those terms which has prevailed since Fourier and Saint Simon published their famous works. Robespierre described the doctrine of community in goods as "a phantom raised by scoundrels to frighten idiots"; and this terse designation appears entirely correct for any pretended resurrection of such Communism as John o' Leyden preached or anticipation of such as Enfantin desired. A faint adumbration of the latter may doubtless be found in Rousseau, Condorcet's "Human Mind" (not then written), and the English Godwin's "Political Justice." But no idea of reducing it to immediate practise entered into the dreams of any French Revolutionary party.

At first the lines were not sharply drawn. Manuel (Jacobin and Septembrist) proposed that a president should be lodged with royal pomp in the Tuileries. Collot d'Herbois opposed the plan; and it was defeated. The Girondins wanted their leader Roland exempted from the constitutional disability to sit in both the Convention and the ministry. Robespierre and Danton opposed; and Roland resigned his legislative functions. Kersaint (Girondin) moved and got appointed a committee to fix the responsibility for the September massacres. It did nothing; but the weak-

do for a candidate in September, 1792; and "Capet," besides being equally unpopular, had not come into fashion—as Louis XVI told the Convention, it is not a family surname, but a soubriquet of the famous Hugh.

lings of that party made the fatal mistake of thinking it an excellent club to hold over the Jacobins, who possessed a deadly pistol! When we deplore the judicial slaughter of the Girondins next year, we should not forget that it was they who made, or rather in their feeble way tried to make, the guillotine a political argument. Next, Buzot revived the old fallacy about the legislature's being coerced by the Parisian mob; as if the mob could coerce a legislature which the nation trusted. He proposed that each Department furnish a quota of troops to protect the Convention. This attempt to set the Departments against the capital was a ruinous blunder. The decree was repeatedly voted and as often rescinded. It excited no enthusiasm in the provinces, and was odious to the Parisians. It reminded everyone that Barbaroux had talked of secession and a southern republic with its metropolis at Marseilles or Toulouse; that Barère, a native of Gascony, the least French province out of Vendée, wanted a constitution like that of the United States; that all the Girondins disliked "a strong government." They might probably have avoided some mischievous errors of the Constituent Assembly. The stock charge against them henceforth was that they were "federalists," which meant what we call "States' Rights men"; reversing the American usage, because our Revolution was effected by colonies imperfectly federated, but the French by a national organization with nothing federal about it. Robespierre, in the very spirit of Webster, maintained successfully that the republic must be "forever one and indivisible."

While the Girondins, in the Convention, where they were strong, abused Paris for electing "Septembrists," the Septembrists retaliated with double power thru their organs, the revolutionary papers and the Commune. They accused Roland of being a monarchist in disguise. It is said the Commune actually issued a warrant for his arrest, but Danton, having no love for internal dissensions, got it squelched. Blind to their own weakness, however, the Girondins would not have peace at home. Barbaroux brought a new battalion of Marseillais to the metropolis, notwithstand-

ing the failure of Buzot's motion. The Commune showed proper attention to patriot soldiers, the guests of Paris, and this was made ground for a story that Marat attempted to corrupt them! On October 3, Danton and Robespierre were fiercely denounced in the Convention as would-be dictators; Marat as an apostle of Communism and massacre. All had been under fire since the Convention was four days old. Danton and Robespierre denied the charges, which dropped for that time; but Marat would explain nothing. His counter-charges against Roland were at last examined and dismissed, December 7; tho the gallery appeared to sympathize with him. These two last dates may be considered to begin and end the personal phase of quarrel, which requires some detail.

In October Dumouriez came to Paris. For various reasons the reception of such a hero was cooler than might have been expected. He was blamed for not attacking the Prussians while they were entangled a second time in the Argonne. Marat took him to task for harsh treatment of Parisian Carmagnoles imbued with the temper of September. The Girondins shared a wholesome dread of military power sufficiently to snub their own general.* Robespierre, Danton, and Santerre, were left to show him proper honor—with what effect on his party zeal may be imagined. He went away on the 17th, wisely resolved to seek his laurels in the field, not the forum. Next night Marat bragged at the Club of having humbled Dumouriez! Very interesting are Dr. Moore's descriptions of these memorable scenes—not copied from the *Moniteur* as Carlyle insinuates. Marat, a little, ugly, untidy fellow,

* I infer this from the corporate behavior of the Convention, where they had control. Marat says they were assembled in all their pride to flatter him at Talma's ball October 16; where the Friend of the People sought him out. If I gave full credit to the loose assertions, at the Club, of such a rhetorical speaker as Marat, I should call their conduct double-faced. That the Club had received Dumouriez with the highest honor, Robespierre and Danton waving the most fragrant censers, is quite certain. According to Marat, who can here I think be trusted, Santerre was master of the ceremonies at the ball in Talma's house.

with a voice like a frog, and an air of solemnity, which sat most comically, never failed to excite laughter when he spoke, till his calm earnestness put the laughers down. It was so this night, and so next day at the Convention, where he talked in the same manner; save only that the Girondins, instead of becoming grave, assailed him, when they could no longer laugh, with unparliamentary personal abuse. Their trick of ignoring him is seen in delay about his Roland charges. For some days after this when he entered the hall, those deputies sitting near him moved away, in imitation of the courtesy shown Catiline at his last debate. On the 26th Marat rose "to state a fact which concerned the public safety"—some of his usual suspicions. Barbaroux now brought against him the charge of trying to seduce the Marseillais. Instantly a storm broke forth. Cries of "traitor!" and "assassin!" were hurled at Marat. One deputy declared that Marat had been heard to say there would be no peace till two hundred and sixty thousand heads had been cut off!* "It was I who heard him say so," remarked another. All eyes were fixed on Marat. "Very well," replied the Irrepressible, "I did say so, and I think so." After enjoying the pause of astonishment, he resumed, "I repeat it. That is my opinion; and you will not pretend that men are to be punished for their opinions." He seems to have shut them up. It was not the first time. "When Dumouriez saw me, he trembled!" said Marat on the 18th. "He didn't when he saw the Prussians!" cried someone, amidst great laughter. Marat, after waiting as usual for silence, solemnly repeated his boast; and this time the joke did not take. On the 10th the charge against Robespierre had been renewed. The old accusers of September 25, and October 3, the Girondins, Barbaroux and Rebecqui, now specifically declared that Panis, a Jacobin and Septem-

* This is the foundation of the famous story which likens Marat to Caligula. I think some lying was evidently done in the Convention; and acceptance of the charge by such a rhetorican as Marat proves nothing. Marat, like many earnest men, was addicted to adopting with exaggeration any caricature of his real sentiments.

berer, had sounded them on the proposal to make Robespierre dictator. The Jacobins were confounded, till Marat rose amidst general clamor. "It seems," he croaked, "that some here are my personal enemies." "All! All!" roared the Girondins. Resisting their attempts to howl him down, he declared what seems quite true, that the only advocate of a dictatorship was himself! Nevertheless on October 29, November 3-5, most determined attempts to impeach Robespierre were made by Roland, Vergniaud, and Louvet, who had been a Jacobin. Danton's powerful lungs and nerve again preserved the weak pedant who afterwards murdered him. The Girondins had taken another step towards the guillotine; for their impeachment of Robespierre was virtually also of Marat and of Paris.* However, the storm blew over for that time—Barère appearing in his favorite role of peacemaker.

* Carlyle's dramatic narrative would confound in the mind of a reader who went by it, the scenes of October 29 and November 3—of September 25 and October 10. We do not, certainly, get the best impression by following the chronological order of a newspaper; because it jumbles personal with party quarrels; but this order, valuable to clear understanding of cause and effect, is thus. September 25. Repeal of Buzot's decree agitated. Marat, Danton, and Robespierre attacked; Barbaroux and Rebecqui say Robespierre wants to be dictator. October 3. Attack renewed in Convention. Danton speaks for his friends. October 10. Barbaroux and Rebecqui make their specifications. Marat's reply, "all are his enemies." October 16. Talma's ball. October 17. Marat attacks Dumouriez at the Club. October 18. Marat attacks Dumouriez in Convention. October 26. Marat denounced by Barbaroux in Convention, "260,000 heads" episode. October 29. Robespierre attacked again. Obtains a week to prepare defense. November 3. Louvet's and Roland's attack on Robespierre: letter recommending him for dictator produced; threats of arrest: Danton defends him. November 5. Robespierre makes his reply: matter dropped on Barrere's motion. Several affiliated clubs denounce Marat about this time. November 9. The Club expels Louvet, Barbaroux, and Rebecqui. December 7. Marat's charges against Roland, long pending, attested by the spy Viard. Madame Roland appears and explains: charges dismissed. The Jacobins thruout acted with much moderation. Marat was beaten by Westermann, threatened by Barbaroux's soldiers, and forced to hide. November 9. It was a capital crime to assault a deputy. Paine saved the life of a foolish Englishman who did this to him.

The military glory of regenerated France was enough to animate with common enthusiasm her sons of every party. Dumouriez, intent on wiping out his humiliation at Paris, pushed across the Belgian frontier, and beat up the Austrian winter quarters at Jemappes, November 4-6. A bloody battle ended in a great victory—to the pæan of the Marseillais. Brussels was taken on the 14th. During September General (Marquis) Montesquiou had annexed Savoy. His successor, Anselm, did the same for Nice. On the 23d of that famous month, Custine entered Spires, and next day Worms. On October 10 he was welcomed at Mainz. His flying columns reached Cassel. The popular enthusiasm for revolution in Belgium, Germany, and Italy, caused the Convention to declare (November 18,—decree published 19th) that France was fighting for all peoples against all kings. There was a fresh outburst of loving kindness, in which the Girondins gushed like Moses' rock! They readily accepted the Commune's rule that all people should be called citizens,—should "thee and thou" each other "like the free nations of antiquity." A last terrible sacrament of union was at hand—the king's fate remained to be decided.

XIII.

It is usually said the Jacobins demanded the king's death; the Girondins tried, tho in a weak and injudicious manner, to save him; while all more or less disguised royalists and Feuillantists were on his side of course. These statements require a good deal of qualification. Brissot led a portion of the Girondins to favor Louis' execution on the very characteristic grounds that it would render peace with Europe impossible; that the generals Dumouriez, Custine, Montesquiou, and Bournonville, were Girondins; and that to make them powerful was necessary in order to suppress the Commune. Valazé (Girondin) reported, as committeeman, for trial, November 6. Manuel (Jacobin) was thruout strongly opposed to the execution (tho he had been a Septemberer). Paine (Girondin) was also against the king's death. Orleans, a candidate for the crown, Siéyès, and Ducos, men of the Plain with a royalist leaning, were for it. Lameth (Theodore) asserted that he tried to buy votes for Louis, that Danton, who managed that department, was willing to distribute the money, tho not to risk his own popularity by a vote on the weak side; and that all applications to the royalists abroad were unsuccessful. Gouverneur Morris, on December 21, at the most critical time, wrote to Jefferson that all parties, as such, were for the execution,—Jacobins because Paris wanted it, Girondins on grounds explained above; royalists because Louis was a cheap victim whose death would do them more good than his life. While the proposition to try him was being considered, however, the Rolands and most other Girondins had contended that there was no law under which he could be tried. Marat, the extrem-

est of Jacobins, upheld to the last the principle that "Capet" was responsible only for acts done after he accepted the Constitution. This would have greatly embarrassed prosecution; for Madame Campan had destroyed the worst evidences of his subsequent guilt, which she afterwards published from memory. No attention was paid to Marat's argument.

The active prosecutors at an early stage were Robespierre and St. Just. They took the ground that what justified deposing the king justified his execution. A lover of dialectics might argue with some force that the Constitution provided for his majesty's constructive abdication in cases which had actually occurred, and that such abdication clearly took away his constitutional inviolability. But these men scorned to chop logic. Deposition and death were alike required by the *salus populi*, the highest law! St. Just also made a sensation in charging Louis with the blood of August 10. He brought to the Convention the maimed survivors, with the widows and orphans of those who had fallen on that dreadful day. Before judgment could be reached, however, August 10 had been allowed to drop. The only charge voted on was the damning one of conspiracy with foreigners and exiles. On November 19, the day after the love-feast of Jacobins and Girondins, Gamain, the king's instructor in locksmithing, showed Roland a secret iron safe at the Tuileries. It proved to be full of incriminating papers. Roland, blundering like a Girondin, carried them off without making an inventory or letting others see them. He was at once accused of garbling the evidence. The royalist Doctor Bozé betrayed the correspondence of Vergniaud with Louis during July. These were the events which frightened all the Girondins into accepting a trial whose results as regards conviction could not be doubted. Louis Capet, formerly King Louis XVI, it was agreed should be arraigned before the Convention on December 11.

The Commune was still maintaining its distinguished prisoners in regal luxury. An itemized account shows that the enormous cost of their kitchen was not wasted or embezzled, but went to supply cost-

ly delicacies. The jailors, however, were less considerate. A wretch named Rocher took delight in airing his authority, smoking a pipe, and rattling his keys, while in attendance on the royal family. Others scrawled on the walls pictures of a guillotine, accompanied by blood-curdling threats against Louis, Marie, and their innocent children. In addition to these private brutalities, the restraints deemed needful by the Commune were severe. When the danger to Paris became greatest, the queen, her children, and Madame Elizabeth, were never allowed out of the turnkeys' sight till they retired. Then their doors were guarded as well as locked. The king was watched night and day. They were denied writing material lest they should communicate with conspirators, and knives lest they should attempt some harm to themselves or others. In this dreary captivity, their lives were really edifying. Louis rose early, passed an hour in prayer, breakfasted with his family at nine, and gave lessons to his son till one. At this hour they walked in the garden, which, tho neglected, was spacious. The house tops were crowded, and there was no interference with signalling to the prisoners. After dinner, which was at two, the king took a nap, and then read aloud. His wife and sister occupied themselves with needle work. The dauphin played games with Clery.

Upon this life of innocent domesticity, which in spite of danger and humiliation, must have had pleasures unknown to Versailles, came the awful, tho not unexpected intelligence that the fallen prince would be tried next day, and separated from his family till the result was known. What seems to Saxons the meanest part of the proceeding, is usual in French "justice." The unfortunate culprit, without warning or counsel, even faint and hungry, for he had been interrupted at breakfast, was suddenly brought before a terrible tribunal, and required to answer, clause by clause, a formidable indictment. It may be imagined such a man as Louis did not bear this ordeal well. He neither refused to plead, like Charles I, nor avowed his hostility to the Revolution, which need not have injured him with all his judges, and certainly would have

been dignified. He might with advantage have urged that he yielded everything, till it became clear there was no end. But he did not say this. He blamed his ministers for some of his acts. Others he denied, among them the iron safe business. He knew enough to ask for counsel. After a hot debate, next day, the Convention agreed that he should have it. He was also allowed two weeks for preparation. This last point, however, was not settled till near the fatal morning.

Two lawyers, the venerable Malesherbes, and the rising Tronchet, had accepted the responsible office of defense. A third, Target, declined: which has brought on him a reproach for cowardice. A young but famous barrister, De Sèze, took the place. Malesherbes and Louis arranged the answers to matters of fact. Tronchet and De Sèze prepared the speech, which was delivered by the latter. He insisted on the king's inviolability, and argued that the Convention, being accusers, should not be judges. The former plea was totally disregarded; the latter saved a few votes, as we shall see. De Sèze also refuted as well as he could some particular charges, especially that of defending the Tuileries, which Louis solemnly, and, as I think, correctly, denied. At this point he was successful. But the prosecution produced a bunch of keys taken from the ex-king's valet Thierry, one of which fitted the safe. Louis made the ruinous admission that he gave his keys to Thierry on August 10. This much was effected during December 26. An acrimonious and most irregular debate ensued. The streets and galleries were filled with a bloodthirsty mob. The king's defenders among the deputies were hooted. Every disputed point was fought over and over till it became clear that without some sort of cloture there would be no vote. Manuel was expelled from the Jacobin Club for moving an adjournment of three days. Pétion afterwards narrowly escaped a similar indignity for opposing the motion to end before adjourning again.

On January 7 air-beating was cut short by the following resolutions. The case should lie over to Mon-

day the 14th. Deputies who wanted to discuss the whole matter, must write their speeches, and lay them on the table to be read by those who chose. A *viva voce* vote it was agreed during the 14th, should be taken on three questions in order, videlicet 1. Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiracy? 2. Shall there be an appeal to the people? 3. What is to be the penalty? There was still room for talk over these definite issues, since each member introduced his opinion with remarks; also for dilatory motions, as to require three-fourths majority on the penalty. In such ways the voting on the first two questions was prolonged till seven or eight p. m. Wednesday 16.* The mob became very impatient. It is said some outsiders who talked against execution, or the whole proceeding, were killed in the streets.

The session was now declared permanent, so it continued nigh two full days. All present had voted guilty except ten, who declined on the ground that they were prosecutors, as De Sèze previously said. Two hundred and eighty-three had voted for appeal, 424 against.** Thus began the great contest. That Louis could be acquitted, otherwise than on a technical quirk, was impossible. The plebiscitum was a weak and foolish proposal. But execution of a king remained a matter grave enough to call forth much eloquence yet. Anyone could originate a penalty, and give his reasons. Paine proposed imprisonment till the end of the war, followed by exile. He said the

* Scarcely a date in the French Revolution is given alike to a day by all original authorities; a fact which will surprise no one who has tried making a first book on a historical subject with newspapers for data; but should operate to warn him who would verify still earlier chronology how difficult accuracy is to arrive at. Carlyle says the voting was originally set for Tuesday 15th; but this appears to be wrong.

** Some say 281 and 423. I prefer the larger number, because the vote on the penalty is stated with fair agreement at 721. This means that besides the ten who declined to vote the first time some (according to Carlyle 18) did not. Those absentees or excusees who came up at last, must, judging from the final division, have mostly voted against death, a bold step, which such men would naturally have preferred to shirk by a reference to the people.

United States would give the banished king an asylum. As he had little command of French, his speech was delivered by an interpreter. Marat would not believe it was translated correctly, till Paine assured him that it was. Then he remarked that Citizen Paine was a Quaker who did not believe in shedding blood under any circumstances. Had the Girondins all voted according to their convictions, there could hardly have been a majority for death. But they tried parliamentary strategy, in which they had no skill. It was arranged they should vote for death with a proviso that the *sentence* be referred to the people, tho the *verdict* it was already settled, should not. To clear them of royalism, a few voted for death without this salvo.

Dramatic and stormy were the closing scenes. The populace shouted, "Death to the tyrant! Him or us!" The galleries greeted every vote which was not for death with yells and taunts. Some members were undignified enough to retort their abuse. When Vergniaud, for whom his party mostly waited, uttered the word "Death," Marat exclaimed "The fool!" Danton said to Brissot, "Don't talk to me of doing anything with such men." Barère (Girondin), under a cloud for having been a royalist, voted death. Pétion spoke against death—and voted for it. Siéyès voted "Death, without talk." Barbaroux and Buzot (Madame Roland's lover), voted for the extreme penalty, tho she was known to be much against its infliction. Carnot (Jacobin) voted for death, with strong expressions of regret. Manuel, at risk of his own life, tried to falsify the count. Three hundred and eighty-seven had voted

* Of course there is a conflict of authorities. Lamartine says 46 voted for death, with a saving clause, 334 for something else; and thus makes the plurality for immediate death seven. But at this, there would have been 20 lacking to a majority of all votes cast. Some one would have been sure to challenge such a result in so momentous a case. The recount tried by the king's well-wishers is explicable in no other way than by truth of the often-repeated statement that there was a majority for death, but that for immediate death it was so small as to be doubtful—in short only one. I have done my best to reconcile accounts which is but fair if we play no trick with obvious meaning.

for death; but twenty-six introduced the referendum. Three hundred and thirty-four were for some other sentence.* So for death without appeal, there was only the bare majority of one. An instinct of legend made Orleans the one, as if his vote were worth Vergniaud's! The party opposed had done their best this time. A sick man, Duchatel, was brought in his chair, wrapped up with blankets, to vote for mercy, very late.

Immediately on the announcement, the king's lawyers moved a stay of proceedings (*sursis*), which it was agreed should be considered; and the weary Convention adjourned, about midnight 17th-18th.

Next day, the Girondins insisted on a recount; by which, and by other methods, doing anything was prevented all Friday.

On Saturday evening, the Jacobin deputy Lepelletier, who had voted for death, after opposing capital punishment generally, was fatally stabbed in a café by a life guards man, who escaped. This foolish deed reduced the votes for suspension to 310;—for immediate death there were 380. The result was announced at 3 a. m. Sunday. Louis requested a respite of three days, which was refused; and assistance of a priest chosen by himself, which was granted. M. Edgeworth, a non-juror of Irish descent, attended him. The execution took place, amidst a vast concourse, in a sleety rain, on the afternoon of Monday, the 21st.

About this extreme measure, different views are clearly possible. The one altogether untenable and absurd is that which represents him as a saint and a martyr.* To do justice unwillingly is not sanctity, and

*A number of stories which I do not believe, envelop this poor king's death and even his life in a sort of legendary halo. Tho not an absolute fool, he is represented by strict contemporary eye-witnesses as on all occasions unready and wordless to an inconceivable degree. Who then can credit the anecdotes which put into his mouth many sentimental speeches and at least one (well worn) joke? Thiebault tells a story which would make him either unreasonably quick-tempered or brutal; but this (with much else in Thiebault) I disbelieve. There is nothing to be said of Louis' character. No man who lives in history came nearer to having none. The Abbe Edgeworth never said, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" This

to die for betraying one's country is not martyrdom. That he was a harmless witless victim sounds better; but he was not harmless, and he showed intelligence enough to have hanged a poacher. Writers who admit his guilt but deprecate his execution, have invented other reasons to give against it, which are no wiser.

Some say, for example, it divided France and united Europe. The truth is that if the Girondins had been capable of learning, that deed they shared with the Jacobins must have united parties forever; and Europe was not aroused by the king's execution, but by the decree of November 18 with its applications in Belgium, Italy, and Germany. Neither is it true that the rebellion of La Vendée was caused by the king's death. A Celtic people, like the Vendéeans, do not care a kail root for a foreign king whom they never saw. They were already insurrectionary, because their own priests were being ousted to make way for French Constitutionals—also on account of the draft: their revolt became general when an unprecedented conscription threatened taking them from their homes to fight in French uniforms. Those many sentiments —horror at the massacres, irritation at the treatment of the Church, dread of "Chaos" etc.—which later crystallized into Legitimism, were in solution still. On the other hand it is clear that to release Louis meant civil war; to keep him, unsentenced, in prison, was providing the royalists a rallying sign; to banish him was giving him to the foe. To kill him, settled something. "We hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, a king's head!" Danton said. More familiarity with modern parallels, like Mary Queen of Scots, and

is his own statement. Santerre denied that the king's voice was silenced by drums. Louis, the last man in the world to make a long extempore speech, had finished his meaningless words before the drums began, to drown a few royalist shouts. Beaufranchet, who carried Santerre's order to the drummers, was not, so far as parish registers permit us to judge, the son of Louis XV; tho he was of Maria Murphy, the first girl ever brought to the Parce aux Cerfs. She was married off at an early age, like her successors; and he was born long afterwards. In both the Convention and the Commune Louis' death was much less spoken of than Lepelletier's.

Charles I, might have taught that while Louis must always be troublesome, he would have some value as a hostage, and some revenge as a ghost. He was worth more to France and less to her enemies, alive than dead. This is the real reason why his execution was a blunder on the part of those who principally desired it. On the whole keeping him, under sentence, would, I incline to think, have been the wisest plan.

When the Girondins embraced the Jacobins and voted the decrees of November, they infused into the Revolution that devotion to ideals which made it "the most inspiring event in history." Not now a few dreamers, but a party, nay a nation, nay the future, is committed to this, that there shall be no more privilege, no *status*, no sham! Individuality, originality, reality; shall I say it? Anarchy! has come, and come to stay. It is tolerably certain that vacillation in such a programme must be fatal to the vacillator. But ideals are realized by experimental induction, not ambiguous logic. Nearly the same difference of practical consistency and inconsistency which divides Jacobin from Girondin appeared almost simultaneously among their enemies. Burke was a worthy foe to the Jacobins because he perceived that he was contending not against a government but an Idea; so he "preached a holy war" for the opposite ideas—precedent, dogma, property, "Clothes" as Teufelsdröckh would say. He, more than anyone else, is the parent of Legitimism. Pitt, about to declare hostilities against France, never (just like the Girondins) really got hold of the important truth. To him there was only a commercial difficulty between the nations. Burke, Pitt, Girondins, and Jacobins, may all be said to have failed, but how differently! Burke died like the sun, clothing his departing day in the unforgettable splendor of his beams: the Jacobins like the earthquake whose results remain forever, tho as a merely destructive force it quickly passes: Pitt died of a remorse whose burden was his own incompetence. The fate of the Girondins was very similar.

By an old treaty between England and Holland, the Scheldt had been closed, and Antwerp, once the

rival of London, reduced to comparative insignificance. Pursuant to the November decrees, the French on occupying Belgium declared that this wicked embargo upon the industry of the world to pamper a handful of monopolists must cease (28th). This was what brought reluctant Pitt to follow George III and Burke into an attitude of enmity toward France. Since August 10, the English ambassador to Paris had been recalled,—as there was no established government,—and business confided to a secret agent, Mr. W. A. Miles. On January 13, 1793, Miles wrote that the French were willing to recall the decrees, and to give up the Scheldt. On Danton's motion the decrees actually were suspended, but not till April 13. That the Girondins' power was declining by that time, Pitt could hardly be expected to know—besides it was too late. The war they rushed into, with characteristic zeal for a maxim, had actually begun. The party to whom maxims were only mutually qualifying generalizations of experience, could not get out of it. Pitt, tho not a great writer and thinker, like Burke, was too much of a politician to trust the Girondins. The execution of Louis—a good clap-trap card to play—was made an excuse for dismissing the French ambassador from London. On February 1 France declared war against England and Holland, an impolitic step, for it put her technically in the wrong. But the liberal party of all countries laid the real blame on Pitt. He long continued to be "the best abused man" in the world. He was Satanic Pitt, Bottomless Pit. The fiends of Famine, Slaughter, and Fire, saluted him as their chief employer, and promised him those rewards in their several powers.* If Jus-

* The Fiends.
He let us loose, and cried Halloo!
How shall we give him honor due?
Famine.
Wisdom comes with want of food.
I will gnaw the multitude,
Till they seize him and his brood—
Slaughter.
They shall tear him limb from limb.

tice could not reach him, Mercy should "hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand." He got up the rebellion in Vendée, the tumults in Paris, the counterfeit assignats. His friends, more unkind than his foes, identified his name with the Test, rotten boroughs, the Holy Alliance, and every wrong which in his better days he had opposed. History, after a century, can take more impartial views. A few usurers, whom the great English government dared not disobey, because such governments can no longer rely on something else, are responsible for a war of nine years' duration, which devastated Europe and decimated her inhabitants, doubled the National Debt of England, and set back for half a century her progress in liberty, education, and positive habits of thinking, that is in civilzation. Such are the blessings nations owe to institutions! Yet even now there are English writers, not the most conservative, but mole-eyed enough to speak of their country's escape from the red Pyrrha of French radicalism with all the gratitude of Horace.

The fortune of war had already turned against France. Custine was defeated at Hochheim, December 14. A Prussian army crossed the Rhine and drove him back to the lines of Wissembourg. In Italy no progress was made. Pitt, supplied by parliament with a vast subsidy, now organized a new coalition far more formidable than the other. Fifty thousand Spaniards, 45,000 Sardinians, 70,000 Germans on the lower Rhine, 33,000 Austrians on the Meuse and Moselle,

Fire.
Oh, faithless beldames and untrue!
Is this all that you can do
For him who did so much for you?
Ninety months, right well, in troth,
Hath he catered to you both.
Would you with an hour repay
Eight years' work? Away, away!
Only I am faithful; I
Cling to him everlastingly!
—Coleridge, "War Eclogue."

It is plain that in the sonnet quoted above, this poet recommends Pitt's assassination. Pitt was not Gary. As a magistrate he could not retaliate.

112,000 Germans on the upper and middle Rhine, were ready to begin the new campaign. The Convention ordered a levy of 300,000 men. But besides filling up the measure for Vendée, this doubtless contributed to those riots in Lyons, Bordeaux, and other Girondin cities, which quickly developed into open treason. Federalists opposed to the conscription made common cause with poor people eager after the maximum; which, being popular at Paris, was used again to inflame rich Girondins against that city. For at this time there was once more much distress, caused partly by depreciation of the assignats.

But what was worse than all the rest, Dumouriez ceased to be reliable. He had cause for discontent. The war minister Pache (Jacobin) sent him, he said, too many reproaches and not enough support. Army contractors and other cormorants were plundering to such an extent that the Belgians became disaffected and the soldiers discouraged—an evil furthered by that redundancy of old-regime officers which still prevailed.

Meanwhile, the Girondins at Paris, with characteristic absurdity, were denouncing the Jacobins as "Anarchists" (apparently a new word), "hired to disgrace republicanism by Pitt"!—who had become the Old Nick Machiavelli of popular imagination. The assertion of Lamartine that Dumouriez was now virtually dictator is quite erroneous; but it might have been suggested by Dumouriez himself. He thought he saw in the quarrels of the French republicans a parallel with those of the English after Cromwell's death, and turned his self-supposed genius for intrigue to playing Monk. At the beginning of March he invaded Holland, took Breda, and threatened Dort. His purpose was to revolutionize the country and, with an army of 80,000 men, to be raised there, carry out that scheme of an Orleanist monarchy which at last found its opportunity in 1830, but its Nemesis in 1848! It failed completely this time. For the enemy had first to be reckoned with. The French, under Valence, were driven from Aix la Chappelle; and the siege of Maestricht was raised. The Austrians under their

Archduke Charles, completely defeated another corps commanded by the South American, Miranda. Dumouriez saved the wreck of this force, and concentrated his troops at Antwerp, where he was visited, in the midst of disaster, by the real dictator, Danton.

The events of August and September had made this apostle of "daring" the brain to which other cabinet officers were but as limbs. One of them, the mathematician Monge, gave as his reason for a measure "if I refuse, Danton will denounce me." Danton had himself told Louis Philippe that Servan (then war minister) was "a Miss Mary Ann," and he, Danton, the person to ask for favors. Unlike Robespierre or Marat, he was too thoro a politician to be clean. But, as with Mirabeau and other men of similar genius, there was a fundamental honesty in his very want of scruples. Robespierre or Marat might call him a thief; but no one could call him a humbug. He said bluntly that he loved money. He had an eye for the same taste in others. He demanded and got great sums to be spent in bribery.* He would have huffed the notion that secret service funds could be accounted for. If any one thought too much stuck on Danton's fingers, let him find an agent who would do more with the stuff than Danton! Such an administrator readily saw the justice of Dumouriez' complaints: and as easily, that extensive peculation was an inevitable incident of that wasteful method which is called War. He flew back to Paris, found nerve enough to lay the blame on the Convention, poured forth an impassioned appeal against those party squabbles which "did not kill a

* On the 25th or 26th of September, Danton sent Westermann and Fabre d'Eglantine to the seat of war. That their mission was bribery seems undisputed. According to one story, they paid the Prussian king's mistress to get the invading army withdrawn. According to another, which Gouverneur Morris heard, Westermann had $50,000 to procure it a safe retreat. When Danton went with Westermann and D'Eglantine to the guillotine, this was among Robespierre's charges against them. Probably all were well paid for their influence; but nothing except the military situation is needed to explain either the retreat or its success.

single Prussian," and had the satisfaction to see troops instantly rushing to the front. This was on March 9.

About the same time it appears from contemporary sources, that the Girondist Convention did that very thing which afterwards brought so much obloquy on the Jacobin (as yet still a Girondin) Barère. A decree was passed which proclaimed Pitt an enemy of the human race, and ordered that no quarter should be given the English. Rather obscurely, as to chronology, is this treated by Carlyle, and other professed historians. But the original account is near the end of Captain Dampmartin's "*Evenemens qui sont passes sous yeux pendent la Revolution Francaise*," 1799. Dampmartin drifts away to Prussia, and is patronized by Grafin Lichtenau (see her "Memoirs," English version, 1809). Nothing more passed under his eyes during the great war of 1793. He can scarcely therefore refer to Barère's decree of 1794. That was openly disobeyed by the army; this, as he tells us, evaded. The English taken by Dumouriez were reported "deserters." Barère himself refers to this fact in moving his own infamous decree. If Burke's hatred of French Revolutionists were not so indiscriminate, this might excuse his want of charity for the Girondins. But it loses balm when we find him ready to believe that Lafayette cut out Foulon's heart!

On the 10th of March there was a demonstration against the dominant Convention party. As they were charged with conspiracies (in July previous, and now in Belgium) one section prepared a petition for their arrest. Some of their printing offices were attacked. Their general, Bournonville, dispersed the mob; and nothing came of it except this; that in fear, real or pretended, they staid away from the Convention, thus giving control to the other side. Next day, on the 11th, Vergniaud rushed to the tribune, ranted about the intolerance of revolutionary opinion, impending despotism, "Saturn devouring his children," etc., and very consistently demanded punishment of the leaders in yesterday's riot. On the 12th Danton again rose to plead for unity of action against invaders. It is during these debates he suggested organizing those terrible bu-

reaux which tyrannized over France for the next sixteen months. But it was written in the Book of Fate that nothing wrong should be done at this crisis without a Girondin. The actual mover was Isnard!—the best extempore speaker there. Some of his party (Vergniaud, e. g., Buzot, and Barère) opposed the creation of the Extraordinary (soon reorganized as the Revolutionary) Tribunal on the ground that its machinery was too irregular.

On the 18th, Dumouriez gave battle to the Austrians at Neerwinden, and was defeated. He fell back to Valenciennes. As his treason was now generally suspected, some commissioners were sent to inquire into his designs. He partly acknowledged them; but continued to retreat, and to correspond with the enemy. Another commission was sent to arrest him (April 2). The same day there was talk of a new anti-Girondin mob in Paris. On their side, the Girondins had got a glimpse of Danton's dealings with Orleans, and resolved to turn this against the former. Dumouriez arrested those who should have done as much for him, and gave them up to the Austrians, by whom they were kept in prison for three years. But his army would not sustain him, and on the 4th he fled, leaving his tarnished reputation by way of an Elijah's mantle for other Girondins to wear.

Hitherto Danton had been all for harmony; and he still made occasional overtures to the Girondins. But being now personally threatened, he organized a "Central Revolutionary Committee." Paris was flooded with pamphlets which he inspired, tho Desmoulins fathered them. Two days after Dumouriez' flight, the Danton-Isnard program of March 11 was further materialized by appointment of nine deputies, as a new Committee on Public Safety.* This was the war

* The history of the Committees, very difficult to get at in detail, is chronologically important. First, the new Commune had at its birth a Committee of Defense or watchfulness (afterwards of Public Safety) which managed such momentous business as the September circular; moreover, after August 17, a Tribunal, voted by the Convention; which was the model of the Extraordinary or Revolutionary, appointed March 10th or

bureau. It proceeded by arbitrary seizure of whatever the public service wanted. The Girondins were content, for Barère, just at this time very anti-Jacobin, was secretary. His colleagues let him have this place on no other ground than fitness. He was a glib talker, a ready writer, a passable scholar, a vigorous tho not a tasteful rhetorician, whose lack of any fixed principle made him also receptive to the views in fashion.

The Girondins, however, soon began to kick against the Committee's disregard for the rights of private property; at the same time that, with characteristic want of aim, they alienated even the rich in Paris, by continued attacks upon that city. They tried to destroy its section meetings, thru fixing a bad hour. Some food riots which expressions in Marat's paper are thought to have encouraged (February 25), were now made an excuse for bringing things to a head. This violent deputy was arrested, April 15, on charge of murder (in causing the September massacres), of intimidating the Convention, and "establishing a tyranny." He proposed "to declare" his accusers "insane"! Danton in vain warned them against "mutilating the Convention." They had indeed made a worse blunder by trying to anticipate the judicial murder of an editor as accessory to the acts of his party's mobs. Of course, Marat's ac-

11th also by the Convention. This Convention had from January 21 a Committee of Public Defense, like the Commune. Its inconvenient number, of twenty-one, was reduced to nine (the Communal figure), March 24. A Jacobin reorganization first took place April 6. Danton was now chairman. He imparted to the Committee that energy so signally manifested about June 1. In those great days the number rose to twelve, and the remaining Girondins were displaced; Danton resigned his functions (August); after which the same members served, tho in theory their terms were brief, till July, 1794. Other important committees were the Jacobin's Central (of Fédérés at first), in the Club house, and the Sections Central, at the Town hall, organized in preparation for the revolution of August 10, as the (Communal) Committee of Defence also was. After August 10 the Section's Central was merged in the new common council; and the Jacobins' slept, apparently till Danton revived it as the Central Revolutionary. This name seems to have been suggested by the Section, and other Revolutionary

quittal was easy (24th). His friends brought him back to the Hall in triumph. The Girondins decamped again, alleging fear of their lives. Their seats were occupied for the time by *sans culottes*, amidst laughter and sanguinary talk. The prosecutors should have thought themselves lucky to escape with ridicule and those threats which are proverbially ominous of longevity. They proceeded, instead to prove that their thirst for Jacobin blood was unquenchable. Some street fighting had been going on. Theroigne, tho a prostitute, was zealous for the Girondist ("gigmanical") standard of respectability. The chaste Furies of the Jacobin faction stripped and flogged her. The result was insanity for the rest of her life; which continued twenty-four years longer. Paris meanwhile had grown dreadfully tired of Girondist sermons; which neither "killed Prussians" nor even advanced the new Constitution. Pache (he was mayor) came, accordingly, in the name of thirty-five sections to demand that twenty-four leading Girondins should be expelled. It now appeared that Federalism was more than a name. Guadet proposed that the Commune of Paris should be abolished; that the city should be governed by presidents of Sections; and that the Convention should remove to Bourges! Lyons, Bordeaux, and other Girondist constituencies, announced that they would stand by their representatives with the sword. On Barère's motion, was appointed another Committee of

Committees, of twelve each. These while the Revolutionary Tribunal was established, received denunciations in every French township. During their palmy days, (after September, 1793), members received forty sous per diem. No doubt, these organizations too, originated, like almost everything practical of this period, with the Commune of Paris. The words of Danton's Forty Sous law as given by the Moniteur, September 5, seem applicable only to the Sections of that city; but it appears the Revolutionary Committees were all paid at an uniform rate. (Cf. Carlyle, Bk. XVII. Ch. VI, Bk. XVIII, Ch. II.) I repeat, one finds it by no means easy to avoid confusion among all these little bureaux, denominated (but rarely described) by original authorities, in the obsolete technical language of their time. Marat was supernumerary tenth man to the Communal Committee of Safety. The Committee of each section presided over its mass meetings.

Twelve, to direct the higher police. Rabaut St. Etienne was president. It immediately began to prosecute conspicuous members of the Commune, and judiciously selected Hébert, a mere scribbler. When will governments learn that the pen is harmless till the sword crosses it; but at that electric touch becomes irresistible? One secret of the Roman Empire's extraordinary security is that it generally did leave the barking dogs alone.

On the 27th of May, the Convention was surrounded by a mob which demanded the release of Hébert and other prisoners. Isnard had the amazing folly to boast that if the Convention were attacked "it should soon be a matter of doubt on which side the Seine Paris had stood!" After this flourish his party backed down! The Convention abolished the Committee of Twelve, appointed a new one (the Committee on Public Security), and defined its terrific powers. Emigrants were banished on pain of death. The whole privileged class were to be disarmed. It was made capital to attend a royalist meeting. (The Septemberers "did not punish men for opinions.") Every citizen was required to inscribe his name on his door. All houses were thrown open to this new Inquisition; which was also authorized to create similar committees in every town! Barère was on the new board as well as the old. His literary talent pleased the Jacobins, who had not much of their own, his supposed opinions the Girondins; and on this slender plank he crossed that whirlpool in which his late friends were to be engulfed.

Next day, the Girondins, still commanding a majority in the Convention, restored the old Committee! On the 31st Paris was up again. A warrant was at last issued for Roland, who had resigned soon after signing the order for Louis' execution. He escaped by flight. His wife, who vainly endeavored to get into the Convention and try the effect of her beauty as on the former like occasion, was arrested that night. In the besieged Hall, Robespierre proposed the arrest of those members named by the petition of Paris. Barère, again acting as mediator, moved to disband his own original Committee, and with this, observe!

Paris was satisfied. Barère, however, appeared ashamed of his timidity.

Many accused Girondins now fled to raise their constituents. "During June 1," says a very recent writer, "the excitement of the people was fanned and fed by all sorts of lies." That appears rather superfluous! I should have thought the truth would be enough. Girondin mismanagement had arrayed almost every State west of Turkey against France. Girondin treason had facilitated actual invasion. Girondin vacillation had raised the whole Celtic region —on the very day Girondin trouble began at Paris, March 10. The ignorant barbarians, led by bloodthirsty priests and ruthless aristocrats, had beaten the generals of the Convention, and committed atrocities beside which the September massacres pale. No quarter was given. Women known to favor the republic were shot off as promptly as men.* At Caen and Orleans every day was expected to bring these half pagan Bretons, these smugglers, poachers, highwaymen, these fierce charging killers, jabbering an unknown tongue, and making war like their compeers in the Grampians. Over three hundred thousand foreigners were about to cross the frontiers. And in the midst of all this, because the deliverers of France would not tolerate an organization designed to shed their blood, seventy-two out of eighty-three Departments, among which stood the great Girondin cities of Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulon, Marseilles, and Caen, were simultaneously plunged into rebellion by leaders who had threatened that they would make the site of Paris doubtful! Whether any lies were added to such appalling facts or no, the people certainly were a little uneasy. Hébert, like Marat, was acquitted and crowned with laurel. At midnight, Marat rang the bell of the Hotel de

* Alison, very uncandidly, omits this. His Vendeean priests are "excellent village pastors"; and comparison of butchery on the two sides begins at Thouars, where the Vendeeans, having entered France, naturally tried to conciliate by clemency, which the republicans, considering them brigands, did not show at first. As in all civil wars, mercy, for the most part, kept pace with belligerency.

Ville. All over the city it was answered by tongues of iron. On June 2, the Convention was besieged for the lucky third time. No more nonsense! But there was no blood. Henriot,* who commanded the militia, adopted a Girondist program. He succeeded where Barbaroux had failed. Such was the universal worship of "la loi" that the president, Herault de Séchelles, tho a Jacobin, and the dearest personal friend of Danton, led forth the Convention, and tried to dissuade the soldiers. Exhorted by Marat, they stood firm. The Convention must remain blockaded, under the guns of the National Guard, till it indicted (in order to disqualify) twenty-two Girondin leaders. It yielded, and also ordered the arrest of eleven who, however, were admitted to bail. There was, as yet, no intention of prosecuting any who submitted. They were not confined to jail. Barbaroux, Rebecqui, and several others, fled to raise new standards of revolt. Vergniaud and Gensonné remained in Paris. On May 31, the former had moved a vote of thanks to the mob. The other, quite a politician, doubtless, expected to conciliate them. Thus fell the Girondins from that height of power in which they had proved so thoroly incompetent.** But new and fearful provocation was needed to draw down upon them actual punishment.

* He was a rich manufacturer. So much for the insinuation that after the raid on grocer's shops, only proletaires were Jacobins. Indeed, assertions of this sort are characteristic of the aristocratic writers, but generaly very easy to refute. Macaulay ("William Pitt" in Encyclopedia Britannica) says that between 1789 and 1792 "the (English) court, the nobility, the gentry, the clergy, the manufacturers, the merchants, in short nineteen-twentieths of those who had good roofs over their heads and good clothes on their backs, became eager and intolerant anti-Jacobins." Elsewhere he quotes Burke to effect that among the Jacobins, who scarcely existed before 1792, might be reckoned "the East Indians almost to a man, who cannot bear to find that their present importance does not bear a proportion to their wealth." The truth, as I have elsewhere tried to show, is that anti-revolutionary zeal in England did not become general till after the peace of Amiens was broken by Napoleon.

* Here again, there occurs in most histories an amount of confusion which, tho such details are petty beside the great

XIV

That impersonal omniscience usually decribed as "everybody," has been asserting with characteristic dogmatism for many centuries that the worst government is better than none. It is also an opinion, made especially popular in our own time by the eloquence of Carlyle, that the capital virtue of a government is to be strong. Now we have seen that from the spring of 1790 to autumn 1791, France was as near as any great nation ever has been to having no government at all. Nor was it very different between September 1792 and March 1793. There was, indeed, a king, who exercised some power from September 1791 until August 1792, and a legislature. But these coordinate branches blocked each others' wheels so effectually that Anarchy, on the whole, continued. That cant which describes later events is its "progress" is bosh. In the organization of the Committees, between March and June, 1793, France acquired a government whose qualities are belittled by calling it a strong one. It

facts of national life, is mischievous; inasmuch as important conclusions may be founded on a misunderstanding. On March 12 Section Mauconseil (facetiously called after August 10 Bonconseil) demanded arrest of twenty-two Girondins—the notable ones being Vergniaud, Brissot, and Guadet. The demand was repeated after Marat's acquittal. Then began a fight in section-meetings, one demanding, another protesting, sometimes one changing its own attitude, often variations in names and number of persons denounced. Hence the attempt of the convention to close meetings early, before the proletaires could attend. Pache's first petition, answered by appointment of the Committee of Twelve, was, as stated, to expel twenty-four. The final vote of June 2 indicted twenty-two, and arrested eleven—two ex-ministers, Claviere and Lebrun, and nine committeemen (Barere and two more having "saved their bacon" in time). Of these eleven, one (Brissot) was also among the obnoxious twenty-two—total indictments and arrests thirty-two. The ones thus arrested and not previously

was the strongest government that ever existed among men. Every form of government has its own kind of vigor, to which it owes its capacity for existence. But the government of the Committees possessed them all. Monarchy has the advantages of unity and splendor. But it is not more united than a small bureau; and no king since Alexander could boast such dazzling glory as the deliverers of France who conquered Europe. Aristocracy, in its palmy days, consists of the best fighters—like Carnot—and the ablest managers, like Barère. Democracy persuades the people that they "govern themselves," and wields the whole strength of their passions. This is the salient characteristic of the Jacobin administration. Bureaucracy (oligarchy) is vigilant, suspicious, prompt, severe, secret, and pecuniarily blameless. That of the Committees did not "blaspheme its breed." The rule of an overgrown metropolis, like Paris, is invigorated by the keenest sense of a common interest. The excesses of a temporary dictatorship may be borne by the most free spirited nation, on the ground that they are necessary for the occasion and that they cannot last. Never was a crisis more urgent or more peculiar than what which created the Committees. Thus combining the prestige of Cæsar, the ability of a Roman Senate, the spontaneity

named, were Barbaroux, Buzot, the author Louvet, Lanjainais, Lasonne (the accuser of Danton), Rabaut, Gorsas, and Gensonne. Many were apprehended on later warrants for actual rebellion. Eleven fled disguised as National Guards during the insurrection, which they left Paris to aid. Their names were Petion, Barbaroux, Cassy, Buzot, Guadet, Lanjainais, Louvet, Rebecqui, Gorsas, and Meillan. Rabaut got into hiding. The twenty-two guillotined in October were made up from among these: persons arrested later than June 2; and indicted ones who stood trial voluntarily, as Vergniaud. Among fugitives at this time, earlier or later, who escaped altogether and at last resumed their seats, were Louvet and Isnard (he found Paris in its old place). These particulars are exceptionally hard to verify; for about proceedings of so tumultuous a character as those on June 2, the Moniteur is unintelligible; and we must fall back on memoirs (Louvet, Meillan, Buzot, etc.). These, however, give extracts ("Pieces Justificatives"): from lost archives; see also, "Debats de la Convention" (1823), "Documens Complementaires in Histoire Parliamentaire;" and the Moniteur.

of a mob, the intolerance of a Spanish Inquisition, the centralized power of Sparta, the repute of Cincinnatus, and the *carte blanche* of Sulla, the government by Committee certainly had a giant's strength. If this were excellent that government should have been one of the best in history. Without meaning to deny some redeeming qualities, I have little to say against a prevailing opinion that it was among the worst. But if the worst government be better than none, there should have nevertheless been a great improvement, beginning about June, 1793. We have seen already that the period from spring in 1790 to August, 1792, was the revolution's halcyon days, when despite constant provocation and boundless opportunity, there was scarcely more crime than in the best governed countries during the quietest times. The period of strong government will be remembered by our latest posterity as the "Reign of Terror."

And here we may discern the fallacy of another stock assertion. That between the fall of government and the rise of another there may intervene an Anarchy; but that it is not likely to last; has been observed as long ago as Aristotle. Improving on the Stagyrite, bourgeois philosophers say that when Anarchy comes, tyranny is soon welcomed as a refuge from its horrors. The September massacres are naturally held up for a specimen of these horrors, tho they were not caused by Anarchy but royalist conspiracy; and the Revolutionary Tribunal might very fairly be cited to illustrate whatever truth there is in this explanation of Anarchy's short duration. But surely, to justify the inference, it should be shown that the Tribunal was more just, merciful, and quick to suspend severity, than the Septembrists. I can by no means admit that excuse which republicans sometimes make for its excesses—the public danger. Were this well founded, cruelty should have ceased with danger. In fact, it steadily increased till the dissolution of the Committees themselves, at the end of July, 1794. And in this respect the Committees were not unlike other governments. In England under Thomas Cromwell and under Oliver Cromwell, in the Southern States during

our civil war, in South Africa at present, really disgraceful vandalism appeared when really formidable resistance ceased.

But about June, 1793, the danger was indeed frightful. It was actually far greater than in the previous September, and similarly it was exaggerated by panic. Those who whether with hope or fear expected the Vendéeans at Caen did not know the Celtic people. They had risen to defend their local autonomy, and would no more follow French nobles than French upstarts far from the shrine of their local patriotism.

Barère, thoroly frightened, proposed that certain deputies, of whom he undoubtedly hoped to be one, should be sent the Girondin insurgents as hostages for the Convention. But the fearless Jacobins wisely reasoned that it was they who had needed and taken hostages. They refused to parley with fugitives who amidst invasion of their country's sacred bounds, raised rebellion against that popular government which Paris had indeed sharply admonished but not changed.

These unhappy men were destined to bring about their doom by a new series of criminal follies. Lyons guillotined the Jacobin mayor, for proposing (in February) to "Septembrize" the prisons. Toulon admitted an English fleet. Reprobation for the awful punishments which shortly followed, should not prevent our seeing that this was one of the most unjustifiable treasons in history. Mason and Slidell were sent by our Southern Confederacy to seek aid from foreigners who, it was well known, would act upon the accepted maxim that to recognize the independence of rebels not proved able to maintain it, is neither politic, philanthropic, nor according to international law. Barbaroux' southern confederacy began by accepting aid from foreigners who would have reduced the French federalists to provincials. I am at a loss, therefore, to see on what ground French federalism can be pronounced patriotic by those who think American disunion anything else.

The energy of Danton quickly changed the scene. Commissioners were sent at once to the rebellious Departments, offering peace but ready to accept war. Within three days (about mid-July) revolt lingered in

formidable shape only at Marseilles, Lyons, Toulon, and among the Vendéeans. The French speaking provinces repudiated their self-appointed leaders, and accepted Parisian hegemony.

Soon after, the Committee of Public Safety, henceforth known as the Great Committee, was reorganized. This was at least the third time. For a while, as we saw, it had been half Girondist—too much "Miss Mary Ann" about it for an executive board. Camille Desmoulins first procured a change. Then Billaud Varennes and Collot d'Herbois, by the sharp method of criticism, got themselves put on. For remaining Girondin members were now substituted the Jacobins, St. Just, and Couthon, a lawyer hitherto esteemed for humanity and probity, who, since 1788, had been paralyzed in both legs. Jean Bon d'Andre, a Protestant clergyman, had charge of the navy, and created a power which appeared ample until the greater genius of Nelson was turned against it. Altho there was a minister of war, not on the Committee, this supremely important department was managed chiefly by Carnot, with assistance of another member, Prieur, from the Coté d'Or. Both were old military men. Carnot was among the few revolutionary leaders whose personal qualities may be called great. As a physical philosopher, improver of the steam engine, and partial discoverer of the dynamical nature of heat, he deserves a place among the world's real benefactors. As an administrator, he merits the title given him by his admirers, "the organizer of victory," hardly that conceded by his enemies, "the least guilty among Terrorists." He signed the death warrants of the bloody period with a soldier's mechanical remorselessness, leaving their justice for his colleagues to investigate. Robespierre and Herault were members. Barère retained his place, to everyone's surprise; but this was only on account of his former Girondism; for he made an excellent mouth-piece. Marat's last editorial was written to proclaim so unstable a man improperly trusted. Little could Marat imagine yet that this mild weakling's celebrity would rest principally on use of his all-work pen and tongue to glorify the worst atroci-

ties of his employers. The other members, when there were twelve, were Lindet and Prieur of the Marne. Had either Marat, Danton, or Camille, possessed that destructive ambition which has been the explanation of their acts, he would certainly have got in. But no one wanted Marat; Desmoulins did not apply; and Danton declined a position after the first few weeks. To the two last their oversight was fatal. If the other had lived, he might have shared their fate.

As I have mentioned Marat's impending death, the last drop in the Girordins' cup of guilt, the occasion is suitable for summing up his life and character.

He is the most misrepresented man in the Revolution—tho that is a bold word. Absurdity has reached its climax in dubbing him "a triumvir of *Anarchy*"—"the worst of the triumvirate," says Alison (Robespierre and Danton were the others!). To show the exquisite character of this nonsense, I need but remind the reader that Marat never held any office except that of deputy; that his party was in opposition till a few weeks before his death; and that, recent as was its hold on power during his time, he had already begun to censure it.

In the November debates, Danton publicly professed to dislike him; and, tho he had many admirers, there is no account of his having a single personal friend. The once orthodox explanation of his solitude —that his bloody deeds had alienated all but frenzied savages like himself—besides being inadequate, is given up.* The only "bloody deed" his enemies, outside the royalist ranks, could make a reproach, was signing the circular of Paris. I have read the circular; and find nothing in it to warrant the obloquy it received. It does not recommend other massacres like that of the Salpetiére or La Force. It merely states that Paris had disarmed and arrested all the conspirators, and that some of the worst have been executed; after which other cities are, in terms if possible still more general, advised to do likewise.

* See the article "Marat" in Encyclopedia Britannica.

Should I form my opinion of Marat from what he said himself and what his contemporaries said, it would be that he was a fanatic, whom that single passion to which he sacrificed fortune, reputation, health, and eventually life, had rendered the Diogenes of Jacobinism, as disagreeable to all individuals as he was zealous for what he conceived to be the common good. But tho the data appear satisfactory, the conclusion is now too commonplace. In order to understand Marat, we must realize that he was principally a journalist. Taking him at that—his style was detestable; but he is not without pretensions to genius. He was not a "newspaper man;" he was what newspaper men sometimes call an organ-grinder. The French Revolution was the first great factory of political "organs." Among them none can compare with Marat's paper either in immediate or subsequent influence. He was the first to show what a man of intense personal convictions, devoted to a public cause, but the mouthpiece of no party, can do by daily publication of his own more or less fluctuating opinions. He was the legitimate precursor of Garrison, Greeley, and that entire breed in which our own country has been so prolific. He was the weather-prophet of the Revolution. He was the watch-dog of French liberty. Was he inordinately suspicious, noisy, mordent, savage? These are the virtues of a watch-dog; and the need for one was very great. Was he consistent in nothing but devotion to the Revolution? Well, a weather-prophet who cannot tell what to-morrow requires is not a master of his art; one who predicts six months ahead is too rash; one whose barometer stands steady at either Fair or Stormy, is a charlatan. Now, if we make reasonable allowance for Marat's Palais Royal rhetoric, it is past dispute that he almost always advocated just about what the public soon came to think necessary. This sagacious anticipation of the people's wishes and the vehemence with which he exposed every false reputation, whether that of a person or a party, abundantly account for both his popularity and his isolation. To bring in anything else is as unscientific as to suppose some other angel than gravitation steers the moon.

His fidelity to his self-imposed mission is the more creditable because he appeared cut out for what, in every worldly sense, are better things. This man who emerged into blazing prominence from the life of a hunted dog and sewer-rat; who was worshiped for a time by the whole nation as a saint and a martyr; and whom the entire Tailor-made world has since pronounced (vaguely) the worst representative of the Unbreeched; had been D'Artois' household physician, and then exercised a marked influence upon the philosophic thought of Paris. His first book "On Man" (1773) is directed against the materialism of Helvetius. His "Plan of Criminal Legislation" (1780) is founded on the humane principles of Beccaria. Had he lived, I see every reason to think he would have headed revolt against the Committee.

He was now fifty years old. A cutaneous disease, contracted while he was hiding in the *cloacæ* from those champions of "liberty thru order," whose management had brought France to this, afflicted him with horrible torture.* He almost lived in a hot bath. He wrote his daily diatribes with hands swathed in damp towels. Like Robespierre and St. Just, he was gloriously poor. His lodging in the Rue de l'École de Médicine, was adorned only by his people's admiration, and the love of a woman (not his legal wife) to whom his misery and deformity were sacred ties. At the door of this humble home, a young woman from Caen presented herself three times during the week ending Saturday, July 13,—third eve of the Bastile day and fourth anniversary of the hailstorm. Marat was known to be very ill. The Convention had sent him condolences. He refused to see his visitor. The second time she sent in a note, professing to have important information, and concluding with the words, "It is enough to inform you that I am unhappy, in order to hope that your kind heart will not be insensible, and to have a claim on your justice." Marat, who probably

* The mean insinuation that it was syphilitic, to which Carlyle makes a reference, has been abandoned. See Watson, "Story of France."

thought she came to intercede for some Girondin insurgent, at last allowed her to be admitted. He was in the bath. At his visitor's request, the porter and the other woman withdrew. After a few moments Marat called loudly for help. Rushing in, they found him as good as dead from a stab with a long sheath knife which had penetrated the aorta and lung.* According to one account, the porter knocked the assassin down with a chair; a more probable statement asserts that she had already fortified herself behind some furniture, and was arrested without violence, on its appearing that she did not mean to resist. Her beauty and calmness disarmed an angry crowd which collected almost instantly.

At the trial next Wednesday, her appearance excited general admiration. She cut short the examination by stating that she killed Marat, for his "crimes," meaning "the miseries he had brought on France;" that she had no accomplices, and was a republican before the Revolution. The name of this charming fanatic was Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday. She belonged to an ancient but impoverished family. In a brief letter, most redolent of that style which characterized her party, she informed her parents of her act and fate.

*The tragedy of Charlotte Corday has evidently come to be enveloped in a legendary nimbus. Her letter to Barbaroux, if it is authentic, witnesses that she gave Marat the names of the Girondins at Caen (it is very improbable she would), which he took down, saying they would soon go to the guillotine. This sealed his doom (tho she is made to say here, and elsewhere, that she left Caen on purpose to kill him). "Higher criticism," familiar with the laws by which fictions grow, recognizes in this the germ of later misrepresentation—her appeal to his compassion had to be purged of treachery by the statement that he made it occasion for an additional offense. Most historians leave it out or garble it, which destroys the point of that sufficiently inconsistent story said to be her own. Other contradictions, tho palpable, are less easily explained. She stated, it is said, that she resolved on her fatal expedition because of what happened on May 31; but her passport is dated in April. On the scaffold, we are told with extravagant inconsistency, that she objected to having her feet bound, but submitted on being told it was the custom (it was not); and then lay down of her own accord tho both her hands and feet were tied! She was, of course,

She also wrote to Barbaroux, anticipating "happiness with Brutus in the Elysian fields." Her portrait was taken by her own desire. At seven, that same evening, she rode to her death, in the prison cart, wearing the red robe of a murderess. A thunder shower, which cleared before the end, made her look like a Naiad. An immense concourse filled the streets. The majority assailed her with execrations; for which she returned a serene smile—standing up on purpose to be seen. When the executioner held up her head he slapped it; for which irregularity he was sent to jail. Many witnesses declared that at the insult her pale face was seen to blush; an illusion perhaps caused by a glance from the setting sun.

A judge who held other Girondins legally responsible for Charlotte Corday's crime would disgrace himself as deeply as Gary did at the trial of Neebe. There was actually, we shall see, no such judge on the Revolutionary Tribunal! But we do not expect judicial discrimination from infuriated factions. To this foolish deed, "the Terror" must be very largely attributed. The murder of Marat excited as much indignation in Paris as that of Lincoln in Washington. All that had been said about dirty clothes, bloody editorials, Com-

strapped in the usual way. However, the few facts known about her—specifically the original and striking parts of her correspondence, in which there is much commonplace of doubtful genuineness—enable a student of degeneracy to classify this "ange de l'assassination" quite accurately. She belonged to the dangerous and homicidal variety of the species Crank; in which, Lombroso says, there are but few females. If any man call this a Philistine view, I appeal to Shelley's poem about her. The vanity of the crank tribe is very manifest in her letters; her actions before the court and at the guillotine; her desire to be perpetuated on canvas; her boast of descent from the poet Corneille, whom she loved to quote; her yearning for fame as a tragic heroine. By her favorite term "energy," she meant willingness to die for a cause (a name?). Her limited knowledge and judgment, so characteristic of the "mattoid," are equally apparent. She not only swallowed raw all the Girondist abuse of Marat, but persuaded herself she could do some great good by killing a man whose whole power was in his appreciation of the way things were going. Such actions are useful only when they upset an already tottering idol. The uniqueness of her personality is all in the beauty

munistic doctrines, was instantly forgotten. A patriot deputy above suspicion of dishonesty, covetousness, or lukewarmness, a man actually dying in agony as the sole reward of his devotion to France, had been murdered by the rebels who were negotiating with Vendéeans, Sardinians, and Pitt. His bust became the most popular object of adoration. His name was given half the towns and public squares. A famous painting of his martyrdom adorned the legislative hall. His body was borne to the tomb in a torchlight procession, which almost the whole city followed. A pension was bestowed on his widow. At Nantes, Strasburg, and elsewhere, his name was the word of vengeance. By their own logic, those who had prosecuted him as accessory to the September massacres, were guilty of falling back on the dagger when the guillotine refused to serve without any law ever known to man. For their denunciation of Marat quite as much caused his murder as his own talk Septembrism. They did their best to justify this estimate. It was on the day of Charlotte Corday's death they guillotined a Jacobin magistrate at Lyons. Vergniaud, who we remember was in Paris, said of her, "She has killed us: but she has taught us how to die." Up to the last rising of

and magnetism, much better attested as concerns her than more successful enthusiasts, to whom romance attributes them —e. g. Jeanne D'Arc, with whom she has been compared. If Jeanne, when she shone in armor, rode "the right butter-woman's gait to market" who was there likely to tell us so? Eye-witnesses' impressions of Charlotte are specific. The unprecedented thing is that a beautiful and fascinating girl, possessed with theatrical ambition, took such a way of gratifying it. There have been many Erostratuses, among whom not a few were near enough in sympathy with large masses to leave a more or less fruitful example; but there has been only one whose aspect and bearing excited enthusiasm aside from, or even contrary to the effect of what was done—The French Revolution's history, as my readers may have observed, by the way, needs, after a refuter of monumental lies, which I have tried to be, no other student so much as one with opportunity to verify what Carlyle calls "tomb-stone information." I take Marat's address from Carlyle—44, Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine; but there are authorities who make it 20 Rue des Cordeliers. I have not succeeded in tracing either statement to the original source.

the metropolis, the good natured Danton had tried accommodation with the Girondins. Vergniaud summed up the spirit in which they met him with a bit of Latin, "*Potius mori quam fœdari.*" A letter which Charlotte brought Duperret caused the seizure of his papers, and expulsion of seventy-three deputies.

The Jacobinized Convention proceeded at once to execute those plans which the Girondins had hindered. In a week it adopted a new Constitution started by Condorcet's draft of one, which had long been hanging fire. Every man of twenty-one was made a voter. Every sixty thousand people were to have a deputy. There was to be only one chamber. All decrees were to take effect immediately. But it never went into action. The Convention and the Committees continued to act as a provisional government. They arranged, however, for a grand proclamation of the organic law, on a memorable anniversary, August 10. The alarming military situation made this new Fete of Federation really important. The five foreign armies had invaded France. Custine lost Mayence July 23. He then took the place once held by Dumouriez, and lost Valenciennes on the 28th. The Prussians entered Alsace. The English declared all French ports blockaded. Eight thousand delegates from primary assemblies which had ratified the Constitution came up to Paris, a year after Louis' downfall. Danton addressed them on the needs of the hour, and proposed an oath, unanimously accepted, to conquer their enemies or die.

Two weeks later Barère, as secretary of the Committee on Public Safety, introduced decrees which embodied Danton's suggestions with details proposed by Carnot. The language, as Carlyle says, is "Tyrtæan" —Barère's best. *All the French* were declared in permanent requisition for the service of their country. Able bodied males between eighteen and twenty-five must be enrolled as soldiers. Older men were to forge arms and transport supplies, women to make tents and clothes or attend hospitals, children to pick lint. By this unparalleled measure, which altered the world's methods of making war, an immense, tho undisciplined army was immediately created. The returned delegates

executed the decrees. All horses available for the purpose, were taken to draw cannon or mount soldiers. All weapons, even shotguns and pikes, were put into requisition. The owners generally remarked that at all events, "France and the Revolution must be saved." Carnot formed the new levies into fourteen grand army corps. A maximum price was at length set, first on flour and meat; then on many other staples, and even on piece work. The rate was that of 1790, at the place of production, *plus* one-third; *plus* five per cent in wholesale stores; *plus* ten per cent in retail; *plus* cost of transportation, when any. The price of wheat everywhere was later fixed to fourteen livres ($2.80) per quintal (200 lbs.). The assignats were required to be received at par. The Exchange was closed. The business of dealing in margins and options was prohibited. It is said, but we may doubt, that the paper money actually was forced up to its face value until the fall of the Committees next year. Beyond question the penalties were so severe and the government so vigilant that evasion cannot have been easy. Those unfit for military duty were pressed to till the soil. No closing of shops or stores, or striking of work, was permitted. Seditious oratory, publications, dramas, ceased as by magic. The galleries of the legislative halls were closed for the first time. Mobs dared not assemble. She devils, once raucous, knitted in silence by the guillotine. This instrument was rapidly superseding jails—at first in great request as promoters of patriotism. The whole country was a military camp. Every great city was in a state of siege, with houses marked like soldiers' quarters, smithies incessantly making arms, lint-pickers at work on every door step, recruits assembling, volunteers drilling, spies open-eyed and eared watching every bargain and conversation, prisoners going to jail and from jail to death.

If the world contains a State Socialist or a worshiper of Force, as such, who contemplates without dismay this photograph of his idol unveiled, an Anarchist need make no bones of his opinion, and may enjoy the rare sensation of being on one side with "other people." The general levy is the most tyrannical of in-

ventions, and ever since has ridden Europe like a nightmare saddle. The system of requisitions is one forbidden by its nature to last—a monster drinking up the water at whose exhaustion he must perish. The inevitable effect of a maximum, if slackly enforced, is to fetter trade; if rigorously enforced, to stop production. The remedy of making unwilling men work, besides involving all the misery and demoralization of slavery, does not reach the disease. Slaves are poor; slaves can earn nothing but necessaries: when only necessaries are sold, only necessaries will be produced. The bourgeois *maximistes*, assembled in certain councils of industry called Trusts, are begining to find that out! It is only by reducing production, in other words by raising the value of goods, that such actions can have forced up the gold price of the common measure for home exchanges. To forbid redemption of notes by speculators was a method of proclaiming they would never be redeemed, as conducive to lowering them as if Pitt had hired it to be done. Suppression of agitation, indeed, showed a proper subordination of means to ends. If agitation had not meant death, the Committees' tyranny must have fallen before it induced a general reaction towards the old regime—as in good time it did.

The special admirers of Danton, and others responsible for these measures, say their acts, tho quite unjustifiable under ordinary circumstances, were required by the desperate situation. They were like those mutilations by which the operator may perhaps kill at once a patient who without them will certainly die in a few days. But the truth is these measures failed to cause a counter-revolution only because the French people generally preferred anything else to a counter-revolution. These measures owed all their success to this, that advocates of a different policy were less opposed to counter-revolution than the French people. These measures were so entirely what a French mob would have adopted that they brand their authors with lack of any quality more statesmanlike than the thoro-going zeal of a mob. Two of these individuals—Danton and Carnot—had, indeed, some insight into the seeds of time. The rest were merely

units in a mob which comprised the people. Not one possessed a quality, except zeal, which should make the mob accept his lead. We look in vain among their doings for a trait of that gift in expedients, that capacity for detail, which constitutes executive talent. Let them have the praise of doing badly what the Girondins were too irresolute to do at all. They did it as a tyrant like Attila might have solved a similar problem. To do it without robbing a peasant, closing a debating society, or ruining a trade, to do it as Bonaparte did a greater job of the same sort—that would have been State craft.

The legislation of the period is a queer medley. Some parts of it were dictated by the Committee. Some parts, mainly representing the State Socialistic trend are generally approved "now we are all Socialists." Some hardly find defenders even now. Of these, some were great, and therefore in my judgment, wise, extensions of personal liberty. Others illustrate the well meant folly of trying to alter Nature by a"be-it-enacted." All alike were condemned by the conservatism of that period.

Imprisonment for debt had been abolished already —on Danton's motion. Negro slavery was now abolished. The Constituent Assembly had done this May 15, 1791, and characteristically retracted, on Barnave's motion, September 3; after plunging Hayti into rebellion.* But Hayti, and all her sister isles might sink before the Jacobin Liberty, "watchful Tisiphone with bloody robes tucked up," would yield an inch to slave traders! The property rights of married women, which in England and America at that time could be created

* The mulattoes of Hayti were free by its own custom. The Constituent Assembly declared them citizens, "active" if qualified, which they had not been before. This caused the whites to rebel—under the Bourbon flag. The mulattoes then incited the negroes to avail themselves of their emancipation; the whites, too few to cope with this double revolt against their power, now they had lost the friendship of the home government, called in the aid of England, and armed such slaves as it seemed would stand by them. Preferring them generally at first to mulattoes, the negroes under their famous leader, Toussaint l'Overture, soon became the real masters of Hayti. The whites, massacred by insurgents of both parties on the

only by the awkward maneuvre of a marriage settlement, were uniformly guaranteed by law. Cambacérès moved this, Danton seconded. Technical education was established in three branches; mechanical, for all; special for professions; and scientific. The Normal School, the Conservatory of Arts, the Polytechnic School, the Museum of Natural History were devised. Two hundred million dollars' worth of land was appropriated to old soldiers. Wages were secured against cheats and cormorants. Old age pensions were granted to laborers. Outdoor relief was given to paupers. Divorce was made as easy as marriage. A cash bounty was offered for children, legitimate or illegitimate. The best thing to be said of this measure is that it could by no possibility last. The rulers of France during the Reign of Terror have been called "wicked men, but great." A far happier characterization would be "well-intentioned, but profoundly unversed in the relation of cause and effect." Yet an admirer of Napoleon should consider that his renowned Code is merely theirs', *minus* some parts which had proved, as the French say, "impossible," especially the penal. Its principal author was the old and able lawyer, Billaud Varennes The revision, and some original features, are due chiefly to Cambacérès.

Even for the penal code there are excuses. It absolutely dispensed with torture, judicial or penal; from which hideous blot the codes of England and America are not even now quite free, tho it was the boast of England that she never reduced torture to a system, like the continental nations. The worst characteristic of Revolutionary jurisprudence is, of course, its Draco-

plantations, fled when they could to the towns. Bourbonic as D'Artois, they would satisfy no faction, and at last gladly accepted permission from "the Black Napoleon" to evacuate. After the great revolt of August 23, 1791, they had tried making terms with the mulattoes; but the imbecile Assembly envenomed the latter again by disfranchising them. Negroes and mulattoes continued to disagree, till migrations divided the island between them, and gave rise to two republics. What is now the mulattoes' part (San Domingo), was ceded by Spain, nominally to France, really to whomever could get it, during 1795.

nian spirit. About English, at the same period, an English author, of romance, indeed, but he was a good historical scholar, says: "The forger was put to Death; the utterer of a bad note was put to Death; the unlawful opener of a letter was put to Death; the purloiner of forty shillings and six pence was put to Death; the holder of a horse at Tellson's door, who made off with it was put to Death; the coiner of a bad shilling was put to Death; the sounders of three-fourths of the notes in the whole gamut of crime were put to Death." These were mostly statute laws passed to please shop-keepers, by two legislative chambers, whose most boasted virtue was that they contained only gentlemen. Let us allow that shopkeepers are more sacred characters than other people, or that gentlemen should naturally be less refined by philosophy, art, and scholarship, than *sans culottes*. I fear then England will still find little reason to censure France. For while in France the Revolutionary Tribunal was executing savage laws designed mainly to crush notorious public enemies, England sent men to penal colonies for terms like seven years and fourteen years, because they praised the political works of Thomas Paine. Public reading rooms were declared illegal, unlicensed public meetings riots. A judge of assize told the executive that if it would find prisoners, he would find law. "Some reformers," says Macaulay, "whose opinions were extravagant and whose language was intemperate, but who had never dreamed of subverting the government by physical force, were indicted for high treason, and were saved from the gallows only by the righteous verdicts of juries." Suspected aliens were arbitrarily banished. All this under a minister, who, as the same writer tells us, never comprehended the formidable character of his foe. "He was all feebleness and languor in the conflict with the foreign enemy who was really to be dreaded, and reserved his energy and resolution for the domestic enemy who might safely have

been despised."* That will not be said of the French Revolutionary government.!

Nevertheless the popular opinion holds good that it was one of the worst which ever existed, as well as the strongest without qualification; and it was about the worst for the same reasons that it was the strongest. Every element of power which a government can possess contributes something to make it a nuisance. The unity of monarchy means narrowness of view, its prestige means insolence. The personal ability which gives birth to an aristocracy is of that kind—not a high one—which seeks employment either in robbery or intrigue. Democracy, or mobocracy, is passionate, short-sighted, subject to violent fluctuations of purpose. Bureaucracy, or oligarchy, is meddlesome, cruel, treacherous; and, itself incorruptible, can subsist only on public corruption. Hegemony is always oppressive to distant provinces. Dictatorship, like Satan, has much wrath because it has only a short time. The Great Committee was as monomaniacal as Marie Antoinette, as unscrupulous as the feudal nobility before Louis XI, as furious as the September butchers, as tyrannical as the Council of Ten. It treated Vendée and Lyons as badly as Sparta treated Platæa or England America. It raged and revelled in the blood of Paris like Marius in that of Rome. All which redeems it from being the very worst among governments, is due to this, that it was a brand-new government, authorized and expected to make a clean sweep of abuses which had become intolerable to the civilization of the present; while the special boast of every venerable institution is that it reposes on the ignorant precedents of the barbarous past!

* Macaulay on "William Pitt" (junior), In his essay on Barère he perpetrates the following piece of patriotic moonshine: "A political spy by profession is a creature from which our island is as free as it is from wolves." The present tense may give this a barely verbal truth. At the time when, he held, France might be blamed for having such creatures, on which all the weight of his parallel depends, it would have been utterly absurd. Dickens, writing to the same exact comparison, remarks, "Our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date."

XV

New armies, at first generally beaten, were pushed again and again upon the invader till they began to win. Carnot, tho hardly a great general, knew enough of his art to understand that concentration of overwhelming forces on decisive points, whenever it is practicable, must do that. It was not difficult, even with a host only almost equal to the invaders' aggregate, if holding a central position. But after the general levy, France had vast odds in total numbers. The recruits quickly acquired experience. The new government encouraged their enthusiasm instead of damping it, like the old. St. Just flew from place to place along the front, weeding out cowards, traitors, and public disgraces. In Belgium, at his suggestion, the troops enthusiastically consented to have a rear guard which would shoot all runaways. On one occasion he led the column, bearing the colors. Carnot, visiting a corps on the day of battle, and seeing them waver, snatched a musket, as Cæsar did a shield, and led them on to victory. A fellow named Schneider had been riding about Alsace, where he acted as commissioner, accompanied by a guillotine with which he cut off thirty-three heads; while his style of pomp proclaimed the Jack in office. St. Just arrested him, and sent him to Paris, where, after a few months, he was beheaded. It is among the most creditable traits of the Great Committee's work that such justice was usually meted out to proconsuls guilty of wanton excesses in a way with which the history of England and America furnishes many humiliating but no edifying contrasts. Less defensibly, the heads of several unsuccessful generals were cut off: but it is fair to add pretty much every one had some ugly story of intrigue behind his last treason or misfortune. That the army should be purged of officers like Dumouriez was absolutely necessary; and the evidence that they were numerous is very

strong. Custine was beheaded for losing Mayence and Valenciennes (?)—because he was not above reproach on account of his correspondence with the enemy. Biron (Lauzun) was beheaded, for failure in Vendée —and for having been Marie Antoinette's lover, and holding questionable interviews with German princes in French towns. Luckner was fatally involved in Lafayette's double dealings. Blanchelande, who lost Hayti, suffered for criminal blunders. Not the first fault, nor the second, nor perhaps the third, brings down this terrible Committee's vengeance; but the Committee keeps count, gives solemn warnings,* and has an unwritten law that many half-treasons make a whole one! It was, one might say, rather slow about trying the tyrants of its own appointment, like Schneider, Lebon of Arras, and Carrier of Nantes. Can those who blame its speed in despatching notorious traitors blame this too, seeing the end was that these fellows lost their heads?

The Girondist insurrections of Caen and Bordeaux had been very promptly crushed. In Belgium, Dampierre, who took Dumouriez' place, had been defeated and slain at Famas. The Austrian army had been reenforced by an English one, under the incapable duke of York. Affairs were shockingly mismanaged, especially the medical department. Men died like rotten sheep. Nevertheless, the allies took Condé. Soon after they separated. York wanted Dunkirk, the Austrians a slice off Flanders. How they jointly prevailed against Custine, has however been told. His successor, Houchard, won a partial victory at Hondschootte, and drove York from Dunkirk—September 8. He fought under positive orders of the Committee. Not quite satisfied, Carnot sent another general, Jourdan (not Coupe Tête), assisted him, as above described, in person, and defeated the Austrians at the important battle of Wattignies, October 11. He brought up for the purpose a division from the Rhine, where the Prussians

* "We take no account of difficulties; we look only to results," was the grim admonition of Lindet to Beaumarchais, who was using public money without getting what it had been appropriated for.

were lying idle. Houchard was afterwards guillotined for alleged cowardice. On the Moselle, Hoche and Pichegru held the foe in check. Kellermann, the hero of Valmy, stopped invasion from Italy. The Spaniards, tho they had some success at Perpignan, were defeated on October 1, and in January their own territory was invaded. It was in October St. Just made his reforms about Strasburg. Besides what has been stated, he gave Pichegru a combined command; shot one brigadier for cowardice; degraded another for idleness; raised such requisitions as ten thousand pair of shoes, and a thousand beds; made the officers stay in camp; thoroly renovated the commissariate and clothing department, taking $2,000,000 from the city for the purpose; and bade the men sleep in their uniforms, as they might have to fight any minute. A few days of this energy secured victory at Landau.

The general counter-revolutionary rising of the west had been planned by Comte Rouairie; but he was arrested in season; and leadership of the spontaneous insurrection devolved on peasants. Those of the Department called Vendée were joined by several nobles, Larochejaquelin, Lescure, Bonchamp from Anjou, at last, Charette, from Brittany, etc., also the Germans D'Elbée and Stofflet; but the peddler Cathelineau was their commander in chief. Holding in La Vendée a strong base protected by the sunken cross roads between the thorofares which connect Nantes with Rochelle and Tours with Bordeaux, they cleared it by the victories of St. Vincent, Aubiers, which united Vendée and Anjou, and Cholet. They pushed south to Chataignay and Fontenay, north to Thouars, Beaupreau, Vetiers, Doué, Montreuil, and Saumur, which Larochejaquelin took June 10, thus uniting Vendée proper wth Brittany, beyond the Loire. On the 29th Cathelineau and Charette entered Nantes, nearer the mouth of the river, but the former was killed, and his victory became a defeat. Against this most serious rebellion, Paris sent Biron and Westermann. The former ravaged Vendée; but on July 5 he was badly beaten at Chatillon. Both being removed, Rossignol, Santerre, and Rousin, good Jacobins, but indifferent com-

manders, tried their hands. They were defeated in five battles. But during October, Kleber won for France against Vendée the great second battle of Chalet, where D'Elbée and Bonchamps fell. After a vain attempt on Cherbourg, the southern warriors tried to recross the Loire at Angers. In December the combined Celtic armies were beaten by Marceau at Mans, a bloody battle where neither side gave quarter. Another, at Savenay, reduced the revolt to a guerrilla contest.

Lyons began to be bombarded by detachments from Kellermann's army, August 22. A shell blew up the powder magazine, and destroyed 117 houses. The second city of France, however, only yielded to famine on October 9. The Convention passed judgment which Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, Laporte (till August, 1792, a royalist) and Fouché, ex-oratorian professor, were sent to execute. The old local institutions were abolished. The public buildings and the houses of many individuals were destroyed. Couthon, carried in his paralytic's chair, supervised this work. With a hammer, he tapped doomed structures as a signal for his workmen, adding to each designation the formula "La loi te frappe." He would not allow the town to be pillaged. The regenerated place was rebaptized Commune Affranchie. A pillar was set up with the inscription "Lyons made war against liberty—Lyons is no more."* Fouché aired his abhorrence of the religion he had renounced. An ass was made to drink out of the chalice. The Jacobin mayor Chalier's bones were cremated on a pile of church furniture, for Pantheon burial.

The Revolutionary Tribunal established here found the guillotine too slow for its enormous task. The condemned were shot by platoons and artillery to the number of 280. A great many fled into exile. These first enormities, tho far inferior to those of the en-

* It may be observed that in the regulation histories this is made far too much of. We get a vague idea that Lyons was to have shared the fate of Carthage, but some one's slackness saved it. Nothing except rants by Barere & Co. supports such a view.

lightened Thiers in a more liberal age, excited profound indignation at Paris. Collot d'Herbois, hitherto popular alike as patriot, poet, and dramatic artist, received the chief blame, and found himself generally avoided.

Marseilles stood a siege, in which Napoleon is said to have distinguished himself. He first however receives mention in an extant report at the greater siege of Toulon. For so young a man he had a very high post, and stands first on the roll of honor. I see no reason to doubt the stories about his proposing to command the entrance of the harbor by artillery (which was the decisive move), or his simultaneous pleasing and getting rid of commissioners from Paris (whom other generals endured ungraciously) by the simple expedient of taking them at once to the most exposed place, where the English ships soon showed them more war than they wanted. Tho he and his eulogists gloss it over, his "Supper of Beaucaire" and sporadic observations, make it clear that he now professed Jacobinism. The patron to whom he chiefly looked for advancement was Augustin, brother of Maximilien Robespierre. At Arras, Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Toulon, the vengeance of the Committee's agents was almost as terrible as at Lyons. Jourdan Coupe Tête perished at Marseilles. Organizations, among which Ronsin's Revolutionary Army is best known, did the work. At Nantes, punishment was marked by more circumstance of horror than anywhere else. This place was the shambles of Vendée. Carrier, who was sent there to chastise the rebellion, soon got tired of trials. A "Company of Marat" was ready to do "justice" without any. Great numbers of Vendéeans were shot. Even this, however, was either too slow or too public a method to please the bloodthirsty fanatic. He devised one which had the double merit of being wholesale and secret. The prisoners were herded together in an immense warehouse. They were by no means all political offenders, or all guilty of any grave offense. Carrier's zeal for virtue to be propagated by methods like those of the ancient hero-prophets had, for example, swept into this

catch-all a great many prostitutes. From the warehouse, a boat containing ninety-four priests was one night taken to the middle of the Loire and scuttled. The *noyade* was repeated twenty-five times during winter. At first these massacres were glossed over in the same manner as those accidents to Mississippi steamers conveying rebel prisoners home, which occurred with such suspicious frequency at the end of our civil war. After a time, however, Carrier grew bolder. "Quel torrent revolutionaire!" he exclaims, with rapture echoed by Lebon at Arras. No one in Nantes dared to speak of his atrocities: so he could dissemble them in his reports to the Convention. He indulged himself in witnessing the spectacle. An elegantly furnished galley, in which his friend Lambertye watched the river banks, was used for this purpose. Sometimes the victims were tied together and thrown overboard; sometimes, it is said, but this seems very improbable, they were drowned in the hold. His euphemistic phrase "deportations" became the jest of his circle and gave rise to others. The sinking of boats was called "republican baptisms," the drowning of victims tied together "republican marriages." Royalist calumny improved on the latter by stating that men and women were sometimes stripped naked and kept tied together some time for the amusement of their tormentors before being drowned.* But in truth the hot-bed of idle luxury is necessary to these refinements. They are not in sans-culottid imagination.

*This lie is refuted by Berriat Saint Prix, "La Justice Revolutionaire," Vol. I., pp. 80-81. Alison, Carlyle, Abbott, and others, relate it as if they had been present. Even Watson reproduces it, with a saving clause, as rumor. Macaulay ("Barere"), is another graphic eye-witness. "All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. . . . Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had served to degrade France below the level of New Zealand." He neglects the opportunity for a parallel with the state of Ireland under Pitt's "benevolent assimilation" four years later.

Send Carrier to Cawnpore, and the gratitude of a Christian nation will commemorate by statuery his salutary severity in punishing a rebellion not more savage and murderous than that of Vendée. Send Neill to Nantes, and Jacobin patriotism will reward his services only with a grave in the Gehenna of quick lime.** However, I owe Carrier an apology for the comparison.

The cruelty of the military butchers found a few defenders. Chief among them was Barère, the rattling weathercock of the revolutionary hurricane. But it must be admitted that here, as elsewhere, he was only an exaggerator of other men's models. Camille Desmoulins, perhaps the most amiable of his associates, had called himself the attorney general of the Lamp. Apropos to the lynching of Berthier and Foulon, he quoted, with taste as execrable as the sentiment when thus misapplie, "Qui male agit, odit lucem." This sort of eloquence was the essence of Barère's famous style, now constantly exhibited in his "carmagnoles" (reports and speeches). He was called the "Witling of Terror," and the "Anacreon of the Guillotine." When Lebon was accused before the Convention for prolonging the sufferings of prisoners condemned to death,* Barère excused him in the following

** Macaulay, of whom his old opponent Gladstone says he wrote much which was not true, but nothing which he did not believe to be true, gives a gravely false complexion to these horrors and their punishment by misrepresenting dates. "Soon after the 9th of Thermidor two of the vilest of mankind, Fouquier Tinville, . . . and Lebon, . . . were placed under arrest. A third miscreant soon shared their fate, Carrier." Carrier was arrested long before the 9th of Thermidor. The proceedings of the Committees against him, as against others of their creatures, were, I must say commendably, slower than their proceedings against their enemies. But the weakening of the Revolutionary Tribunal, in Thermidor, merely delayed the guillotine. Tinville was not arrested "soon" after Robespierre's fall, but very late in the reaction.

* "One of the small irregularities thus gently censured" (by Barere) "was this. Lebon kept a wretched man a quarter of an hour under the knife of the guillotine in order to torment him, by reading to him, before he was despatched, a letter, the contents of which were supposed to be such as would aggravate even the bitterness of death" (Macaulay). The letter

ornate period: "What may not be permitted the hatred of a republican against aristocracy? How many generous sentiments may atone for what may perhaps seem harsh in the prosecution of public enemies? Revolutionary measures are always to be spoken of with respect. Liberty is a virgin whose veil it is not lawful to lift."**

There was, however, another sort of abuse which the revolutionary government regarded more leniently. Fouché, at Lyons; Barras, at Toulon; Tallien, at Bordeaux; proved that, as Danton said of himself, they loved money better than blood. They sold their protection. The incorruptible Committee showed that it was not exactly cruel by winking at this as it would not at the crimes of a Schneider or a Carrier. Robespierre was an exception. The same tendency to embody everything—a trait of our universal intellectual feebleness—which gives rise to hero worship, also causes some individual, taken, as Macaulay says, by lot, to be made the personification of every evil movement. He correctly remarks that Robespierre is one of the victims, popularly selected as the Fiend of Terror. The truth is Robespierre disliked both the men of blood and the men of greed—the fanatics who make systems like the Terror, and the scoundrels whom such systems make. As between them, he had simply a languid preference for the former. And he was right; for the corrupt element in Jacobinism was destined to be his own death and the death of his ideals.

was a telegram, announcing a French victory; and if Lebon took a quarter of an hour to read it, he would never have done for a typo. This Lebon, whose death Macaulay puts before Carrier's, actually outlived even Tinville.

** Compare Rouget de Lille and Lebon—

"Liberte, Liberte cherie,
Combats avec tes defenseurs.
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accours a tes males accents;
Que tes enemis expirants
Voyent to triomphe et notre gloire."

The obvious difference is quite like that between Desmoulins and Barere.

The vengeance of the Committee fell with crushing weight upon the Girondins. Barbaroux shot himself. The remains of Pétion and Buzot were found, partially devoured by wolves, near Bordeaux. Gardet was beheaded in the same city. Madame Roland was guillotined, November 9.* Her husband, who had so far escaped capture, fell on his sword. Rebecqui committed suicide, by drowning, at Marseilles. Paine, who had voted to spare the king, and now avoided the sessions of the Convention in disgust, was imprisoned till the end of the Terror. Of all contemporary revolutionists he has done most to popularize advanced views. His "Crisis" and "Common Sense" are more read than any polemical literature of the American revolution. Among all the many replies to Burke only two enjoy a continued reputation; and Paine's "Rights of Man" retains twenty times the vogue of Mackintosh's "Vindiciæ Gallicæ." All the political writings of this eloquent humanitarian have a common character. Drawn by their high moral standard above the atmosphere of compromise, they represent the spirit without the philosophy of Anarchism. His forced repose was fruitful, for it added to them the "Age of Reason," which with almost Voltaire's power of influencing the multitude, combined much more than Voltaire's earnestness. Nothing like it had, or has since, appeared in our language.

> "I honor the man who is willing to sink
> Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
> And, having done that, be his cause strong or week,
> Will sink t' other half for the freedom to speak."

This was always Paine's temper. But he does not seem to have expected, while writing the first part of his book, in prison, that atheists would ignore or praise it, while orthodoxy was more exacerbated than by the combined works of Toland, Tindal, Chubb, and

* The usual number of fables are told about her last moments. She did not propose to write down her thoughts, nor die first to encourage the timid Lamarche. On the contrary, she made him go before her, saying, "You would not dare to see me die."

Collins. He tells us that he regarded the superstitions which he censured as already practically dead; and that his real game was the new gospel of such prophets as Hébert.

A still higher interest belongs to the persecution of Condorcet. Sheltered for nine months by the generosity of a woman, he eagerly penned his "Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind," a real manual of philosophic Anarchism; and then fairly ran away from his benefactress that he might not compromise her. He was found dead in prison on the morning after his arrest (March 27, 1794, according to some authorities —others make it April or even May). He died some have said by poison—the official report of his death attributes it to apoplexy.

The chief tragedy of the Girondins occurred in October (1793). As early as July 28 Barère, in name of the Committee, brought forth a decree that nine Girondist deputies should be prosecuted, and sixteen, whose rebellion required no proof, should be outlawed. St. Just ably supported the motion, and it prevailed. On October 24 (Brumaire 3), twenty-two were, however, brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. One of them was Brissot. He and Gensonné defended themselves very ably. Vergniaud, who always required time to prepare an oration, did not speak as well as usual. But a considerable impression was made; and it began to seem likely that some of the accused would be acquitted. The committee took alarm. Acquittal might lead to restoration and that to renewal of the old conflict, embittered now by actual blood. This was at the very time when victory had everywhere begun to crown the patriotic exertions of the Committee. A statesman with the head and heart of Thrasybulus would have held such an occasion peculiarly auspicious for a general act of amnesty and oblivion. The Great Committtee were of a different mind. They deemed it necessary to annihilate their enemies. On the 29th, Robespierre introduced a "bill of attainder," the fruitful parent of similar atrocities. Barère seconded it. The Tribunal was next day authorized, that is ordered by its creators, the Committee

of Public Security and the Convention, to condemn all the prisoners without further hearing, which accordingly it did. One of the Girondins, Valazé, immediately stabbed himself on learning his doom. The often quoted and misquoted account of the fallen chiefs' last night alive is largely fabulous.* But their closing scene was full of tragic grandeur. They rode in the rude cart of the period, singing the Marseillese Hymn, October 31. Among them lay the corpse of Valazé, which was to be mangled by the national chopper, according to that sentence he had attempted evading. Sillery (husband of De Genlis), who first mounted the scaffold, continued to sing until the axe fell. His companions kept up the strain, tho it grew fainter, for one and thirty minutes, when the last voice was hushed. It had been the eloquent voice of Vergniaud. So noble an end naturally raised them to an eminence they would hardly have attained without. If fine speeches be more admirable than deeds, they were the great men of their day. If we would regard them as martyrs, they were martyrs rather to property than anything else, and bourgeois historians, accordingly, have shown them special favor. Their indictment was founded on Danton's and Desmoulins' last pamphlet against them, which, tho good enough for its original purpose, was wretched stuff to bring into a court of justice. Desmoulins, the hero of July 12, had absolutely insinuated that Pitt got up the Revolution! The vehement but sensitive authors experienced great remorse. They set themselves henceforth against the Terror.

The power of the Committee was not yet, however, at its height in Paris, a city far indeed from objecting to extreme doctrines of local autonomy when she, instead of Lyons or Vendée, was to gain by their application. The Communards of 1793 had great weight with the Convention, because Paris had both

* They were not sentenced till midnight. The Abbe Lambert, made sponsor for the story, died the year of its publication. An actual fellow prisoner denies his most important alleged statements. (See "Memoirs" of Riourffe, 1823, pp. 48-53). The legend is Theophilanthropic.

saved and chastised that body; but they were not mighty in the Committee. Their strongholds were, of course, the Municipal Council, the sections, but above all the Cordeliers' Club. Their most active leaders were Clootz, Chaumette, Momoro, and Hébert. All represent a peculiar system—the extreme doctrine of nibilistic utilitarianism. Very few historians have had a good word to say for them. It is fair therefore I should tell that their influence shows in the best acts of the Convention, which, as stated, made a strange hash of legislation. The progressive income tax; the poor laws, too generous to be practical, but certainly well meant; the encouragement of education and science; all this was quite in their way. All orphans were adopted by the State. This applied very particularly to those of condemned traitors, a class whom most governments leave destitute, and some even forbid the charitable to assist. When the ill usage of Louis' family is mentioned, let us not forget that the Commune did as much for the children of a poor criminal as Athens, in her best days, for those of a public benefactor.

Chaumette procured the abolition of corporal punishment in schools; he suppressed lotteries and gaming houses, and opened libraries. He obtained the establishment of lying-in wards, that enlargement of hospitals which health and decency required, books for the amusement of patients. It was he whose persistent visits to the Convention procured the Constitution of 1793. Reformation in alms houses and in penal institutions was also among his good works. The liberty of divorce was always in the program of this sect. The impetus given to knowledge came from them.

The Committee, not itself a talented body, was little able to encourage talent, but talent was brilliantly encouraged. That new scientific France we know and reverence sprang entire from the dinned and dazzled brain of the Terror—a Minerva from the Thunderer's head. Those institutions of learning already mentioned, were conceived in the very spirit of free Paris. So were schools of music and arts. The nation's needs called forth her ingenuity. The art of de-

carbonizing steel from iron, so signally improved since, was now invented. Saltpetre, for gunpowder, was obtained from common earth. The ports being blockaded, sugar began to be made from beets, and coffee from chicory. The gas balloon became useful in war. The mechanical telegraph, or semaphore,* recently invented by Edgeworth (father of the novelist Maria) was introduced. It sent messages to Lille and back in thirty minutes. Weights and measures were officially reduced to decimals during 1795. The centigrade thermometer (designed by Celsius in 1745) superseded Reaumur's complex scale.

Tho, as must be seen, these reforms were not all completed under the reign of Hébertist Paris, her sympathy with later ones is shown by the famous reformation of the calendar. She took the lead. The Convention adopted her innovations October 5. The chief authors were D'Eglantine and the great mathematician Lagrange. The new era was September 22, 1792, the first full day of the republic, fortunately that following the autumnal equinox in a leap year. The Gregorian arrangement accordingly required no change. Twelve months, of thirty days each, were distributed among four seasons, under names derived from different languages thus: Autumn—French names —*Vendemaire* (vintage), September 22 to October 21, inclusive; *Brumaire* (foggy), ending November 20; *Frimaire* (sleety), ending December 20; Winter—French names *Nivose* (snowy), ending January 19; *Pluviose* (rainy), ending February 18; *Ventose* (windy), ending March 20. Spring—Latin names — *Germinal* (seed month), ending April 19; *Floreal* (flowery month), ending May 19; *Prairial* (grassy month), ending June 18. Summer—Greek names or at least terminations, *Messidor* (harvest giving month), ending July 18; *Thermidor* (hot month) ending August 17; *Fructidor* (fruit giving month), ending September 16.

* The meaning of this word is sometimes limited to a particular form, of later origin. There may perhaps be a question of priority between Edgeworth and the Frenchman Chappe, who brought out his telegraph during 1792.

At the end of Fructidor came the five (or six) superfluous days, which were made legal holidays, and therefore absurdly called Sansculottids. Every tenth day was also a holiday. Evidently, the convenience of Almanac making had not been consulted when the world was created—which, in the opinion of Hébert & Co., might perhaps justify King Alfonso's dictum that he could have done it better! This universal scheme,—as local as Mahomet's—continued in use till 11th of Nivose, An 13, vulgarly called December 31, 1805: that is, Old Style, or "Slave Style" was resumed January 1, 1806.

Two other noble projects received official recognition, while revolutionary Paris was France. The deaf and dumb school of Abbé Sicard, already mentioned, was endowed in 1791. The humane and philosophic method of Pinel was introduced into that hell of lunatics, the Bicêtre, by authority of the Convention, against the prejudices of the ignorant and brutal keepers, during the Reign of Terror. Couthon, tho he almost despaired of its success, took especial interest in the trial.

Among the four men unanimously selected as representatives of this period, nothing worse can be said of Momoro than that he was dull; Clootz may have been cracked,* but meant well; Chaumette, we can see, was good after the atheistic fashion—he "loved his fellow men," and "believed in making the most of the only world we know." Hébert was a very great blackguard; but—it is a mistake to suppose the sense of decency measures other virtues. Many as well bred people as Louis XIV have been models of callousness; many a Nell Gwynn has shown all the tenderness of Magdalene. Hébert was in fact a soft-hearted lump of dirt. He talked blood; but he shed mostly tears, to which he was much addicted. His first accorded blubbering, so far as I know, was when he saw Louis XVI receive notice that he must die. Hébert excused his

* He wrote an ironical "Proof of the Divine Origin of Mahometism," and described himself as "the personal enemy of Jesus Christ."

emotion by saying he wept for rage! Next day, when Capet's death was announced at the Commune, the editor of *Père Duchèsne* was observed to be lachrymose again. "The tyrant always patted my dog," was his explanation of the phenomenon this time. At La Force, we have seen, he protected the queen's ladies. He particularly, tho vainly, exerted himself to save Lamballe. That idolatrous biographer of Marie Antionette, La Rocheterie, asserts that Hébert was involved in the plots to effect her escape from the Conciergerie; and that he then abused her with extra violence only because he knew himself to be suspected.

Macaulay's statement that Hébert was "perhaps the best representative" of a "gang so low-minded and so inhuman that compared with them Robespierre might be called magnanimous and merciful" may be put beside these unvarnished facts. The regulation method of dealing with a French Revolutionist is just that which Gary lived to obtain an infamous notoriety by introducing into judicial practise. It consists in calling the great popular movement by some abusive term equivalent to "conspiracy," and then holding each actor personally responsible for the acts of all. That zy parity of reasoning St. Francis d'Assisi committed the murder of Coligny, and Horace Greeley the assassination of Garfield, surely proves the method to be as false history as it is false law.

Until October, 1793, however, Chaumette and Hébert were employed, not much to their credit, by the Commune, as public prosecutors, dividing responsibility with the national attorney Tinville. In this character they appeared against the Girondins, and, a few days before, against Marie Antoinette. The Commune saw no reason why Louis' family should still be kept in royal luxury by a hungry people. Tho opposed at this point by Robespierre,* it was able to carry the Committee. On August 1, Mouthpiece Barère proposed, accordingly, that the provision for the prisoners should be reduced to the usual standard, and that the Austrian woman should be removed to the Conciergerie

* Napoleon (in O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," II. 170.

for speedy trial. This accordingly was done, but the Commune's hard way of looking at such things had not yet left much to do. About the beginning of July a woman named Tisson, who acted as servant, and spy at the Temple, became insane; since which time the princesses were left to do their own work—with difficulty, as they had to learn how. The dauphin was taken from his mother and given to the care of a cobbler named Simon. She was able to see him occasionally, but observed with fresh distress that he wore the red cap, and was being made a *sans culotte*. At the Conciergerie she was very strictly guarded, since her escape was well known to be plotted. Her treatment, so far as routine could regulate it, was in all respects that of the commonest felon; but the jailor and his wife were kind people, who made friends with all the prisoners, and they acted accordingly to her.

She was indicted on October 13. Varennes had urged immediate prosecution on the 3d, but the State's Attorney, Tinville, raised difficulties. In her faded black gown; with a white *fichu* crossed on her breast, her snowy hair parted in front and slightly powdered, beneath her widow's cap; she still presented a graceful and dignified appearance. The hall was crowded with exulting women, on some of whom she made a softening impression. Honorable lawyers acted as her counsel, and prolonged the ordeal for more than seventy hours. The long indictment was narrowed to the main charge of conspiracy. There can, however, be no doubt that she was morally and legally guilty of treason; and the Constitution, which, according to common law, made the king irresponsible, had purposely omitted to include the queen consort, who is not exempt at common law. Unlike Louis, his widow attempted no defense except by cross-examining a few witnesses. Hébert committed the characteristic atrocity of charging her with having corrupted her son in order to govern thru another imbecile king. This monstrous statement—obtained, it is said, by addressing leading questions to the dauphin, and making him drunk—she would not answer at all. Her doom was pronounced at 4 a. m.—to be executed at eleven.

She wrote a long and feeling letter to her sister-in-law, which was never delivered, but, preserved in a public office, reached her daughter after many years. For some time it was read in churches, which was a pity; for the good parts are merely personal. She spoke kindly of her son, the pain he had ignorantly caused her,* and the grief it would be to him. She refused to receive a constitutional priest, used no expressions of repentance, and denied indiscriminately all the charges against her.

The discordant feelings excited by so unusual an event were manifested on all sides. When the gendarmes came with the death-warrant, they took off their hats, which was not usual. She resisted having her hands bound; and the brutal executioner performed his office cruelly. She was also surprised and mortified at having to ride in the common tumbril. The windows she passed were mostly closed. The streets were full of people. Some uttered insulting cries; but the majority uncovered their heads in respectful silence. The morning was foggy; but the sun came out before the closing scene. Some witnesses say the victim was fainting, and had to be carried from the cart, half dead; others that she looked with curiosity at the many new sights, mounted the steps firmly, apologizing for treading on the executioner's foot, and prayed a few minutes in silence.**

Tho royalists can scarcely question the substantial justice of her sentence, all radicals will now probably agree that its execution at such a time, was most unnecessary and impolitic. Her character has been much talked of but little discussed. Her biography, like that of Mary Queen of Scots, has been written almost

* Her letter to Madam de Tourzel, July 24, 1789, gives an interesting account of this poor child's character, and sheds some light upon her own. "He is most trustworthy when he has promised anything," she says, "but he is very indiscreet, he repeats readily anything he has heard; and often, without meaning to lie, he adds what his imagination has made him see. This is his greatest fault."

** Cf. accounts in "Deux Amis," and appendix to "Memoirs of Mallet Du Pan."

altogether by worshipers, who will believe no ill of her, whatever the evidence, and see no good in her enemies, whatever provoked them to be such. At the time, the opinion that she was "a Messalina" was by no means confined to one country or one party. It may be unjust; but her fidelity to the cause of her husband as to that of monarchy, does not at all disprove it. In fact, her chastity is the least interesting point. Historians, as distinguished from biographers, usually make her out a merely frivolous woman; but I apprehend that view is untenable. She was, of course, young and green at one time, but, even then, her own letters show that she had wit, judgment, will, confirmed habits, practical convictions. She failed only because her problem of rule without a party, was impossible. Her mother's correspondence also proves that, as people suspected, she was trained to be an Austrian spy in high position. Since this, she had been more than twenty years among the very worst and sharpest of bad men and bad women. She had suffered by their arts. If she had not also learned she would have been a fool; and she was not a fool. Few of her sex have surpassed her in courage, none in positive uncompromising self will. She despised the ritual of etiquette, which limited her own freedom; but royalty was that invisible omnipresence, without mystical enjoyment of which she had no life. She was kind, generous, affectionate, playful, affable, courteous, capable of self-control; as far as possible from a devotee of pomp or vulgar luxury. But the ruling passion, which circumstances brought out in strong relief, was that absolute power which not death itself could teach her to be as unattainable as the absolute always is.

XVI

On the evening of Marie Antoinette's death, Robespierre dined with Barère and some Jacobins, rather to the surprise of St. Just, who remarked that he had never known Robespierre to forgive before. In that account of the conversation which is given by a guest and is too characteristic to be spurious, it seems the new made friends were far from seeing things under the same light. They talked about the queen's fate. Barère said the guillotine had cut a diplomatic knot which could not easily have been untied. Robespierre spoke of Hébert's slanders on the unfortunate Widow Capet, and flew into a perfect paroxysm, inimitably mingling honest indignation with Tacitean twaddle. "The damned fool!" he exclaimed, "was it not enough to make her out Messalina without saying Agrippina too?" and at these words he struck the table so forcibly as to break a plate. See Vilate—"full of lies, with particles of truth undiscoverable otherwise" (Carlyle).

The meaning of all this, appears to be that Robespierre wanted to get rid of Hébert and was using Barère for the purpose. On March 11, Fouquier Tinville had been originally nominated *procureur* to the guillotine. It is universally admitted that Barère recommended him, as national attorney, to the Revolutionary Tribunal; and that he gradually quite displaced the communal agents Chaumette and Hébert, who had none of his qualifications. Chaumette was too good natured a man to shine as prosecutor before that bloody court. Hébert was essentially nothing else than "a fool—a jester." Indeed, he knew that himself. He told Robespierre, who at one time tried to coalesce with him, that he was fit only for "the Aris-

tophanes" of the rabble. But Fouquier Tinville is probably the most execrated character in revolutionary history. The vulgar notion of him I take to be that he was a mercenary assassin under forms of law. If, however, he had been that, he would have taken care to exact pay for his services. The truth is he carried self-abnegation too far for a man of family, which he was. When he went to the guillotine, the furniture of his squalid tenement sold for less than a hundred dollars; and his wife is said to have starved. He was an honest tho sanguinary bigot. If what is stated be insufficient (because murderers of a low grade come cheap) he often demurred to acting as the Committee wished. He would not, on such occasions, proceed, even against enemies whom he considered public, beyond bare professional "duty." Thus, in the case of Marie Antoinette, he insisted on having legal evidence to go by. Yet he was the Committee's man, attached to its peculiar interest. It was *con amore*, that he pleaded against Danton and Hébert, when they had become the Committee's enemies. But when the Committee itself divided, and the weaker faction went to the guillotine, Tinville was unwilling to prosecute, and probably might have refused altogether had not the Convention, by declaring them outlaws, reduced his business to a mere motion that they be identified Without being at all a great lawyer or speaker, the "rat-eyed" attorney became known as a very formidable prosecutor—because he always believed he ought to have a judgment.

If Barère served Robespierre in this business, he had his reward. Robespierre's influence in the Jacobin Club is known to have preserved Barère from attacks for his previous royalism and Girondism. Like all Barère's defenders, Robespierre acknowledged this good citizen to be somewhat fickle; but spoke highly of his industry and capacity.

Events came thick. The Committee and the Commune, both living fast, approached a crisis. About the beginning of November, a constitutional priest made a sensation by refusing to receive any longer a salary for preaching what he did not believe. His honest ex-

ample was immediately followed by hundreds. Gobel, bishop of Paris, who, it is said, gave in but unwillingly, came, at any rate, with a great following, all in red caps, to propose abolition of the religious establishment. The Convention was naturally glad to be rid of two dead Churches—the older Gallican system had perished in 1791, the new, constitutional, was born dead; for all France scarcely contained a family which either heresy or orthodoxy did not forbid to receive its sacraments. Accordingly, a decree was passed at once that the Nation recognizes no cult but that of liberty and reason. Nobody objected, because this was not at all a proclamation of atheism—only of secularism like what is embodied in the American Constitution; and, as such, it was very suitable to the time.

The Hébertists, exercising so much influence at Paris, interpreted it, however, in their own way. The property of the deserted churches—a great majority, including almost all of the best,—was nationalized. What could be used for secular purposes, was. Bells were melted into cannon. Vestments were cut up for soldier's clothing. Candlesticks and shrines were reduced to bullion. Sacred objects of no profane value were made a public jest. The holy oil which a dove brought St. Remi from heaven* to anoint the successors of Clovis, was spilled—the miraculous ampula which held it, broken. A very sacred image of the Virgin was shown in a museum as an obsolete idol. The shirt of St. Louis was burned. A multitude (Ronsin & Company, see below) came, dressed in copes and surplices, dancing the Carmagnole to the bar of the Convention. A ballet girl was introduced to the august Assembly by Chaumette as the Goddess Reason, November 10. Where the winding Seine returns towards Paris, the ancient sepulchres of the kings at St. Denis were rifled by a ghoulish mob.* At Notre Dame,

* Ruhl, a member of the Committee of General Security, did this. He was an ex-Protestant clergyman, from Strasburg.

* The story in Montgaillard that a tannery of human skins was established at Meudon, is traceable to no good authority. Men's skins, say the mythologists, were found to make a good leather; but women's were too thin. A new edition of Rous-

St. Eustache, and some other churches, great fetes were held in honor of the new born religion. The Goddess of Reason *pro tem.* always wore the cap of liberty, a blue mantle, and a veil.** Her choir consisted of nymphs attired in tricolor, or else, like Diana's, in white robes. The wife of Citizen Momoro was pronounced the best personator of the celestial queen; tho her teeth are said to have been defective. The people were disgusted; for most of them, even in Paris, were Catholics. Robespierre, Danton, and St. Just showed their abhorrence of the scene at the Convention. Barère participated in the sacrilege at St. Denis. But it seems he was always a Christian; so he turned away from rites professedly atheistic. Billaud Varennes, an ex-religious," like Fouchée smiled, however, on the Hébertists; who felt quite secure with such a friend in the Committee. Several cemeteries were now ornamented with a recumbent figure, under which were inscribed the words "Death is an eternal sleep." Some rural places joined in repudiation of public worship. ("*Analyse du Moniteur.*")

Meanwhile the Committees were constantly improving in use of popular passions for no purpose more public than self-perpetuation. To secure harmony, the Great Committee nominated all. Since Louis was dethroned, a new crime had been gradually attracting whatever odium political virtue could at that period inflict. It went by the singular name of Moderation, and deserves particular attention because it is so common now. A Moderate was understood to mean a pseudo-philanthropist, who had deluded himself into

seau's works is stated (falsely) to have been bound in this Benthamian material.

** The fabulists nowadays describe the goddess as "a naked harlot." The naked part of it (which has got into spurious versions of Alison) is a very recently invented fib. The original Alison, Carlyle, Lamartine, Taine, the painter Mueller, and I, all follow a single contemporary witness, Mercier, who himself was in prison at the time, as concerns this great subject of clothes. The first attempt to read anything indecent into his account of them is in Lamartine's insinuations. How much truth is in Mercier's story anyway? From the Moniteur, November 7, 10, 26, we learn there is a little.

thinking that he pitied the sufferings of criminals, as sufferings, more than those of their victims. Of course he was not quite sincere. His compassion for the criminals was founded on a sneaking sympathy with the crimes. To this spirit the evils of the time were attributed, not without much justice. Moderation gave Louis that fatal veto which made a second revolution necessary. Moderation prosecuted patriots till a third revolution became the only hope of France. Moderation appealed from the people to the Convention, from the Convention to the guillotine, from the guillotine to the sword, and from the sword to the stiletto. Moderation raised a fourth revolution at the very moment when no Frenchman should have known an enemy who was not foreign. Moderation betrayed Toulon to the English. Moderation made Lyons ready to receive the Sardinian banditti, and Caen the Vendéean cutthroats. A Moderate was worse than an emigrant. The latter was only an enemy; the former was a spy. We cannot be much surprised that every magistrate was above all things solicitous to purge himself from any suspicion of Moderation. It must be admitted that all did well.

In Paris and other large cities, the guillotine now had daily work. The prisons were filled by the noted Law (September 17, 1793) or rather the laws, of Suspects; for the reader must perceive there were many such statutes; and that those passed in Girondin times left little room for improvement, tho, as usual, the responsibility has been laid on Jacobin shoulders. It has been asserted that there were two hundred thousand prisoners;—there were once five thousand in Paris—aristocrats; *ci-devants*, i. e. aristocrats who speciously professed republicanism; Vendéeans; Girondins; returned emigrants; non-jurors; Moderates; and felons. The terrible police were so sharp in pursuit of the latter that life and property are stated to have been remarkably safe from common assailants. The jails, of course, were too small. Great private houses, the college of Duplesis, and the palace of the Luxembourg, were used to supply the deficiency. The unfortunates were crowded and ill-treated, often

robbed, allowed in all cases only prison fare, except what they bought at scandalous prices. As there was to be no more Moderation, all *uncivic* conduct was now capitally punished. The list of uncivic actions was lengthy. Condemning the maximum, or any measure designed to up keep the assignats at par, *taking no side* (one of the crimes in Solon's code), spreading bad war news unnecessarily, associating with priests, mourning for traitors, were uncivic. It was uncivic to censure the Terror in general. About half the National Debt had been repudiated. Disapproving this was uncivic. The whole train of petty revenue frauds were highly uncivic. Many new penal laws were also retrospective, Lafayette's partizans especially being proscribed. The Revolutionary Committees, established generally in the dreadful days of the Girondist rebellion, received, as above stated, denunciations of individuals.

These odious laws, called forth by panic, engendered a new swarm of Oateses, Dangerfields, Bedloes, and petty imitators, who in turn lived by keeping panic up. The prisons, particularly, swarmed with the hateful detectives (*moutons*). These gentry contributed to the good work of emptying them as fast as the laws of suspects could fill. Direct responsibility for this last atrocity rests on the Committee of General Security. Barère was its man of all work; but its bloody fanatics, its Billaud and St. Just—were Ruhl (the ampula breaker), Amar, and Vadier. It revised Fouquier Tinville's docket, thus deciding who should go to trial first. Chaumette's and Hébert's cases may have been squelched by this Spenlow-Jorkins process. That favorite method of expediting jail delivery, the discovery of an insurrectionary plot among the prisoners, is said to have originated with Vadier—a radical of States General times who was now over sixty years old. It became the chief source of employment to the *moutons*—a class whose cant name might be due their plentiful lack of originality. Now was made manifest how much more effectually malice can operate thru a court than thru a mob. The cruelties of the government soon came to be execrated, and its discov-

eries of plots to be laughed at. "I am suspect, thou art suspect, he is suspect!" But it had entrenched itself strongly in the hopes and fears of multitudes. It paid every pauper forty cents a day to attend primaries; and it kept General Ronsin with a perambulatory corps of 6,000—some writers say 18,000—soldiers on purpose to crush the first symptoms of a seditious Riot. There was no sign of such a phenomenon between June 2, 1793, and July 27, 1794 (the 9th of Thermidor). These fourteen months, during which the mob lay bound and gagged at the feet of the Committees, were evidently no period of Anarchy. They were the bloodiest and most shameful in the history of the Revolution, if not in the world.

Philippe Egalité was arrested on April 6, 1793. He did not expect conviction, for the government's character was yet imperfectly known. Persecuted by the Girondins, he had sent his daughter away with Genlis—his son fled with Dumouriez. This caused the arrest. He expressed natural indignation at his doom, but died with all the airy grace of his illustrious line, November. Royalists execrated him as a renegade, coward, and parricide. Some republicans point to his remarkable consistency in liberalism as proof that, with numerous vices, he had an honest heart. I incline to think he was essentially an easy versatile man of pleasure, "not without ambition," but with little of "the illness should attend it." His vote for Louis' death was his worst act; but surely it is a great deal to expect that he would have risked his own life for such an uncomfortable cousin. Adam Lux, deputy for Mayence, was guillotined for praising Charlotte Corday. Bailly suffered for the massacre of the Champ de Mars on November 11, a day since made forever illustrious in liberty's annals by five of her noblest martyrs. (Or was it the 10th? Confound those original authorities!) The populace hated him for his fatal act. They took him from the tumbril, and subjected him to several hours' exposure and persecution, which the aged *savant* bore with the contemptuous fortitude of an Indian. Robespierre, always averse to cruelty, tho he proved more averse to insignificance, passed

the day in mourning over these atrocities. "They will serve us so, yet," were his prophetic words. Madame du Barry, still fair, but fat and forty-seven, went to the guillotine, December 7. She had been to England where she sold her jewels, and had returned to engage in real plots. Her courage, however, departed at the presence of actual death. She implored the good people to save her. Turned over beneath the axe, she cried with her last breath "Encore un moment, M. le Bourreau!" Chapelier and Thouret, ex-presidents of the Constituent Assembly, were guillotined. Malesherbes perished at seventy-one, for having been engaged in the defense of the Tuileries—not for being Louis' attorney, as anti-revolutionary writers often say. His sister, daughter, son-in-law, grandson, and granddaughter suffered as royalists. Olympe de Gouges was guillotined for speaking well of Louis XVI. The ignorant and hasty officials made mistakes, often tragic and always ridiculous. The Duchess Biron was tried on her agent's indictment. Paine is said to have escaped trial thru the blunder of the turnkey, who marked the inside of his open door instead of the outside. D'Estaing, D'Espréménil, his notable wife, Manuel, Rabaut, Sombreuil, were gullotined. Rabaut had long hidden in a wall of a friend's house, like an indiscreet nun.

In prison the old noblesse maintained their stately courtesy and elegant dissipation. Card playing, forfeits, and rehearsals for the guillotine, were gaily shared by those going on their last journey. The latter entertainment ended by sending Fouquier Tinville to hell! Without some such diversions, the strain would have been beyond endurance. Even outside, there was a frightful increase of insanity and suicide. Superstition kept pace with scepticism. While thousands of Jean Baptistes, Francois Xaviers, Peters, and Andrews, were becoming Timoleons, Scævolas, and Brutuses, an old woman announced herself as the Mother of God, and asserted Robespierre to be her son, the Messiah! A prestidigitator who delighted immense audiences with a phantasmagoria, was besieged with requests to tell fortunes, find lost goods, and set-

tle religious doubts. That such absurdities are characteristic of social crises has often been said. But I doubt if it ever was remarked before that they require the hot-bed of tyranny, and, given that, will thrive without the crisis. There was nothing similar between the fall of the old parochial and the rise of the new Parisian bureaux. There was when Louis XV persecuted the Jansenists, altho no revolution occurred. The savage's old thirst for blood is quickly revived in his descendants by encouragement. This was the era of Lyons, Toulon, and Bordeaux, of Carrier and Lebon. Barère had always been reckoned a good-natured man; and Macaulay has not convinced me that his share in the sanguinary actions now went beyond finding words for the decrees of others. But the words are enough to show that massacre acted on his weak and excitable brain as a drinking bout might have operated under happier circumstances. He caught the inspiration of the company. He turned the business of the hour into poetry. He laughed and shouted, joked and sang, intoxicated with visions of horror and conceits of madness. The guillotine stood commonly in the Place Louis Quinze, close to the Tuileries.* New conduits were constructed to carry off daily blood. Women formed the front row, knitting and chatting, and counting while heads fell. The execrable government had by no means reached perfection in its trade of butchery during the last months of 1793, but that was the only time when public sentiment sustained it—sure proof of two things—that like all governments, it was worse than the mob which made it, and that sights which appeal to both pity and revenge do not eventually culti-

* While we condemn the barbarism of executions in the best part of Paris, it is fair to remember that at the same time English pickpockets were carried from the Old Bailey all the length of Holborn, to be hanged just outside the fashionable West End. Rebels' heads still ornamented Temple Bar; and the Piazzetta of Venice still faced the quai with a gallows, commonly occupied, between the famous Pillars. The Place de Greve, the old monarchy's place of dismemberment, was not far from the Louvre.—Did the 18,000 men given Ronsin include all "Companies of Marat," etc., perhaps?

vate the latter but the former. Several of the above mentioned acts were in 1794.

Some authors a little less absurd in their nomenclature than Alison, have described Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon, as the triumvir of Terror. (A fashion started by their enemies in July, 1794.) But the Committee's internal administration was at first directed chiefly by D'Herbois and Varennes. Hébert's clique acting with them, now construed the law about consorting with priests so as to make it somewhat dangerous for an orthodox Catholic to receive the sacraments or hear a sermon. However, Bishop Gregoire, who would not resign, was told by the Convention to act as he thought right! Robespierre perceived that Hébert, whom he hated equally as a buffoon, an atheist, and a Communard, had gone too far. He rose at the Jacobin Club to inquire by what right a few persons not much distinguished in the history of the Revolution had presumed to assail liberty of conscience? The Club was startled by this neatly put attack. It disclaimed any intention to interfere with conscience. The germ of infidel intolerance was effectually nipped. This was a defeat for Hébert, and opened way to others. The carefully chosen words "persons not much distinguished in the history of the Revolution" were particularly aimed at him and his associates. In spite of Robespierre, he had got Desmoulins expelled for being against the system of Terror. St. Just, who baptized that system by its historic name, proposed to see that others who figured in it were right. At the Convention, there was under table kicking against the Committee's frightful tyranny. The fall of Toulon just saved it from an adverse motion. The opposition leaders, Bazire and Chabot, were imprisoned shortly before. Conspiracies against the "Revolution," meaning the Committee, were now rumored to exist in the Jacobin Club. St. Just, accordingly, proposed to each member the following test, suggested, it is said, by Couthon: "What have you done to be guillotined for if counter-revolution should occur?" Many who could give no good answer were expelled. Clootz, Philippeaux, D'Eglantine, were among those deemed un-

worthy. Hébert, being supposed very popular with the Commune, was not. But his influence having been shaken, his friend Billaud fell into relative unimportance; while St. Just, reported to have saved the Committee, forged ahead.

And thus Robespierre, with whom St. Just was always in perfect unison, took another step towards dictatorship. To understand his slowly matured schemes, we must enlarge a little on chronology, which most writers about this period utterly confound, because causes produced effects so fast, and in such irregular sequence.

Early in December, when the Committee's power first tottered, Desmoulins began publishing a series of anti-Terrorist pamphlets called the "Old Cordelier," (because Hébert had supplanted him in the Club of that name). Danton, Philippeaux, D'Eglantine, and Robespierre, were all supposed to sympathize with him. St. Just he satirized. He said this Apollo of Terror carried his head "like the Host"; and St. Just was heard to grumble, "He may carry his like St. Denis" (cut off). Robespierre guarded against offending the Terrorists too much by letting St. Just strike at Philippeaux and D'Eglantine. The latter was next arrested, ostensibly for swindling the State. In January, Robespierre, aiming to quell all rivals, but only with a view to his own security, and therefore in a cautious spirit, had Clootz arrested, as a doubtful foreigner. Into the vortex of suspicion, was thus launched a new Ark—not of safety—"Faction de l'etranger." Paine's arrest was connected with this. And now another guarded blow at Hébert & Co. Chaumette, it began to be said made the sacred Law of Suspects ridiculous! He had been —*on dit*—absurd enough to boast he could tell a suspicious person by the very looks of him! Tremble, Chaumette, lest thou become thyself "suspect of being suspect!" But no rap at the Commune without a sop! Philippeaux was expelled from the Club for speaking ill of our patriot generals in Vendée—Rossignol especially. Westermann, whom Rossignol had succeeded there, did the same. Westermann also is expelled. He was well known for Danton's friend; but as yet it

suits Robespierre to be the same. Robespierre, as Mr. Froude says of Henry VIII, is "the pilot." In this tempest, he will throw out all the Jonahs—only not too fast, nor unequally. Hit the Hébertists again—truly orthodox friends of the administration called them the *Exagerés* — the *Overdone*. From early States General days, we will bring up another term of abuse; and call them *Faction des Enragés* (the Rabid Club). "I am suspect; we are suspect, you are suspect, they are suspect."

From September to December, Danton had been mostly living in domestic happiness at his native town of Arcis sur Aube. It was an errand of mercy brought him back to Paris. But he was no longer the same man. Feebleness, irresolution, and bad judgment, marked the attempts of his party to arrest the Terror. Not till late in January, was it agreed to make the *Old Cordelier* a paper. The projector was Souberbeille, one of the judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal, who in a feeling interview, told his friends that he and his colleagues had degenerated into hangmen, but could do nothing for their own lives to save the innocent. There had been fifteen executions that day, and would be twenty-seven next. And now, of course, began clamor from the other side. What was this *Old Cordelier* preaching but "Moderation"? And, sure enough, what else? Had Danton been his former self, he must have realized that the Committee would not give up the source of its power—also, that, as a personal government, it was very open to assault in the Convention,—by what right did twelve men continue to hold office month after month?—but that it was an enemy against which no one should dare "sound the horn" before "unsheathing a sword." He chose to attack Hébert, that is Paris, a natural ally, rather than this Frankenstein of his own creation. Robespierre smelled out the true situation more promptly. He knew that government, not Anarchy, is truly sanguinary. He at first gave the *Old Cordelier* some personal assistance. He foreboded a change of public sentiment favorable to Moderation; but he now perceived the time was not come, and that he was getting himself in-

to danger by advocating what carried so many odious associations. Billaud proposed having Danton arrested. Robespierre took his part; but tried an ingenious experiment on the public temper. He warned Danton before the Jacobin Club that charges of Moderation (in the current bad sense) had been made. When Danton indignantly repudiated them, Robespierre assured him of personal confidence. He had gained his point; for the reception given his first remarks showed that Danton was no longer popular among Jacobins. And so the game was in Robespierre's hands. One member of the Committee, Herault Séchelles, had joined his friend Danton. Robespierre was thought to have done the same; but he had not closed the door behind him. Desmoulins and Souberbeille began coalescence during the queen's trial.

The *Old Cordelier* at first described the horrible state of France enigmatically, after the prevailing fashion, as that of Rome under Tiberius and Nero. But Desmoulins, growing bolder with impunity, was now denouncing Hébert by name as the author of butchery, a thief, a social leper, and, of course, a traitor hired by Pitt to bring on reaction! With this, Robespierre had had nothing to do; and it was ticklish business, because Hébert was popularly supposed to wear the holy rags of Marat, against whose principles and martyrdom all these terms were therefore blasphemies. If Robespierre were to go on with Danton and Desmoulins, he must prepare to fight the majority of the Committee, backed by Paris. It was, indeed, a possible, tho very dangerous game, to attempt carrying with him his friend St. Just. If he effected this, Couthon was likely to join them; then Barère and the rest, except Varennes and D'Herbois, surely would. To this honorable course Robespierre was urged both by distaste for blood and hatred of the Hebertists. Even, however, if he succeeded so far, there was Paris to reckon with; and Robespierre, a timid person, who had always avoided battle, recoiled before the risk. Besides Danton, not he, would then be the great man. But suppose he should take the middle course of letting peo-

ple think this would soon be done; as Danton, Desmoulins, and Séchelles, were boasting that it would? In that case, he had too many friends and admirers to be in any immediate peril. Hébert would soon be provoked into attacking the Committee. The whole Committee would have to agree on his destruction or else on Danton's, and that of the one unpardonable Dantonist, Séchelles—the first of his set who was arrested. There was no doubt which Varennes and D'Herbois would choose; but could they be sure of St. Just and Couthon? If not, their only way to get Danton's head was to give up Hébert's. If Robespierre pledged his own high reputation for veracity that Danton should shortly follow Hébert; this traffic in blood must certainly be effected. Paris, indeed, was not Billaud Varennes and Collot d'Herbois; but Robespierre knew the world too well to doubt that Paris would follow Varennes, the man of deeds, rather than Hébert, the ranter. This diabolical plan came natural to one whose historical reading had made him familiar with how Antony and Octavius traded off their friends. Nor did Satan lack an angel's form to mask in. Danton's common sense taught him that authority meant the rich; and the rich included the smart rascals. Robespierre's Utopian virtue would not wink at rascals. With both Danton and Hébert gone, and Lazarus' sores still bathed in Dives' blood; why should not Robespierre be the high priest of a Theophilanthropic millennium, such as Rousseau dreamed?

Robespierre, whose industry had always been remarkable, forsook the council board, and shut himself up with these tempters for a whole lunar month (February 13 to March 13). At last Hébert came out with a pronunciamento at the Cordeliers (March 6). For two months he "had held his tongue and his heart." Now it was too much. The Committee was tainted with Moderation. If it did not purge itself, "the sacred right of insurrection" must be invoked. Robespierre returned to the Committee. On the 15th Hébert and his friends to the number of (about) nineteen were arrested—charge, being hired by Pitt (bah!) to get up rebellion. Pache, still mayor, soon came in a fright

to assure the Convention that Paris was obedient (19th). The president, Ruhl, addressed hm rather tartly, but was pacified by Danton, who spoke there for the last time. During April, Pache is found in prison. Good humored as ever, could not Danton, he who led the party of mercy, have seen that Hébert, however vile, was weak, and that it was most unwise to encourage this swoop of the very "hell-kite" Camille had begun denouncing? The doomed men went to the guillotine five days later (25th). Momoro, Clootz, and Ronsin, were among them. On account of Chaumette's popularity he had not been arrested until the 18th; but was now in prison, as Gobel also was. This was what scared Pache. Hébert died in a state of abject fear. Clootz behaved with dignity and resignation. He extorted Hébert not to disgrace philosophy; lectured the populace on the beauties of atheism, and its ability to remove the terrors of death; and requested to suffer last that he might have more time for his argument. That no attempt was made to save them, illustrates what is called the fickleness of the multitude. But multitude is not fickle, only inscrutable. If its leaders get to fighting, he will perish who knows least what it wants at the time. A secure government should, however, combine as many ways of pleasing it as possible; for which reason none is less easily overthrown by its means than a democracy. Robespierre, a narrow-minded fanatic, proposed to destroy whatever did not suit his own notions, and his power, raised on so slender a basis, was predestined to fatal overthrow. On the day he slew such a friend to the proletariat as Chaumette, he made the proletariat, if not exactly an enemy, at least what it had not been, a lukewarm, unreliable ally.

According to Barras, not a good authority, but indorsed by Prieur of the Coté d'Or, Danton went on blundering. He quarreled with Vadier, Amar, Barère, and other members of the Committees, and threatened to assail them in the Convention, instead of promptly doing it. There is also in circulation what seems an older version of this story. On the night of March 31 he was arrested. The same net had swept in his

friends Desmoulins, Westermann, and Philippeaux, whose tirade against the generals in Vandée was, according to Barras, the immediate cause of Danton's quarrel with the Committees; Séchelles, the brilliant *ci-devant*, cousin of the Polignacs, advocate general of the old parliament, where his friendship with Danton began, once favorite of the queen's, but Bastile hero; —and others of less note. The tremendous news shook Paris like an earthquake. In the Committees themselves there was recalcitrance. Lindet and Ruhl refused to sign the later warrants. Even the disciplinarian Carnot made a protest. In the Convention, Legendre maintained that Danton ought to be heard before that body. He was put down by Robespierre—a strong proof that the latter made the bargain which has covered his name with infamy. Barère, of course, supported Robespierre. A plot to liberate the prisoners was formed by Dillon, brother of him whom the troops murdered for a traitor in April, 1792. It was fatal; for it fixed on Danton and his friends the damning charge of being loved by the royalists and *ci-devants*. The beautiful wife of Desmoulins incautiously trusted Legendre, the only Conventionist who dared a word; and either fear or misguided patriotism made him tell Billaud.*

* The mouton Laflotte, himself a suspect, as Dillon also was, had already got some wind of this. But the letter to Legendre, which clinched the nail, explains also those views taken of the matter by the two interesting victims (see below). The Barras-Prieur story about Danton's threats has been used as an argument in Robespierre's favor. According to the older legend, in Alison, Carlyle, etc., Danton was warned on the night of his arrest by his friend, the juryman Paris, as Barras says he was by Barras himself, and replied in nearly the same words. If, however, Barras tells the truth this time, as Prieur attests, then the Committee's action was an eleventh-hour step provoked by Danton, not the result of a plot! This, however, does not follow. Varennes was pursuing Danton with "a horrible hatred." Robespierre was Danton's friend. They made the bargains. With Robespierre, Varennes secured St. Just, Couthon, and Barere. D'Herbois he was sure of already. They wanted one more vote to make a majority; and may well have waited a few days to let Danton procure it for them, as they must have foreseen he would. The vote he won for them was Prieur's. Sechelles' arrest may have been to make "sicker."

Nevertheless, on April 2 a vast concourse, in very uncertain humor, surrounded the place of trial. Danton's thundering voice was heard across the Seine. To cast odium on him and his friends they were indicted with a lot of common spies and thieves. Chabot and Bazire were in the "fournée"—the former accused of that very uncivic crime stock-swindling. The report against Danton, drawn up by St. Just, charged principally intrigues with Mirabeau, Orleans, Dumouriez, and others. After vainly demanding proofs, Danton proposed to call witnesses and spoke of private revelations which he could make. Tinville, and the infamous Judge Hermann, took alarm. They persuaded the chief prisoner to accept a recess while they addressed the Convention for an act like that which silenced the Girondists. The other accused persons made spirited answers. Westermann said he had seven wounds in front, but this was the first from behind. Desmoulins replied to the question about his age "thirty-three; a fatal one to revolutionists—the age of the *sans culotte* Jesus when he died." On April 5, at 4 p. m. the decree was received. The populace clamored; and some of the jury protested. The court adjourned in haste; and next morning forced a verdict, which was executed about sunset.

From the whirl of excited minds sprang a shower of memorable tho disconnected words. "I was the statesman of Europe," said Danton. "They think they can do without me. They little imagine the void I shall leave. I drag down Robespierre in my fall.*...

* Readers of Greek history may remark the close parallel with the last words of an Athenian politician, under circumstances very like. They should not omit to notice that the tyranny of the Thirty oligarchs was far worse, with far less excuse, than that of the Twelve Sansculottes; and that it was so because oligarchy produces a worse type of badness than even long oppression. The Attic Reign of Terror was not created by fear of foreign conquest but lust for domestic plunder. It was not headed by a narrow-minded, half-learned doctrinaire, but a statesman, philsopher, and poet; the friend of Xenophon, the kinsman of Plato, the pupil of Socrates. Yet while Danton was, out of comparison, a better man than Theramenes, it would be unjust, even to Robespierre, to mention him in the same breadth with Critias!

It is just a year ago I was instrumental in creating the Revolutionary Tribunal. I ask pardon of God and man. I intended it as a measure of humanity, to prevent recurrence of the September massacres. I did not mean that it should prove a scourge." "Despite my execution," wrote Desmoulins, "I believe in God. My blood will wash out my sins, the weaknesses of my humanity; my virtues, my love of liberty, whatever of good I possessed, God will reward." Danton apparently had no such consolations. "My name is sufficiently known in the French Revolution," he told the judges. "My abode will soon be in the Inane; my fame will live in the Pantheon of history." Yet in the tumbril, he behaved better than his friend. Desmoulins, tortured by the thought of his family, to whom he had written touching words, had conceived a vain hope of rousing the people again, as on July 12. The man, but not the hour, was there! Danton laughed, shouted, sang, defied the enemies whom he despised, and sneered at the multitude whose limitations he well knew. At recollection of his wife, he checked himself, saying—"No weakness!" At not being allowed to embrace Séchelles, he gave way for a moment to indignation, but quickly relapsed into disdain. "Show the people my head," he told Samson, "it is worth seeing." Thus died, in the noblest of causes, the best champion of freedom whom the crisis of his time produced. It was not until 1892 that Paris possessed a statue of this Cloud Compeller who buried her domestic foes under Ætna, whose golden chain kept her craven legislature from deserting her, whose flaming bolts turned back the hosts of Europe from her gates. Yet even in the worst days of calumny, as I can remember, even an Alison was unable to relate the acts and death of Danton without exciting admiration for those virtues, imperfect as human nature is, but sound and genuine to the core, which saved France once from the doom prepared by cowards, and achieved the martyr's triumph to save her from sharing the suicide of demagogs.

XVII

By this atrocious deed, Robespierre seemed lifted from the oracle of the Club into the ranks of great bad men. Those who abhorred his conduct were afraid of him. Those who justified it, saw he had managed better than they could. He had foiled the priests' conspiracy against the Thiers Etat. Thru the self-denying ordinance, he probably saved France from a weak oligarchy headed by the incapable Lafayette. Altogether opposed at first to the death penalty, he discovered its revolutionary utility. His good sense had been too much for Vergniaud's eloquence, his management for Barère's fickleness, his resolution for Barbaroux' and Louvet's fiery zeal. He had extinguished Girondism. He had proved to have a better hold on Paris than even Chaumette, and on the Convention than even Danton. By himself and others, he was considered the creator, the responsible guardian of the Republic. He was severe enough to inspire terror. Yet he was known to favor mercy. From henceforth, as men of dramatic genius have observed, the Revolution assumes the character of a personal tragedy. Varennes and D'Herbois, as politically honest as Robespierre, equally thankless (Varennes began public life under Danton's patronage), and less hampered by theories, were not disposed to let Robespierre rule. But all power comes in the first instance from the mob. It falls into the hands of individuals because only at great crises is the mob united. To proclaim authority extinct with the fall of those who last abused it, is glory reserved for some better man than Robespierre or his colleagues. He inwardly disliked the Terror, looked forward longingly for the day when Moderation would become popular, and proposed no doubt to make a

last hecatomb of the thieves and the murderers—Fouché and Varennes together:—but he knew the time was not yet, and, having slain Danton for Moderation, was under obligation to be pure from this taint himself until the fashion changed. The guillotine accordingly wrought with enormously increased energy. In January Paris had witnessed eighty-two executions. In shorter February, when Danton's influence was greatest, the number only fell to seventy-five. But in March there were 123, a daily average of almost four. In April, a shorter month, there were more than double that number—263. In May, the total increased to 324. Beyond that we will not look at present, for during the last six weeks of his life Robespierre, thoroly sick of blood, perceived the people were also sickened. "Death, death!" he exclaimed, "nothing but death! and the scoundrels lay it all to me. What a memory I shall leave *if this last!* Life is a burden." By the scoundrels I suppose he meant Varennes and D'Herbois. To them, therefore, he gladly gave the odium of making their last month in power the bloodiest.

What history will not forgive him for is that, to secure his own safety and standing, he acted with them in the massacre of those who, like Danton, had the strongest personal claims upon him. The widow of Camille Desmoulins was sister to one of his rather numerous sweethearts. The fate of Dillon overwhelmed her with remorse. "I have been the cause of your death," she said to him, as they left the Conciergerie. "You have been the pretext," courteously replied the friend of Marie Antoinette. She had addressed a most affecting appeal to the man whom she regarded as a brother. Her mother next assailed him with the bitterest reproach. "Robespierre," are her despairing words, "is it not enough to have murdered your best friend: do you desire also the blood of his wife—of my daughter? *Your master*, Fouquier Tinville, has just ordered her to be led to the scaffold. Two hours more, and she will not be in existence. Robespierre, if you are not a tiger in human shape, if the blood of Camille has not inebriated you to the point of losing your reason entirely, if you recall still

our evenings of intimacy, if you recall to yourself the caresses you lavished upon little Horace, and if you remember that you were to have been my son-in-law, spare an innocent victim! But if your fury is that of a lion, come and take us also, myself, Adèle, and Horace. Come, come, and let one tomb reunite us!" Robespierre made no reply. The widow of Camille went to the guillotine in one tumbril with the widow of Hébert, who is not likely to have been guilty of anything worse than mourning for her husband. Chaumette, Gobel, and fifteen others went with them, April 16. Lucille Desmoulins' beauty, which she had adorned so as to render it more striking, her cheerfulness and courage, excited universal admiration. Her mother and Adèle were not sent after her.

Readers of English history may be reminded by this tragic scene how Papists were hanged and Protestants burned with impartiality under Thomas Cromwell's Reign of Terror. But Robespierre was not Henry VIII. He took no pains to make a screen of "his master" Fouquier Tinville. Instead of cautiously broadening, he still recklessly narrowed the basis upon which he stood. The apostle of Rousseau's Arcadia began something like a crusade against knowledge. The immortal discoverer Lavoisier was guillotined on the paltry charge of conniving at the adulteration of tobacco (he was a revenue officer). He was refused time to complete some experiments: the Tribunal observing that scientific men were of little use! While this excited the growing class of philosophers to almost unphilosophic anger, it operated as a direful warning to the still more formidable body of new and questionably rich men. As Alison euphemistically puts it, they saw Robespierre, with his Arcadian notions, was bent on destroying "every class above the lowest." The handsome fanatic St. Just, whom they called Messiah Robespierre's St. John, tho he actually had more originality than his friend, was pushed forward in a way which proclaimed Messiah's own ambition. None were still satisfied but thoro lovers of the guillotine, who had yet to find out that Robespierre loved them as Polyphemus did Ulysses!

On the day of Lavoisier's death, Madame Elizabeth was taken from the Temple, and executed within twenty-four hours.* Poor Madame Royale remained alone, undergoing such misery as only children can experience. At this perilous crisis, Robespierre took a step which about equally proclaims his zeal for his own principles and his want of political sagacity. To the horror of his still close ally Varennes, he rose in the Convention to plead for renewal of public worship! This speech on this memorable occasion by no means strikes me as a good one; but it was in many points of view remarkable, and contains several passages which have accordingly been often quoted. Amidst the usual arguments against Atheism, he introduced this unique objection that it is aristocratic! It teaches pride. It divides mankind into the initiated and uninitiated. He also intimated that he not only believed in God, but was enough of a Catholic to regret not being a better one. It actually seems therefore that his Rouseaunopolis was intended to end in a concordat with Rome, such as Napoleon afterwards effected; that he believed, no doubt correctly, such a measure would be popular, and was not afraid to hint broadly at its possibility. But the time was not ripe, of course, since Rome herself snowed no disposition to yield anything. Nevertheless, Robespierre's experimental move met with success far beyond what can be attributed to fear of him. The Convention, *by acclamation*, resolved that France acknowledged the existence of a God, the

* "She was," says Carlyle, "among the kindliest, most innocent of women." He would have done better to leave the last clause out. She was, as we have seen, the original author, and more than even Marie Antoinette the promoter of the fatal program to invite foreign invasion, which compels a doubt whether her benevolence extended to those whom she was pleased to think enemies of religion. In preparing "de faire egorger tout Paris," Marie Antoinette always, moreover, showed some proper consciousness that hers' was a tragic part —"to do, and suffer, terrible things." Madame Elizabeth's letters are always full of fun. The Lord, it appears, took care of everything, and the righteous ought to be merry and joyful. It is not unintelligible that the men of August and September should, if I may venture on a parody, have liked even Jeanne qui pleure better than Jeanne qui rit.

immortality of the soul, and the duty of public worship! Theophilanthropy immediately became the fashion—a visible step to firmer soil. Dressing like a tramp had already ceased to be *en regle*, Varennes digested the bile for which he was celebrated, in silence.** The 7th of June was appointed for a fête in honor of the Supreme Being. The great day was celebrated with all that pomp for which Paris, in the midst of horrors, had become renowned. The guillotine suspended its ghastly work. An amphitheater splendidly decorated by David, had been erected in the Tuileries garden. Robespierre delivered the address. He set fire to images, representing Atheism, Discord, and Egotism. Out of the flames arose an incombustible statue of Wisdom. At this auspicious moment, a voice was heard to exclaim, "The Tarpeian Rock is but a step from the Capitol."

The death struggle between Robespierre and "the scoundrels" had, in truth, already begun. From henceforth we find evidence that a party against his alleged dictatorship existed. Legendre was his guarded opponent in the Convention, Vadier his open enemy in the Committee of Security. In the Great Committee, he was constantly having hot words with Varennes and D'Herbois. Carnot, Lindet, Ruhl, were rather against than with him. In judicial matters, where his leaning to Moderation appeared, he was sometimes outvoted, and as we shall see, fain to fall back on that

* Nothing, surely, even in the history of the French Revolution, has been more scandalously misrepresented than the alleged connection between Atheism and Terror. Robespierre was scarcely indeed the bloodiest of his set—that distinction belongs to Varennes, who, it must be admitted, was an Atheist. But Robespierre, as shown above, was the least excusable murderer, because he knew best what he was doing. And Robespierre publicly described himself a Catholic, at the most perilous height of his career. Marat, who shed no blood in fact, but talked so much of shedding it that he gets no less discredit than Robespierre, lived and died a fervent Christian of the Swiss Calvinistic type. Barere, so unstable about everything else, and so deep in the crimes of the Committee, was always orthodox and pious (see Macaulay's' famous review of his "Memoirs"). This same Macaulay, however, surely carries falsification to the last possible point, in his other cele-

supposed personal supremacy which helped to mar his popularity. The restoration of worship startled some as superstitious, others as reactionary, others still as a move towards a settled democracy—perhaps a personal presidency of Robespierre, which would displace committee rule, and end the Terror. At the fête, the malcontents grumbled about Robespierre's insolence in leading the procession—an official duty. They held back, to make it more marked, and behaved in a sulky manner on his demanding why they did not keep up. At the next meeting of the Great Committee, he complained of their demeanor. "Your Supreme Being makes me tired," said Varennes.

Robespierre would not let these threatening symptoms pass without precaution. On the 22d of Prairial (June 10, 1794) Couthon introduced a terrific decree. The Revolutionary Tribunal was to be reconstructed. Twelve judges and fifty jurymen, picked fellows, were to serve on all the panels. The jurisprudence of Terror was reduced to a few sentences. Whatever the Tribunal thought uncivic was to be so. Whatever satisfied the jury was to be proof. It was expressly provided that the court might convict arbitrarily, without evidence. The State was to have counsel, the prisoner none. Death was the only penalty. One man said it was as good to blow his brains out as live under such laws. A proposal was made to exempt members of the Convention. Robespierre would not consent. He

brated essay on Von Ranke's "History of the Popes." "The new unbelief was as intolerant as the old superstition. To show reverence for religion was to incur the suspicion of disaffection. It was not without imminent danger that the priest baptized the infant, joined the hands of the lovers, or listened to the confessions of the dying. The absurd worship of the Goddess of Reason was, indeed, of short duration; but the deism of Robespierre and Lepaux was not less hostile to the Catholic faith than the atheism of Clootz and Chaumette." Now the first word of Robespierre's "deism" was liberty of conscience. The law forbidding non-jurors to officiate was not infidel but high Gallican. Logically and practically it expired with the resolution that France had no State religion; and the Hebertists, who took a different view, were unable at any time to carry with them even the Jacobin Club or the Commune of Paris.

was asked to name the guilty members. He declined. Supported by the whole Committee, he got the decree passed. But it was a fatal triumph, for it warned all his colleagues of a proscription in which any one of them might be included. Fouquier prepared with gusto for a great increase in slaughter. And now signs of reviving clemency began to cheer the great doer of evil that good might come. Collot d'Herbois spoke ill of Tinville—over whose shoulders he meant to whip Robespierre. The Attorney, said the Actor, would "seduce" La Guillotine! This Vestal of Terror was removed to chaste St. Marceau, out of well dressed peoples' sight. The principal butchers next became marks for assassins. Tinville thought prudent to keep out of view. A man named L'Admiral fired three shots at D'Herbois. A girl, Cecile Regnault, came armed to Robespierre's dwelling, with the apparent intention of killing him. It is remarkable that Robespierre tried to save this poor child, who seems to have been insane and unfit to carry out such serious designs; but the credit he might deserve is impaired by a remarkable complication. The bloody Vadier had got hold of Robespierre's "divine mother" Catherine Théot. Mademoiselle Regnault, L'Admiral, and no less than forty-six other persons, were indicted and guillotined together, among them being two beautiful and dissolute *ci-devant* ladies, named St. Amaranthe, who adhered to the Théot sect and were very thick with both Robespierres. On the same day (June 17) the "Mother of God" and her high priest, Dom Gerle, were brought to the bar of the Convention; where every infidel member enjoyed the sight of this withered hag exhibited as proof what Robespierre's revival of religion meant! Robespierre was furious. He threatened to expose Vadier's cruelties. He reluctantly gave up the St. Amaranthes; but he bullied Tinville into suspending prosecution of his other friends. "The Mother of God" died in prison. Dom Gerle outlived the Terror.

Robespierre now ceased to attend the Committee —a crowning blunder; for who could forget his incubation of poison during Ventose, or fail to see the cold

blooded serpent was nourishing his fangs again? Had Robespierre had been in the habit of studying Thucydides instead of Plutarch, he would have known that at such times the dull man who strikes first will destroy the intelligent one who deliberates too long. The conspiracy against him was originated, as Alison intimates, by rich rascals. He had got Fouché expelled from the Jacobin Club for a rogue—and an Atheist—but, never personally cruel tho so easily led by policy to share in others' cruelties, he had neglected to have this odious fellow guillotined, which should have been an easy job. Fouché, if his memoirs are genuine, tells us himself, what at any rate is corroborated by Barras, Sergent, and others, that he went about pretending to have seen the forthcoming proscription list, and warning members of the Convention that their names were marked. Sixty were thus united against Robespierre—Feuillantists, Girondins, Dantonists, Hébertists, and rogues. Barras, another monumental knave, who, I suppose, may be believed against himself, says he had had interviews with Billaud Varennes and Robespierre, and was convinced both meant to punish his rascalities. Fréron, the old journalist, deep in the robberies and carnage of Toulon, was a conspirator for similar reason. Tallien, "the butcher of Bordeaux," was brought in by a more honorable motive, which has half redeemed his fame. The influence of his mistress, Madame de Fontenay* made him greatly mitigate the Terror where he had power; and procured her the divine title *Notre Dame de la Pitié.* For this angelic crime she was now in danger.**

The conspirators' original intention was to attack the Committee as a whole. Having scented this out, Varennes, D'Herbois, and Barière tried to rally their

* This lady was the intimate friend of her fellow prisoner, Josephine Beauharnais. Their chastity was on a par; and this Napoleon well knew. But the common assumption that variety in love means discarding one for another, is either a perverse error or shows great ignorance of the world. Even after Napoleon's policy caused a legal separation, he continued quite openly to be Josephine's lover.

** The infamous Carrier, at large on bail in Paris, joined against Robespierre to save his own neck, whose time was

forces. St. Just returned from the army to Paris, and a conference was held, at which Robespierre was urged to tell whom he wanted punished. He named Barras, Fouché, Tallien, Carrier, Fréron, and Dubois Crancé, one of the slaughter men of Lyons. Varennes supported him; but some members of the Committees would not agree. Explanations and shakings of hands took place between Robespierre and Varennes—and D'Herbois—who had quarreled at previous meetings; but it was only a truce. In St. Just's opinion, it was a snare. There can be little doubt Varennes and D'Herbois now first began to intrigue with the conspirators. The latter saw how much stronger they would be if aided by a faction in the Committee. The bloody men in the Committee remembered that Robespierre had repeatedly leaned towards Moderation, remembered his game of sacrificing extremists from both sides, remembered the result of his previous "retreat," and in his mention of Carrier read the doom which impended over the Terror—therefore, probably, themselves.

Robespierre again withdrew from the Committee. He still lived, as he had done since the massacre in the Champs de Mars, with a family named Duplay, to whose daughter, Eléanore, he had become attached. He used to walk with her on long summer evenings in the Champ Elysées, accompanied by his big Danish dog Bruant. At a later hour he visited cafés and played chess, on his skill in which game he prided himself. His friends, with St. Just at the head, urged him to strike a decisive blow. The mayor, Fleuriot; the procureur of Paris, Payan; the procureur of the Committee, Tinville; and the commander of the guards, Henriot; were ready to serve him. Young Jacobins, *tappe durs*, with loaded sticks, escorted him about. Anonymous letters, advising him to "dare" came thru the mail. But with a pedantic honesty and ir-

actually prolonged by the "dictator's" fall. Varennes and D'Herbois would, it seems, have protected him (see below), but that their power ceased with Robespierre's. Courtois, thief and forger, was also in the plots, of which his house became headquarters.

resolution, not unlike that of one among his antique favorites, Tiberius Gracchus, he would use only constitutional means. The Convention, where he had so often triumphed, was the weapon he was oiling. He forgot, it seems, that his use of it had become an old trick—forgot that Gracchus was howled down and clubbed to death in the Senate.

During June, the slaughter roll went up to 672, more than double any previous month. In the twenty-eight days of July preceding Robespierre's death, it reached 765,—average nearly twenty-eight a day!* It has already been observed by me and others, that Robespierre was innocent of these worst butcheries. So too was Atheism—the government had become Christian, or at least Theophilanthropic. Hébert and Clootz were sleeping in dishonored graves. The pious Barère distinguished himself, as usual, by zeal for the fashion—which happened just then to be murder. In a ridiculous Carmagnole he attributed the acts of Charlotte Corday, L'Admiral, and Cecile Regnault, fanatics

* "In the autumn of 1793, there was undoubtedly reason to apprehend that France might be unable to maintain the struggle against the European coallition. . . . But at that time eight or ten necks a day were thought an ample allowance for the guillotine of the capital. . . . In the summer of 1794 . . . . the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was not content with forty, fifty, sixty heads in a morning." Macaulay (Barere). At the first of those periods mentioned, there was no daily sacrifice in Paris. At the period last mentioned (just before the Couthon-Robespierre decree of Prairial) the average was about ten. While Robespierre lived, it never exceeded twenty-eight. Individual batches only were as high as Macaulay says. They sometimes reached twenty-two, I think, in 1793. Concerning the denunciations mentioned above—on which Macaulay lays stress appropriate only to the Lion's Mouth—they were sometimes secret to this extent that the Committee which received them held back information on the ground of their not including proofs but only reasons for arrest on suspicion. In all cases, however, the Committee at least had the names of the accusers, and could require them to make their words good. The trials were public, and the court, until Prairial, went by the evidence given there; under those ordinary rules of French law, which in many respects conflict with English ideas of justice to the prisoner, but do not allow private information to influence the result. Nor can this last be well read into the Robespierre-Couthon law of Prairial 22.

who had sealed their devotion with their blood, to the influence of Pitt's guineas. He proposed and carried a decree that no quarter should be given English soldiers. In a brush with the bayonet soon after, none was given. Barère greatly elated, proposed that the decree should be extended to all foreigners, unless they surrendered within four and twenty hours. But the soldiers refused to execute the orders of the Convention, which accordingly remained a dead letter.* About this time, Barère was at last admitted to the Jacobin Club, and soon after called to preside.

It is among the innumerable extravagances of anti-revolutionary literature to describe Paris, during these terrible days as wrapped in "funereal gloom"; as a city where no man's neck was worth a rush unless it intervened between a dirty red nightcap and a ragged coat, and where, even with protection of those sacred emblems, it was necessarily chilled by the vicinity of a deadly knife. In truth evidence is plentifully lacking that a family which let politics alone felt, or had reason to feel, in danger. There is no recorded case in proof that the law requiring everyone to take a side annoyed that immense majority who always side with the *de facto* authorities; that the laws of suspects and the denunciations, harsh and unjustifiable as they were, served the turn of private spite or cupidity. Under that terrible regime of "Virtue and Terror," it would have been very dangerous to so abuse them. The Great Committee kept no Lion's Mouth for secret accusations, like the Venetian aristocracy; it issued no blank forms of arrest, like the French monarchy; it did not, like the English government, treat the reader of seditious literature as a felon, and the perjured *mouton* as a simple misdemeanant. He who tried to

* Macaulay speaks with just severity of Barere's decrees and the effects they must have produced, if they had produced any. But he surely forgets that no quarter was given the English in the last campaign of Napoleon, whom he praises for disobeying the Convention. Or are such barbarities justifiable in even an usurping king, and execrable only in a Jacobin? It is another gross misrepresentation to describe as unparalleled wickedness in Barere what had already been done by Girondins.

swear away the life of an innocent fellow citizen, would have stood an excellent chance to lose his own.

There is undoubtedly a certain likeness between the reign of Virtue and Terror in Paris, and the Puritan regime in London. But French Puritanism never approached the dismalness of English and American; nor were they as grim and ghastly as sensational writers paint them. Oliver Cromwell dressed like a nobleman after becoming one. Robespierre, tho he carried all he possessed on his back, was a heavy swell from first to last. Barère and Séchelles were men of pleasure. To prove the Unbreechedness of one's principles in France by going ragged, was what it was in England to prove the soberness of one's conversation by abjuring starch. It was a fad, accepted and exaggerated by hypocrites, for a short time, but scorned by those whose character needed no outward badge to recommend it—even before Hébert's fall. Thruout the Reign of Terror, the theaters and concert halls of Paris were nightly crowded. *Ci devants* and new rich mingled in grand balls. The *canaille* danced upon the site of the Bastile. Clichy was the Mabile of the period. The fêtes of the Revolution were among its most striking and characteristic scenes. Carrying out the analogy of Puritanism, Virtue and Terror had their excitements for those too poor or too scrupulous to share the genial kind. The next day's batch (fournée) of trials was awaited as eagerly as the weather bulletin. Bets were made on the number. Conversation about the guillotine was as racy as a hell-fire sermon; and the tricoteuses counted falling heads with gusto worthy of Tertullian. Mercier has preserved an anecdote which used to delight Barère; and illustrates strikingly "the grotesque combination of the frivolous with the horrible." It would be quite a mistake to suppose the power which put down treason could put down human nature. When a zealous brother at the Club set the red cap on Robespierre's head, he threw it off and trampled on it. When Santerre proposed to purge the city of obnoxious dogs and cats, the lovers of these quadrupeds arose with all the zeal of anti-vivisectors. The captor of the Tuileries backed down! "Let Her-

cules himself do what he might" the love-sick feline continued to make night hideous and the hydrophobious cur remained a terror to old ladies as before.

On the 7th of Thermidor (July 25), the Convention, having heard rumors that the boy Capet was ill-treated by Simon, appointed a committee to investigate. They found "Louis XVII" locked up within his room, in clothes which evidently had not been changed for months. His bed and his person were covered with vermin. His body was diseased, and his mind had become imbecile. He was properly cared for during the remainder of his life, which ended June 8, 1795. Robespierre had nothing to do either with his ill-usage or his liberation, for care of the Capet children had hitherto been left to the Communal government, which is said to have given Simon a hint that, tho Louis must not be put to death, it would be convenient if he found patriotism enough to die of his own accord.*

Robespierre, however, had been making preparations and giving warning to his enemies in his usual leisurely fashion. His brother and St. Just were summoned again to Paris. According to the "Memoirs of a Regicide," there was, on or about the 3d of Thermidor, another conference for the purpose of deciding what members of the Convention should die under the law of Prairial. The Committee could not agree about two names; and Vadier angrily tore up the whole list. On the 8th of Thermidor, Robespierre reappeared in the Convention. He read a speech of tremendous length, which Cambacérès assured Napoleon, was full of beauties. It certainly was full of blunders.

*A person known as the duke of Normandy afterwards appeared, who claimed to be Louis XVII. Like the pseudo-Baldwin, "Perkin Warbeck," and "Sir Roger Tichbourne," he produced some remarkable facts; but in his case these were such as he might easily have learned. The most striking is that on the 26th of Prairial (June 14), 1794, the Convention ordered Capet should be pursued in all directions. Some Sisters of Mercy testified to having attended Mme. Simon during her last illness in the year 1819. She confessed, they said, having smuggled her charge away in a basket of clothes. The "duke s" biography was written by his believer Beauchesne. There were other pretenders of less note.

He picked at several of his colleagues—among them Cambon,** a steadfast humanitarian republican, now financial minister, who had opposed the creation of the Revolutionary Tribunal and the execution of the Girondins. The two main points in this rambling harangue were that it was time for bloodshed to cease; and that a few persons ought to be punished for exceeding their powers and bringing disgrace on liberty. Nothing is clearer from subsequent events than that this was the only course to be taken. Nothing could be more indiscreet than Robespierre's way of proposing it. He still called no names, but left the axe of Prairial hanging over every head. He, however, gave notice to the men of blood. It is doubtful if Varennes and D'Herbois made up their minds to attack him until now. He retained the offensive role of dictator: but he did not, like Critias, have his Satyrus at hand to drag off gainsayers, tho Henriot was all ready for that job. Lecointre, of Versailles celebrity, moved that the speech be printed and sent to the Departments. Barére seconded the motion, and it passed. After an awful pause, the conspirator Bourdon moved to reconsider. Vadier brought up the matter of Catherine Theot. Varennes spoke against the printing. Cambon made an angry reply to Robespierre's attack. Robespierre was reduced to apologizing, and did not manage it well. Panis, late Dantonist, at one time accused of wanting to make Robespierre a dictator, asked whether it were true that he and Fouché had been marked for death? Instantly a host of members, afraid of their necks, but perceiving that courage had become prudence, began to cry, "Give us the names! Give the names!" Robespierre who always lacked quickness, fell into complete confusion. Nothing was made clear by his explanation but that he would not give names. Amar now moved that the speech be referred to the Committee. Barère, assuming his old familiar role of peacemaker, begged his colleagues to avoid disputes which could

** He was the only witness called by Fouquier Tinville against Danton; and his testimony by no means pleased his own side. He afterwards expressed much regret for the events of Thermidor.

please only the common enemy;—and, seconded Amar's motion, which prevailed. Robespierre gathered up his voluminous manuscript and walked away, defeated but by no means overthrown. A little yielding, it is probable, might still have induced harmony in the Committee. Instead of this, he resolved on an appeal to the Club. News of the scene in Convention had gone about; throngs were gathering; the excitement was great. The Club was sure to be crowded. Robespierre was there betimes; so were Varennes and D'Herbois. Robespierre received an ovation. It was understood he had prepared another speech in answer to expected objections. The Club called loudly for the first part, listened to his verbose eloquence two mortal hours, and greeted every period with thundering applause—sure proof that he was right in thinking the time for Moderation had arrived. When Varennes and D'Herbois attempted to reply, their voices were drowned by hooting and execrations. Knives were drawn on D'Herbois; and he fled with his friend to the Committee, which remained all night, in session and very anxious, at their retiring room. The Club demanded to be led against them. Their overthrow would have been easy. But Robespierre had repeatedly said there should be no Cromwell—not even himself, and to this scruple he adhered, tho it became a transparently foolish one from the moment he attempted to arouse the populace. Some voices, it is said, cried, "Where is Danton?" Where, indeed? Danton, Westermann, might have arrested the stream of carnage without arresting the progress of democracy. But they were dead—slain by Robespierre, as a prick from a rusty nail may cut short the promise of the most brilliant genius.

While these scenes were in progress, St. Just arrived in Paris. Failing to find Robespierre in his lodgings, he went to the Committee rooms. An angry discussion ensued about a report he was to make next day. Having refused to explain its nature, he asked what was going on at the Jacobins? D'Herbois, who supposed him to know very well, collared him, swearing savagely, as he had collared Robespierre a

few weeks before. Other members interfered, and they parted in ostensible peace, St. Just promising the rest an interview next morning. When morning came, they were unable to find him, till he entered the Convention accompanied by Robespierre, who was elegantly dressed, as at the fête of the Supreme Being.

The galleries had been crowded since five. D'Herbois was in the chair, and some routine business was going on. As soon as it concluded, St. Just began to read his report. Other committeemen knew it would be against them, and apparently had joined with the conspirators at the last moment. Tallien sprang up and interrupted St. Just. Varennes assisted him, and began a speech from the floor. Lebas, St. Just's coadjutor at Strasburg, ran to support him again. But D'Herbois declared him out of order. Loud shouts from their faction followed, and Lebas was driven out of the tribune. Then Robespierre mounted it. His enemies had learned something last night. D'Herbois, a professional actor with stentorian lungs, had been gagged in the Club. It was easy to proceed similarly in the Convention against the short-breathed, nervous Robespierre. "Down with the tyrant!" roared Tallien. Others repeated the cry. D'Herbois came to join in it, yielding the chair to Thuriot, the Bastile hero, with whom he must have had an understanding. Robespierre held his place, and waited for the noise to slacken. Tallien drew a dagger and advanced against him. Robespierre seemed alarmed; but he did not get out of the tribune. Then Thuriot called him to order. At this gross abuse of power, the Convention appeared to waver. Barère, the weathercock, was asked for. He rose and made a very guarded speech. When he had done, Robespierre tried to be heard again. His voice was drowned in the clamor of the president's bell, and the frantic yells of his enemies.

Yet two or three times there was very nearly a break which might have saved him. The Right, the Left, the Plain—he tried them all. As his voice, exhausted by prolonged conflict, died away, a member named Garnier cried, "The blood of Danton chokes him!" "Ah, you regret Danton!" screamed Robes-

pierre. "Cowards! why did you not defend him? President of murderers, for the last time, I demand the right to speak!" Unable to obtain it, he took his seat, and sat twirling a penknife with eye fixed on the tribune. His enemies were afraid that, unable to deliver a long discourse, as usual, he would come out with some awkward revelation and set them by the ears together. Accordingly they poured forth a series of invectives, laying everything unpopular in the administration on Robespierre's shoulders. They nearly played the devil with their own coalition. "When I first moved the arrest of Danton," said Varennes, "did not Robespierre resist it, and defend the traitor?" The Dantonists listened in horror. But others hastened to smooth over Varennes' blunder. Vadier, Frèron, Tallien, D'Herbois, all took part, committing absurdities at every step, but monopolizing attention. "He wants to mount the throne!" yelled Frèron, pointing to Couthon. "I look like mounting thrones!" retorted Couthon, with a glance at his palsied legs. "I move the arrest of Robespierre," said a deputy named Louchet, who never opened his mouth but this once. Carried by acclamation. The officers rather unwillingly obeyed the Convention. Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, also Lebas and Augustine Robespierre, who declined to be distinguished from their friends, were removed to the Mairie—the police courthouse, not to be confounded with the Hotel de Ville, where the mayor and other Robespierreans already sat as the Communal government, prepared for that crisis which they foresaw. At Robespierre's arrest, Varennes exclaimed, "Liberty triumphs." Robespierre prophetically answered, "The republic is dead; and scoundrels triumph." D'Herbois charged him with assembling troops to attack the Convention. He replied, "That's a contemptible lie."

It was now half-past five. In the Hotel de Ville were Henriot, Coffinhall, vice president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and most of the aldermen. They had known what was going on since four. They sent orders to the prisons that Robespierre should not be received. Henriot rode about the streets, especially in St. Antoine, trying to rouse the people. But they

were not very enthusiastic.* The blood of Chaumette as well as Danton's cried for vengeance. Henriot was arrested and taken to the Tuileries. The "Thermidoreans," on their side, were circulating lies. Barère got up a story which imposed on Alison, that Robespierre meant to make young Capet king, and to marry Madame Royale!**

Learning of Henriot's arrest, Coffinhall, with about two hundred gunners, marched to the Tuileries and liberated him. Varennes and the rest of the Committeemen fled to the hall of the Convention. They called together again that august body, which had adjourned. Coffinhall proposed to march on it and break it up immediately. But with all that procrastination which made this tragedy a perfect donkey-race, Henriot preferred to liberate the Robespierreans, who removed to the Hotel de Ville; after which the common council adjourned.

Not much later, Amar came in a fright to tell the Convention that Paris was marching against them. "We'll die at our posts," said the bold D'Herbois, who was again chairman. The Convention outlawed Robespierre, Henriot, and their friends. Twelve deputies, in regalia, went on horseback to proclaim the decree thru

*It must have been before this that Carlyle's "last cart" went to the guillotine. His description, which furnished matter for a famous painting, is purely mythical. The carts were by no means the last; there was no attempt at rescue; Robespierre's arrest, if it had occurred, cannot have been known in the Faubourg St. Antoine; and Henriot, instead of dispersing a merciful mob, was at the Hotel de Ville plotting insurrection for a tardy convert to mercy.

**Macaulay says justly, "A man who has not been within the tropics does not know what a thunderstorm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Barere may be said not to know what it is to lie." He proceeds to give some glaring instances of the revolutionary secretary's mendacity. On this particular occasion Barere himself seems to admit that he lied, and to justify it as a political dodge. His "Memoirs" were published in 1843, four years after the first volumes of Alison, who followed his Carmagnole on Robespierre's death. The more modern story of Robespierre's having privately amassed a large fortune in assignats, is no doubt equally absurd.

Paris. Barras was appointed to defend the Convention; and some of the boldest deputies were enrolled as soldiers. Henriot soon came up with artillery, as on May 31 and June 2 the previous year. But the game was now old. In revolutions much depends on originality. The armed members sallied out, denounced Henriot, who was visibly drunk; and appealed to the soldiers' love of *la loi*. The galleries sustained them. Henriot ordered the gunners to fire, but they hesitated to obey this extreme command from a drunken outlaw. He lost heart, and led them back to the Hotel de Ville. Robespierre still would not sanction rebellion; but, as usual, he made long speeches, of which his very partizans grew tired. Rain began to damp their enthusiasm. About 2 a. m. Barras, Bourdon, Méda, and other military leaders of the "Thermidoreans" came with some 2,500 troops whom they had collected. Henriot's remaining gunners went over. Henriot himself staggered into the hall moaning, "All is lost." "Wretched drunkard," said Coffinhall, "your cowardice was the cause!" He pitched Henriot out of window and sprang after, followed by Augustin Robespierre. Lebas shot himself. Bourdon and Méda entered; and the latter shot Robespierre, breaking his jaw. It is said he was at last signing a call to arms. Barras entered a few moments later, and arrested St. Just, who was ministering to his friend. The prisoners were taken to a room near that of the Committee. Augustin Robespierre and Henriot had been picked up almost dead. Coffinhall escaped for that time, but was afterwards taken and executed. One Robespierrean, Lerebours, who I suppose jumped out of a window too, escaped altogether and reappeared under the Directory. Couthon had made an attempt at suicide with a knife; and those who carried him off in his paralytic's chair also let him drop by the way. Thus miserably battered, the doomed men were brought to the Revolutionary Tribunal during the afternoon, identified, and hurried to the guillotine about five. Simon, now a member of the council, was among them. Robespierre died last. He had suffered most, being taunted by those who yesterday trembled at his frown,

during several hours' agony. He bore all with the stoicism often opposed to inevitable ills by those not actively brave, but at the last moment he uttered a shriek, when the brutal executioner wrenched the bandage from his jaw. St. Just said nothing except "Farewell" as he mounted the scaffold. He was but twenty-six years old.

Barras denies that there were any popular demonstrations against the victims. A few fine ladies, doubtless royalists, waved their handkerchiefs, but the mob appeared to sympathize with Robespierre rather than his slayers; and it was deemed necessary to hurry the reluctant Fouquier. Robespierre had completed his thirty-fifth year. His crimes have been stated without extenuation here. But hypocrite, coward, blunderer, traitor, tho he proved, it is impossible to deny that he possessed some redeeming qualities. The stock charges of envy, ferocity, and selfish ambition, are abundantly disproved, indeed about obsolete. He was pecuniarily blameless; his private life was correct; he refused to save himself, tho he was timid, by violating *la loi.* Neither his honesty nor his continence can be attributed to a frigid bigot's monomania; for it is abundantly evident he was naturally humane, amorous, and foppish. His good and evil alike were rooted in a hard, narrow, theorizing nature, callous to individual claims, sensitive only to impracticable ideals of public virtue. His peering view of the world thru a knot-hole gave point to his slow lucubrations, and made them at least once successful against far abler men than himself. Nor is there the slightest reason to doubt that if he had succeeded again, his last acts would have redeemed his reputation with all believers in authority. So able a man as Napoleon always spoke of him with much respect; and pronounced him, very justly "the scapegoat" of the Terror.* With his death

* The only good life of Robespierre, by Ernest Hamel, was published in 1865-7. The alleged Memoirs of Robespierre are forgeries, and those of his sister Charlotte little better. The materials sifted by M. Hamel consist of correspondence, official documents, contemporary journals, etc., which were known also to Paris (Jeunesse de Robespierre), Alison, La-

ends the main action of my story. A revolution is a movement of an united people, who, disgusted with their "agents," take power again into their own hands. When Robespierre fell, it was evident that the people ceased to be united, and would be ruled, as before, by those who could use their divisions. But a revolution always sweeps away, and buries beyond resurrection, the one main abuse which caused it. As we began by tracing the growth of that system which made the French Revolution necessary, so we may properly conclude by concisely summing up that Revolution's lessons for posterity, and its consequences till the present time.

martine, Carlyle, Lewes (G.), and other previous writers; but never properly digested before. Tho a great many fictions have been corrected, I do not see that recent researches have gravely affected the aspect of important facts. What is more interesting about them is that they enable us to identify the dandy of Arras with the Dictator. It is difficult to imagine anything more incongruous than Robespierre as a poet! But Robespierre wrote verses, to whose recitation his voice was well adapted; for tho not powerful, it was singularly melodious —on which point Carlyle was misinformed. The following response, at a literary society of Arras, strikes me as rather neat:

"Je vois l'epine avec la rose
Dans les bouquets que vous m'offrez;
Et lorsque vous me celebrez,
Vos vers decouragent ma prose.
Tout ce q'on me dit de charmant
Messieurs, a droit de me confondre—
La rose est votre compliment.
L'epine est la loi d'y repondre!"

XVIII

The horrors of the Great Committee's administration, different authors, according to their own prepossessions, have laid on everything, from the nature of republics to the nature of Frenchmen. It seems clear to me that they should be laid on the nature of the situation. The Terror was undoubtedly colored by the character both of the institutions and the people; but in any country and under any system, something very similar must have been caused by the encounter of equally violent passions, which in turn must have accompanied an equally acute crisis of national affairs. To see this, we have but to compare the events of 1793 and 1794 with the Huguenot wars of the same country, with the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary, in England; with the period of the Thirty Tyrants at Athens; or with the Protestant Reformation among the phlegmatic Dutch. That the Reign of Terror should come to an end about the time it did, was, accordingly, inevitable, as early as December, 1793. Robespierre, supported by the Jacobin Club and the Commune, perceived the time to be ripe in July, 1794. The last to see it were the Thermidoreans themselves. On the day of Robespierre's death, there were twenty-two executions in Paris. The next day witnessed seventy; the two following forty-four—over twenty-one per cent. higher than at any previous time. Nor were the rascals who had united with the bigots to overthrow Robespierre, much more merciful than their new associates. Tallien, who at Bordeaux, had almost equalled the atrocities of D'Herbois at Lyons, surpassed himself next year in Vendée, where he shot more than a thousand returned emigrants after surrender.

But the revulsion of public sentiment was uncontrollable. Within twenty-four hours after Robespierre's death the sessions of the Revolutionary Tribunal were suspended; and tho Varennes succeeded in getting this decree repealed (he happned to be absent when it passed), the regular detail of slaughter ceased within a week. The methods, the garb, the cant, of "Virtue and Terror" were now as generally odious as those of Puritanism in England after the Restoration. Barère, attempting to address the Convention in his old style, was called down. Carnot, who imitated it, in reporting a victory, was interrupted with cries of "No more Carmagnoles!" Robespierre's proposal to punish those who had disgraced liberty by their excesses, was carried out as if he still lived. In December, Carrier was tried and executed for murder. The prisoners generally were released. The gloom and austerity of the fanatical period gave way to an outburst of dissoluteness which recalls the state of London under Charles II. As in one case, so in the other, there was a fresh reaction soon; but, as the whole eighteenth century remains in history and literature the palmy age of English vice, so the nineteenth, in France, up to 1870, preserves the imprint from "the scoundrels'" victory, and furnishes boundless material to the morbid psychology of Balzac and Zola. If the gloom of French self-mortification never reached the same point as that of Saxon, the plunge into gambling and profligacy which followed was neither so headlong nor so piquant. Gone were the days when one man could spend $200,000,000 upon a park sixty miles in periphery, where 36,000 laborers were employed daily, while the dead were hauled off by cartloads every night; and a noble lady, admitting this latter circumstance to be "an inconvenience" added "it does not seem worthy of attention in that happy state of tranquillity we now enjoy." Gone with them were the fêtes at which, to illustrate, a Vendéean noble entertained the Count du Nord, who was rowed to the Island of Love by "the young and charming duchess of Bourbon, attired as a voluptuous naiad," i. e. in *puris naturalibus*. With them too had departed the culture

which made "society a form of poetry" and compelled Miss Burney, the friend of Johnson, Burke, and Wyndham, to acknowledge that she never knew what conversation was till she met with the French emigrés. The age of the new rich did its best to be profligate, extravagant, and graceful, like that of the old regime; but it succeeded only in being vulgar. During the days of Virtue and Terror, the truly devout, or those who wished to pass as such, wore rags; but no one tried to dispense with clothes. Under the Directory, Madame Tallien appeared on the streets, attired in pink silk tights, with bediamonded garters, under robes of transparent muslin. She was mobbed by *sans culottes*, who took the tights for "the costume of a voluptuous naiad." But the reign of Virtue and Terror was over. Tights and gauze became, and long remained, the fashion.*

The Committees having been the strongest government ever known, the Convention makes amends by being the weakest. Yet it prevailed; for "strong government" had become generally odious. Having a a suspicion that the mob dislikes it, the convention organizes another mob. Encouraged by Tallien and Fréron, the young royalists and anti-Jacobins of Paris formed an association known as the *Jeunesse Dorée* — "a Gilt Youthhood, in plaited hair-tresses," armed with loaded clubs, singing the "Chase of the Jacobins," and "Call to the People"; not a political Club, like the Jacobins, for it proposed no legislation or other political measures, but simply a "rowdy" club, like the English "Mohawks."** The night of Robespierre's fall, Legendre had closed the Jacobins'—for sustaining Robespierre in a pro-

* Macaulay gives this a delightful turn, which I quote to show how differently the same thing may be made to look by a judicious use of phrases. "The gay spirit of France, recently subdued by oppression, and now elated by the joy of a great deliverance, wantoned in a thousand forms. Art, taste, luxury revived. Female beauty regained its empire. . . . Refined manners, chivalrous sentiments, followed in the train of love." Compare his accounts of the English Restoration!

** This accounts for its short duration, and imperceptible disappearance.

gram which had to be carried out after his death. The club was allowed to be opened again; but the affiliated societies, weaker, and further from the storm center, were soon suppressed. Legendre ventured about this time to attack Varennes in the Convention, but was outvoted. Facing both ways, the Convention throws a mighty sop to Cerberus. The body of Marat was borne with pomp from the Cordelier's Church to the Pantheon—Mirabeau's being cast out. This was in September. Next month, Varennes boasted in the Convention that "the lion was not dead but sleeping." Legendre renewed the attack on him, which this time proved successful. The Jennesse Dorée marched on the Jacobin Club, dispersed the men they met there, and beat the women. So, at last, in November, the Club was dissolved.

Next month, Varennes, D'Herbois, and Barère were held to answer for the cruelties which cost their satellite Carrier his head. The maximum was abolished. This, together with a bad harvest, and that scandalous legislation about assignats elsewhere described, occasioned extreme distress. The banishment of the emigrants was annulled. Great numbers of priests and nobles returned. They at once began to plot against the republic. So strong was the royalist reaction, that in February the Jeunesse Dorée destroyed Marat's busts. His ashes were taken from the Pantheon and cast into a sewer. The Constitution of 1793 was understood to be annulled. The natural consequence was a riot (April 2, 1795). The mob demanded "bread," "the Constitution of 1793," and the release of Varennes, D'Herbois, and Barère, who were on trial. The result was they were sent, without trial, to the prison-island of Oléron, in the Bay of Biscay. This was followed up by the prosecution and death of Tinville, Hermann, and some more of the worst Terrorists. Their fate excited no sympathy. "Where are your fournées," cried the spectators. "You hungry dogs," retorted Tinville, "do you find bread cheaper

for not having them?"* It now become the fashion for everyone who had lost a relative during the Terror to wear a crape badge—once this would have been all his life was worth. The emblem rendered the reactionists an army. On the 20th a serious attempt to overthrow the imbecile government was made by a mob whose leader was Ruhl. The Convention was taken by surprise. A member named Féraud was killed. The president, Boissy d'Anglas, was ordered to put decrees disssolving the Convention, restoring the Constitution of 1793, and liberating the accused members. Tho the process was just a trifle irregular, no demands could be more proper. But D'Anglas bravely refused, even when Féraud's head was thrust in his face. Most of the deputies had fled; but one of those who remained took the chair, and declared the resolutions carried. The national guard, commanded by Legendre, had no sooner rallied than the mob dispersed without further bloodshed. An attempt to raise it next day was defeated by fair promises. The most democratic Sections were disarmed. Six deputies were condemned by martial law. Romme,** who had acted as chairman, stabbed himself, and passed the knife to his friends who all did likewise; but only three were killed outright. The rest went to the guillotine. The murderer of Féraud, tho identified, had escaped in the tumult.

A tremendous royalist uprising followed. Several attempts to lynch Varennes, Barère, and D'Herbois had been made during their journey to Oléron. In June the mob of Lyons, headed by priests, burned the prisons, with some sixty Jacobin inmates. Ultramontane organizations, "Companies of Jesus"—"of the Sun" etc., spread the White Terror all along the Rhone. Toulon

* We have seen how Macaulay misrepresents these events by confounding dates. Other historians arrange the events with evident reference to hypotheses. I prefer to give them in chronological order and found my theory of cause and effects on sequence.

** The details are stated differently by some. Ruhl is made to shoot himself, Goujon to wield the knife first, and Feraud's murderer to leap from a roof, Toulongeon, Moniteur, Nos. 244-6). Romme was one of the calendar revisors.

was up again. Similar massacres occurred at Marseilles, Aix, Tarascon, and Beaucaire. The rebellion of Vendée, supposed at an end, burst out with renewed fury. An English army landed in this unhappy country.* Not till Napoleon's tyranny was fully established, had the Chouan insurrection been effectually stamped out. The Vendéean uprising was, of course, too serious to be neglected; but the Convention did nothing towards punishing the outrages on the Rhone. Even royalist historians have admitted that they far surpassed in atrocity the September massacres. Why not? Was not the very word Terror first heard at Coblentz? And now reaction had reached its height. The victorious bourgeois was not indeed much more willing than the proletaire to restore the old regime. But, reversing the mistake of the Committee, he had tried to secure a broad basis for his power by tolerating all parties—as if the broadest basis would support power when there is none! Power goes with purpose. Only

* England was now the mainstay of reaction. The Vendeean rebellion had been almost quelled by Hoche, when an English force, landing in Quiberon Bay, started it up again. English liberals keenly felt the disgraceful position of their country. See the terrible invocation in Coleridge's "Ode to the Departing Year" (1796):

"Thou, in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated light,
By the earth's unsolaced groaning
Seize the terrors, Arm of Might!
By Belgium's corse impeded flood;
By Vendée, streaming brothers' blood;
By Peace, with proferred insult scared;
Masked Hate, and envying Scorn;
By years of havoc yet unborn;
By Hunger's bosom, to the frost winds bared;
But chief by Afric's wrongs
Strange, horrible, and foul;
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf senate, full of gifts and lies,
By Wealth's insensate laugh; by Torture's howl;
Avenger rise!
Forever shall the bloody island scowl?
For a ye, unbroken, shall her cruel bow
Shoot Famine's arrows o'er thy ravaged world?
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature, rise! Ah why those bolts unhurled?

two elements of French society possessed any—the returned emigrants with their friends at home, and THE ARMY.

The latter truly, after its kind, had done well, and waxed strong. Spain purchased peace. Spires and Worms were retaken. Prussia abandoned the coalition. The Austrians were driven from Belgium; the English from Holland. The latter country was revolutionized, and became a democratic republic, under protection of France. The barrier of the Alps was carried, and Italy beyond Piedmont invaded.

The emigrants perceived that nowhere was their cause so strong as in France itself. Bribes were lavished, papers subsidized, strange coalitions formed with the very *sans culottes* whom the Convention was doing its best to drive into the arms of their natural enemies.

Without any process of law, Varennes and D'Herbois were sent from Oléron to the pestilential colony of Guiana. The latter died of yellow fever. At the first access he attempted to break it up by drinking a large quantity of brandy, which enabled the royalist and bourgeois libelers to attribute his death to drunkenness.* The saturnine temperament of Billaud Varennes resisted the deadly climate. True to his principles, he refused afterwards to be pardoned by Napoleon, but "escaped," first to New York, then to a republic which used his own language. In Hayti, he resumed his profession of law, espoused a colored lady, refusing overtures from his own wife, who had meanwhile been thru the evolution of remarriage and widowhood; and amused himself by teaching parrots to talk. Barère, for some reason he did not choose to explain, was allowed to remain in France. There was a pretense of intention to have him tried; but we may well believe so shrewd a timeserver had his hand on secret

* Among remedies for yellow fever are warmth to induce perspiration, ice to quench thirst and cool the head, cyanides in cautious doses to allay nervous irritation, and alcohol (principally champagne) to act upon the kidneys. I should hardly think brandy could be recommended; but a convict's dispensary was most likely poor.

springs which it would not do to let him pull. Under the Consular government, he was employed as a journalist and spy. His own people more than once re-elected him to legislative offices; and during the Hundred Days he so far overcame the past as to be admitted among National Representatives.** While thus offending the extreme democrats, the Convention was nursing its really dangerous enemies into a condition to make successful use of them.

On the 22d of August, 1795, was promulgated the bourgeois "Constitution of the Year III." It limited the suffrage, and provided for two Chambers, with an executive Board (the Directory). Only five sections of Paris voted for it. The royalists were furious, because it defeated their hope of a reactionary majority from the rural districts. Paris was full of emigrants, Chouans, and others experienced in war, who could take command of the disaffected populace. With such auspices, began the famous Revolt of the Sections, suppressed by Barras and Bonaparte, October 5. The new government was to come in, just three weeks later. Carlyle, in his desire to exalt the "hero as king" at expense of the multitude, describes this as the end of the Revolution, "the whiff of grapeshot" in which Anarchy gave its last kick, etc. Even he, however, remarks that "there was royalism in it." I should say there was. The truth is, it was a purely royalist conspiracy; and the reasons it did not succeed lie much deeper than a whiff of grapeshot. The whole body of regicides, the new peasant proprietors, the bourgeoisie, and the omnipotent army, were alike resolved that the feudal system should not be restored. The Parisian democrats perfectly understood all this, and consented to follow royalists in hope of overthrowing the bourgeois dominion. Of course so unnatural an alliance was easily broken; thus that class

** This caused his banishment, and the rest of his life was obscure. Macaulay's abusive review does not prevent our allowing him at least some negative virtues. Had he been a covetous man, he would certainly have grown rich. His honorable poverty deserves mention from one who praised that of Warren Hastings!

continued to rule which had the support of the peasants and the army.

Napoleon's friendship with Barras soon procured him command of the troops in Italy. His fortunes just before the 5th of October had reached their lowest point.* But by spring he found himself in a position to make rapid conquests, disobey the home government, and play with Italy the same preparatory role which Cæsar played with Gaul. The Directory were afraid of him. By October, 1797, the treaty of Campo Formio made France supreme in Italy. Next May, her government gladly consented to send Napoleon with a great power into Egypt, thus striking the long flank of the British Empire, and getting rid, as was supposed, of an over-popular general. The unsuccessful invasion of Syria and the defeat on the Nile, were disasters from which in truth he hardly could have recovered but that things at home were so atrociously mismanaged meanwhile. The corrupt and incapable administration, having given mortal offense to royalists and republicans alike, having once more raised the continent against France, and begun to intrigue with Louis XVIII, had created that sentiment which became the inspiration of Bonapartism—that the choice lay between a military dictatorship and the old regime. There could be no doubt which the nation preferred; and unsuccessful tho Napoleon was in Syria, he had sufficiently proven his genius to be necessarily the "hero as king," since one must be.

* "Poets are prophets." Was ever anything written more prophetic than these lines of Coleridge?

"The swain who lured by Seine's mild murmurs led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
Today may rule a tempest-troubled State.

"Nor shall not Fortune, with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary despot's might.
And haply hurl the pageant from his height
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

"There, shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown,
Round his tired limbs to wrap the purple vest;
And, mixed with nails and beads, an equal jest!
Barter for food the jewels of his crown."

He perceived his opportunity; abandoned his army with the recklessness of Agathocles; slipped away from Egypt, as Gilray represented him, between Nelson's legs, while the hero of the Nile was caressing Lady Hamilton at Naples; and, having turned out the Directory on the 18th of Brumaire, VIII (1799), stood forth the champion of the Revolution's fruits against reaction. Nowhere in history is to be found a more atrocious misrepresentation than that which portrays him as the deliverer of France from "the horrors of Anarchy." The horrors thus misnamed ended five years before, while he was preaching Jacobinism and toadying the Robespierres. Even the bourgeoisie could have seen no reason to fear those horrors would be renewed. What everyone, except those interested in obsolete abuses, did fear, was that monarchy might be restored before other institutions which made it odious had been buried past hope of resurrection.

What then were those fruits of the Revolution, to secure which republican France was willing to endure the despotism of an Italian adventurer? The chief magistrate, whether called consul, king, or emperor, could no longer reign "without the law." This, which had been a sentiment uttered by jurists under Louis XV, was now a principle which hundreds of thousands of bayonets were ready to maintain. No more government by hereditary grace of God—only by will of the people! The aristocracy had lost every shred of their feudal privileges, and bequeathed them to no heirs. Rent, at a rate fixed by competition, or, in a certain proportion of cases, by the customary law of metayerage, was all the new proprietors could exact. Of these proprietors, a vast body, representing probably a million families, had no dependent tenants. All religions were equally tolerated. If the clergy were to be supported by the State at all, it must be in proportion to the numbers of those denominations which wanted their services. Bishops like Talleyrand, cardinals like Dubois and Rohan, were as obsolete as mammoths. With the feudal system, had gone an amount of authorized, protected, consecrated vice and profligacy, as odious to the people as the great and little

tyrannies—the corvée and the *lettre de cachet*—if somewhat less actually injurious. The most oppressive imposts, as the gabelle, were forever abolished. The nation, relieved from privilege and exaction, was becoming famous for diligence, thrift, intelligence, and progress. Education had been made general. Science, tho it received only crumbs in proportion to the feast once spread for superstition, had succeeded to the popular influence of the latter. In every profession, the army, the navy, the Church, the law, as in the mechanical and commercial trades, there was no longer any artificial barrier between talent and the highest place. Such were the substantial fruits of the Revolution. That they were well worth all they cost and were still to cost, will be disputed by no one who understands how greatly count exceeds weight—the petty, daily, age-long suffering of millions under tyranny the short agony of hundreds during a crisis like '93. But not everyone realizes yet that these blessings were inferior in worth to the new spirit—the sense of rights, the consciousness of powers, the criticism of pretensions, the intolerance of abuse,—which has entered into the people. The value of this is not yet generally appreciated, because it is still far from having produced its full effect. But it lives and grows. It will not return void to its Author. It will yet accomplish the work for which it came on earth.

Since we have mentioned the cost of the Revolution, it is worth while to learn from hostile sources what this was. The reactionary Convention, aiming to cast odium on the Terror, ordered statistics of the guillotine to be compiled. They found that the recorded legal or quasi-legal executions foot up less than two thousand! Montgaillard will not believe these figures reliable—he pleads for "more than four thousand"; but to make his own estimate plausible he has to bring in noyades, fusillades, etc., without record. It might be safe at that rate, to give him a few more. Yet his way of reckoning appears to be conscientious. And he can find no more, on record up to date of report, without counting massacres, which belong not to the jurisprudence of Terror, but to war, the business

of governments—civil war, raised by royalist lovers of legitimacy, and Girondist "lovers of order."

Other historical writers have been less scrupulous. Alison says 18,600 persons were guillotined, 32,000 slain by Carrier, 31,000 at Lyons! He justly observes that the extent to which blood was shed will scarcely be credited by future ages! And now "liberty was to be combined with order." When ladies went about in tights and gauze, when speculators resold the spoils of the aristocracy to those who won them, when fast young men whipped *tricoteuses* and the remains of murdered patriots were cast into the cloaca, there could no longer be a doubt that France had become fit for a gentleman to live in.

Moreover, all that genius could do in that way was ready to be done. It was helped out by stupidity. Pitt, having provoked rebellion in Ireland and made it an excuse for union, wished to render the union stable by Catholic emancipation. The absurd prejudices of George III compelled a dissolution of the cabinet upon this issue. With Pitt, departed the prestige of that policy he had long represented. No sooner had the allies of England been well beaten again, than she concluded the peace of Amiens, and left France at last free from fear. It is easy, by haggling over this or that minor point, to make either Bonaparte or Addington responsible for the disastrous rupture of this treaty, so beneficent and so short-lived. But a wide view of history will show that Bonaparte had no choice but to crush England or give up the power which he had been scheming to usurp as early as the winter before his Egyptian campaign. The basis of this power he judiciously made as broad as possible. The pope and the Protestants were alike conciliated. Jacobins, Thermidoreans, Girondins, Fueillantists, emigrés and Vendéeans, were all admitted to such posts as they could fill. Representatives of all these classes also declined to serve.

But Bonaparte by no means made the Thermidoreans' mistake of counting on their gratitude alone. A Duc d'Enghien was arrested and shot without law: a Vendéean chief guillotined with little pretense of

any; a republican general died mysteriously; several Jacobins suffered for obscure conspiracies; the prisons were filled, as arbitrarily as the old Bastile, with persons suspected of resisting the power which courted their allegiance. This power consisted of the army. Bonaparte's position was like that of the magician in the German fables. He had invoked a spirit almost omnipotent, but infernal. The condition on which it served him was that he should find it work to do. The penalty of failure was that it would rend him, as it did after Leipsic and after Waterloo. The peace of Amiens was broken. The whole continent was plunged into a series of wars which lasted for twelve years. The one day of Eylau, the one day of Borodino, witnessed carnage in which the butcheries of the Terror would not have counted. The natural allies of the Revolution were made, for a long time, its enemies. The Jacobin poets of England under Pitt, became the Tory poets of England under Castlereagh. Germany took up arms for the native despotism of Austria and Prussia against the more dreaded foreign tyranny of France. Spain astonished the world by a struggle worthy of Viriathus for a king who, tho the worst of Bourbons, was at least her own. The very peasants of Italy armed for the pope and the Two Sicilies against another Charles VIII. The very serfs of Russia faced the betrayer of Poland as they had faced the successors of Timor and of Ertoghrul. Yet such is the magic of genius and of authority, that sane men continue to lay upon that Anarchy which made France stand forth as Liberty Enlightening the World, a reaction which did not become general till after France was again under a despotism. They lavish their rhetoric of denunciation on the tranquil France of 1791. They reserve their praises, according to their prejudices, for the France of 1793, or for the France of 1806—for "the republic, a guillotine in the twilight" or for "the empire, a saber in the night." This inversion of an impressive contrast is the more absurd because the men who led France sober to liberty, education, science, morality, temperance, victory, substantial enduring wealth, were not at all great men; and because he who

led France intoxicated with the absinthe of glory to exhaustion, defeat, slavery, reaction, priestcraft, debauchery, was eminently a great man.

As a general, Napoleon hardly attains the faultlessness of Alexander, hardly, perhaps, the audacious originality of Cæsar. But in military science, capacity, resources, invention, he stands only below those deified sons of slaughter. As a statesman, a financier, an administrator, a builder for the future, he is entitled to stand above either of them. I have not a particle of sympathy with the envious mediocrity which belittles him. I believe, like one of Carlyle's disciples, that a man of genius voids men of talent in all directions —that if you would add up all the marshals said to have made Napoleon among them, the sum will be—a *Napoleonetto.* The fault which no genius could remedy, is that genius was misdirected against the spirit of the age; and so is that philosophy which sees in history only the "biography of a few stout and earnest individuals," declining to see that the masses, unlike the classes, learn—and never forget. It was not the tactics of Wellington, nor the snows of Scythia, nor the flames of Moscow, nor the unconquerable obstinacy of Spain, which subdued this Typhon. It was not even the sum of all these put together. It was that spirit which, never at loss for organs, urges Mankind along the pathway of infinite progression, and in the least of creatures can find means to defeat the self-deification of the greatest. If Napoleon had succeeded where Alexander and Gengis failed—if he had united the Arctic ocean to the Antarctic, and the Bay of Biscay to the Sea of Japan, there was enough of the Revolution in his own army to have dethroned him after that!

The inevitable end came. For the first time since Timor, the whole Eastern Continent shook to the tread of a single Man on Horseback.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

The world turned against such an Anachronism, overcame it; and France, at last actually exhausted,

submitted again to the Bourbons. The Bourbons, of course, had learned and forgotten nothing.

But if they had not been taught that the old regime was dead, she had got that lesson very thoroly. The returned emigrants attempted to call this Lazarus from putrescence, and there came forth—the Hundred Days. Louis XVIII, actually the most sensible of his breed, tho after Napoleon, he could win from even hatred no titles more respectful than "fool" and "hog," never tried that experiment again. His incorrigible brother did. He was driven into exile after a revolution of three days' duration. The Orleans abortion was set up for eighteen years, and then vanished in an hour.

The fidelity of the multitude to a tradition is the most striking of popular traits—for it witnesses our kinship with our grandsire Ape. It was matter of tradition in England that Pitt alone could cope with revolutionary France. There have in fact been many worse men than Pitt; but there never was a worse war minister. Nevertheless, tradition prevailed, and after the Peace of Amiens was broken Pitt resumed power, to die of the Austerlitz distemper. It was also still matter of tradition for France in 1848 that there was no alternative between a Bonaparte and the Bourbons.* So, after a brief Anarchy, she got her new Bonaparte. What ultimately dispels such traditions is experience. "In revolutions," said Danton, on his way to the guillotine, "I perceive that success falls to the most depraved." He should have said, in governments. After Pitt comes Castlereagh. After Agnes Sorel, Pompadour reigns; and after Pompadour, Du Barry. So, after Napoleon the Great, Napoleon the Little—with twenty years of bourgeois prosperity, ending in the five milliards and Sedan.

Clearly Alison was premature when he put the end of the French Revolution at Waterloo. In a very mighty sense it has no end! Bonapartism follows the

*I do not infer this from the result of the plebiscitum but from parallel cases. Since Pitt effected the union of Britain and Ireland, it has been an open secret (bad for democratic theories) that an established government can poll any majority it desires.

Old Regime into the limbo of Anachronisms. Lo, these thirty years France has been a republic! All the rest of Europe, except the "Cossack" part, has passed under constitutional monarchies not worth distinguishing from bourgeois republics. In France, therefore, as during 1793, but now everywhere else to boot, Anarchy confronts bourgeoisie—with no Bourbonism, or Bonapartism in reserve.

The old struggle is renewed; but not under the old auspices. Anarchy has been before; but short-lived, because undesignedly, startled out of being, like a premature birth, by the portentous surprise of its own existence. Anarchy is now an infant Hercules, well aware that he can live, and will. To strangle the serpents, he has acquired a mighty lever, namely Science. Let us conclude then by inquiring into the genesis and prospects of this new Anarchy, the latest child of Time.

Man, we have learned, is close kin both physically and morally, to the "anthropoid apes." Like all simia, he is gregarious, unable usually even to exist without his troop, and naturally very much attached to it. Like all simia, he is also a great imitator. These two propensities, when working together, constitute the conservative instinct. Unable to live without his troop, man, the individual, dreads nothing so much as excommunication. A born imitator, collective man is the Philistine King Mob, exacting as well as practising, "what others do," under this penalty of excommunication, which means death. But the imitative and gregarious instincts do not *always* work together. It is possible to imitate other things than man. An "original" individual observes that mice cross rivers upon rafts; and navigation begins. Another sees that Nature provides a shelter for her children in caves. He conceives the idea of making artificial caves; and, lo, man becomes a builder! Thus radicalism and conservatism, genius (with its abortive phases) and Philistinism, have a common root. One imitates simple Nature, the other that much artificialized portion of Nature called our collective fellow men. It is the former which has exalted man from an animal inferior in

power to almost every other into the Talker, the Writer, "the rational animal," the inductive philosopher and scientist, the "clothed animal," the tool-maker, the constructor of weapons, machinery, dwellings, the builder of cities, the tunneler of mountains, the master of the sea, the "lord of creation." Reason being man's peculiar prerogative and instrument of progress; and reason being, as John Stuart Mill showed, always fundamentally induction, that is observation and experiment, or, as I have put it, imitation of nature, not of men; my own law of social progress follows.—"The dispositions to demand and to yield obedience vary directly as each other, and inversely as culture." They are stronger among savages than civilized men, stronger among backward nations than advanced; and, notwithstanding obvious interest, they are stronger among the poor than the rich, because the poor are generally less informed than the rich. Democracy is fertile in fool laws. Successful revolutions begin, like that of France, among the "upper classes."

But tho imitation of nature is the method of human progress; it has its perils, which they who value progress must dare. All reasoning being fundamentally inductive, it is clear that induction may lead to error as well as truth. It leads a Pasteur to the conclusion that contagious diseases are caused by bacteria, and a granny goose to the conclusion that Friday is an unlucky day. If man's imitation of man chained him to following, like the ants and bees, those practises which "natural selection" has imposed on his race, all this would be comparatively innocent. But it chains him to following the "traditions of the elders," which are for the most part the inductions of men superior in their day, tho very ignorant from the modern standpoint. These are the *superstitions*, which form the great obstacles to social progress. It is not, however, judicious to condemn them as unsparingly as was fashionable among the French reformers. Modern antiquarianism teaches us to see that their genesis was always a step in advance. They become reactionary only when tradition makes them collective instead of personal—whole instead of very partial

truths. Thus Language, the greatest of human inventions, is constantly perverted into a fetter rather than an instrument of human thought.

Among these superstitions, one of the most fundamental is Hero-worship. Great indeed is the hero; the Able Man, the king by his right of can-ing, no doubt. Great is genius! It gives us those "useful" arts, those "practical" inventions, which have made "the empire of mind over matter." It gives us the beautiful arts, which are the real sources of moral elevation. It overthrows (tho it originally laid a foundation for) those superstitions which pervert them into sacraments of moral degradation. Even the (characteristic) aberrations and wickednesses of genius have their use. It is well Napoleon, not Robespierre, carried Gallic fanaticism over Europe. For the inevitable reaction, which would have attributed Robespierre's failure to his littleness, could attribute Napoleon's only to the impracticability of his aim. Like Hannibal, with whom he has so often been compared, he was pulled down by much less men than himself—because no man is so great as all men. Let us agree therefore that Philistinism, the enemy of genius, is the Devil. But that in any genius "dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily" is an idea revivable in our time only as a foil to Philistine democracy. The Philistine has his use in Evolution, as the devil has in theology. He takes care of Tasso when Tasso becomes insane—unless Tasso happens to be a king by birth as well as merit, or without the merit.

Reason is not the only instrument of human advance, tho it is peculiar to that kind. The factors of all progress are, as Darwin showed competition, which eliminates the unfit, and cooperation, which as Kropotkin added, contributes, thruout the entire scale of life, to make the unfit fit. In the physical, as distinguished from the moral and intellectual sphere, the first is natural, the other sexual, selection. Reason, whose embodiment is genius, contributes powerfully to the former. The tribe which first learns to make slings, arrows, armor, ships, repeating rifles, quickly extirpates others, unless they learn too—for man, like his near-

est ape-congeners, tho not like all the simia, is eminently carnivorous and ferocious—a fighter, whose upward steps have been marked with blood. But that process by which man has developed into the physically higher varieties—by which the little Negritto, once diffused over the whole eastern continent, engendered the stronger Negro, the fairer Turanian, and at last that "beautiful blond beast" the pristine Aryan, was almost altogether sexual selection; which accordingly is the root of aristocracy. Let us no longer rail at aristocracy, any more than at hero-worship, but study it. We owe it much. It is innocent of much which Democracy, the pet superstition of Philistines, has laid to its charge. To the accusation of making "the man with the hoe," aristocrats, it has been well said, can prove an *alibi.* The caves of Neanderthal are witness that he existed—without his hoe—before themselves. What aristocrats may justly enough be accused of, is only *perpetuating* the man with the hoe. Aristocrats are primordially the strongest men and fairest women. As such, they are worthy to be admired, and, in reason, imitated, for they did not become the strongest and fairest without developing habits which others would do well to imitate—for example that breeding which makes "society a form of poetry." They have, however, other habits, not so worthy to be imitated—some of them, indeed, not imitable, because they are suicidal. Every aristocracy runs out, like a double flower. That of Greece was obsolete before the Roman conquest, that of Rome by Augustus' time. New made senators of Rome, Gothic Amals, Carlovingians' Paladins, where were their descendants under the Bourbons? Nothing if not warlike, aristocracy sheds its refined blood like water. Originally associated with the poetry of the affections, it degenerates by mercenary and incestuous marriages till "we may safely presume that every man who has access to court and looks like a monkey is a grandee of the highest rank." Originally strong, it is enervated by idleness and the vices idleness engenders. Like monarchy, aristocracy evidently becomes vicious at the exact point where it becomes a thing of *status* instead of personal qualities. It fares

best where it takes least pains to preserve itself. An aristocracy like that of England, continually recruited from the commonalty, and continually sending younger branches down into the commonalty, is more enduring, as well as more popular, than any other. But the vice of *status*, "order," institutionalism, ultimately produces its normal effect even there.

Man being an improved monkey, the plebeian, of course, imitates the noble as much as he can, and to a great extent he imitates those manners of the nobility which suit his other habits least. The noble draws a line between his own order and others; but at least within the magic circle, he is less disposed both to yield and exact obedience than the plebeian. There is, it is well known, far more sexual freedom among the upper classes than the middle. The aristocrat does not care whether Louis XIV were the son of Louis XIII—it is enough that he was the technically legitimate son of Louis' wife. The bourgeois naively imitating the noble, and the man with the hoe the bourgeois; they are concerned about their "honor." Thus, while each new aristocracy runs out from causes above described, the man with the hoe is perpetuated and not improved. The slavery of woman insures the supply of "scabs" and soldiers; and man is punished for enslaving woman by remaining a slave himself.

The superstition of democracy is quite as old as that of hero-worship or of aristocracy. That genius which imposed royalty on the masses was never able to defy their prejudices. Pure despotism has no party. The common law remains. The king who tries to "reign without it" causes a revolution. In a revolution, a mass of comparatively modern but already antiquated *status* is always swept away. That part of primordial barbarism alone survives which the masses have not yet outgrown. Among the most fundamental of their instincts is their own essential sovereignty. After a revolution they commonly try to "govern themselves." The history of democracies teaches, however, that the masses are not sufficiently agreed to govern themselves except in seasons of revolution. The people here, in America, do really govern themselves, for a short time,

when they rise in a sort of insurrection—a San Francisco Vigilance Committee or a New York "fight with Tammany." For the rest, they are governed, like other people, by "smart men," organized in some sort of a ring, tho not called an aristocracy. It is needless to say that if this be true of so democratic a government as ours, it is more conspicuously true of a mixed one, like the English. The trick by which astucious men always manage to govern the people is playing on some superstition which deludes the strongest part of them. In Napoleonic France, it was "glory." In the Middle Ages it was orthodoxy.

Among the most general of these superstitions, by shrewd use of which the people can be divided and the distracted majority subjected to an united minority, is the faith in an established government, no matter what its form. What but the Able Man; the Kinglets of an aristocratic community; or our ancestors' wisdom preserved in the traditions and expressed in the elections of a democratic one; prevents us all from being robbed and murdered? Ever since Burke published his "Vindication of Natural Society," the answer has been tolerably easy. It is familiar enough to those who really read and think that governments give the individual no protection at all, as compensation for their enormous cost. And this conclusion every step in inductive social science has placed on a more broad and solid basis. That punishment does not prevent crime, but increases it; that military establishments do not protect against foreign attacks, but invite them; that official public service is bad, dear, and keeps out better; that, in short, all which government can be said to do for the people's benefit turns out on inquiry to be a minus quantity, leaving its admitted injuries to them a clear balance of ill—these are truths so fully proved and so easily established that not knowing them deserves to be considered the mark of not being up to date. The case of Government vs. Anarchy, has no argument, and does not usually attempt any. It reasons only with bad language and violent actions. That these may take effect, or even fail to operate in the wrong direction, it is necessary to address, not the people's judg-

ment, but their prejudice. There was, as the philosophy of Evolution teaches, a time when political and religious idols were not "differentiated." The first kings were gods. True, there was behind them a less personal deity—the commonwealth,—the Totem,—and behind that the awful figure, always dreaded in proportion as beheld less clearly, of Universal Pan. But the instinct of superstition is to put between oneself and That, as many mediators as possible—king, priest, prophet, ancestor, impersonal Law. "Speak ye to us —let not God speak to us lest we die!" How this spirit operates to excite fear of Anarchy we have seen. It is so easy to run in a rut, so comfortable to be thought and acted for by someone else, that when Anarchy comes, as to those foolish Auvergnois during 1789, and forces us to act for ourselves, we see a brigand in every bush. Alas, poor Monkey! that needs must have something to imitate; who shall deliver thee from this fear of thine own shadow? Thou must die some day; and then at all events must shift solely for thyself! If only to put that off, is it not worth while to consider how thou canst learn to help thyself, instead of trusting those who (like thee) love themselves far best of all?

The Improved Monkey does see this; and hence it is that from age to age the Practical Arts have slowly been improved, till certain philosophers, as Descartes and Bacon, arose—of course, during a time of revolution—to point out that these arts are peculiar in that respect. Their method (the experimental) being the only one by which we learn how to do anything, is the only progressive method. And to its capacities there is no apparent end. Since this was properly stated, the inductive or experimental method has drawn to itself the best intellect of the world, formerly expended in very different ways; and the progress of positive knowledge has become accordingly rather geometrical than arithmetical. It would be much more rapid, however, if there were no personal and vested interests opposed to the general advance of humanity.

All human effort, says Aristotle, springs from only three volitions—to Act, to Persuade, and to Know.

Evolutionary philosophy perceives that this must be so, because they are connected respectively with three fundamental necessities of animal life. Man must act to eat; persuade to propagate; and seek knowledge, or its semblance, not to die of fear. Moreover, the same philosophy shows that the first volition is fundamental, long antedating that specializing of organ and function which the others require. They are therefore subject to the same law as it. So far as the fine arts and rhetoric are progressive, they are inductive. Induction, and induction only, gratifies in some measure the volition to Know, by carrying up science to approximate solutions of those very enigmas over which doctors in Metaphysics have, from *a priori* assumptions, disputed for so many centuries in vain. But the arts of persuasion, at any rate, may be applied to hinder, not to advance, the march of human intellect. Both the motive for so applying them and the means are obvious. It does not suit the king, the noble, the landlord, the male, that the subject, the plebeian, the proletaire, or the woman, should be too well informed. For the purpose of persuading them to be content with ignorance, the great instrument is fear. We fear because we are ignorant. To attach ourselves to the Wonderful, that is to know God, we imagine would be the remedy for fear. But to know God, as we know those objective particulars on which we can experiment, is impossible. In the beautiful arts—in sculpture, painting, poetry, music—we attain, indeed, the emotion of the sublime; we embody views of the Infinite. These views, however, being those of a finite percipient, are not ultimate. To make them appear so is the pseudo-science of the theologian and metaphysician. To receive them from his hands as such, is the "compound ignorance" of the religionist; who, unable to know God, takes refuge in knowing not that he knows not. Such vast and awful shapes as primitive poetry invests the Unknowable withal—devouring Moloch, thundering Jove, are imposed upon more civilized posterity by fear; and with them are imposed the barbarous ethics and ritual of the age whose faith conceived these monsters. Thus it is that those interests opposed to hu-

man progress retard it. The king reigns by the grace of God. It is the decree of God that the woman shall be subject to her husband. The laws of our country are founded on the laws of God and nature. If we break these sacred bonds we shall plunge into the horrors of Anarchy; we shall meet Pan in all his terror; we shall absolutely be forced to think and act for ourselves! This explains, and this makes tragedy of what would else be such roaring comedy—viz., that the king, the politician, the male, above all the priest, the beneficiaries of these superstitions, believe them very little, while the victims believe them very much.

Again, who is to deliver us? Not the metaphysical sceptic. He has had his trial and his failure. We fear because we are weak. There is nothing in mere negations to make us stronger. We marvel because we are ignorant. There is nothing in *a priori* speculation to make us wiser. The kings and priests of former ages used to burn the presumptuous heretics and witches who set up for their rivals in the charlatan business. But they know better now. The modern Movement in Favor of Ignorance, engineered by the kings and priests of course, sets out with this great principle that all charlatans are natural allies against science. Transcendentalism, Spiritualism, Materialism, no matter what, so that it be quackery of some sort, and will draw people away from application of induction to social matters, shall be welcome aid in this great work!

The prophet, whose originality conceives a new "view" of the Infinite, has in his season done much. Moses, by destroying polytheism and idolatry among a people; Jesus by detaching the Mosaic deification of personal righteousness from those ritualisms which had limited it to one people; Luther by asserting the subjective character of this ideal against the immoral and irrational casuistry of the Schools, became precursors of Anarchism, without whom it never could have existed. The prophet, as the breaker of routine, is always on the worst of terms with the priest, who is the manipulator of routine. The misfortune is that out of the prophet's example, the priest has always found it

possible to make a new routine. And as the message of prophets has always, according to their degree of inspiration, been reversion to the Inner Light; prophesy has its last word. When it formally announced, which was now some time ago, that the Inner Light is the divine guide, and all others spurious; it had said all it had to say. Henceforth its former utterances are "literature" not "dogma." That this saying produced so little effect—that the Quakers, tho they achieved the honor of being the best hated and persecuted among all sects, did not upset the world, like the Anarchists, is evidently because "views" are undemonstrable, except as they happen to coincide with (inductive) experimental results of the volition to Act. Quakerism could not become Anarchism till science had shown that government by virtue of its nature has the practical result of doing harm not good.

But now this has been shown—now the volitions to Act and Know, have united on their several proofs that absolute individual liberty is man's normal state —how great a change the conclusion makes in the poise of those few who as yet have been able to realize it! Man collectively, like individual man in childhood, has been content hitherto to go by precepts and examples. He has observed rules in his going out and coming in, his uprising and sitting down. His predecessors, who ought to be his inferiors, he has regarded as supernatural beings. He has feared each time the sun set, that it might not rise again. It is in our day only, and among the elect of our day, man realizes that he has but just emerged from infancy into adolescence; that he is entitled to expect a long life; that it is in his privilege, duty, and powers, to surpass his teachers as they surpass those savage ancestors whose absurd superstitions and brutal customs they still regard with at least some affectation of reverence.

That this emancipation of a few is as yet confined to them, need in no way affect our entire persuasion that it will soon be in general practise. As the depths of stupidity are bottomless; so all superstitions I find to be immortal. Believers in witchcraft, worshippers

of Moloch, worshippers of Fortune, are among us—nay they are not by any means very few. But history also teaches me quite as much, that superstitions cease to be capable of hindering social progress when educated people cease to believe in them. The government-superstition, like the witchcraft-superstition, will be reduced to a phantom as soon as the whole cultivated class perceive that it is equally opposed to both the logic of practical science and the instincts of a wholesome faith. And, judging from the rapidity with which other superstitions collapsed when once impugned, that time is very near. Already the systematizer of knowledge who would be listened to, must begin with the individual. Nay, the mere individualist, who would apologize for this or that institution as necessary to prevent invasion of personal freedom, has lost his oracular tripod—the very *profanum vulgus* interrupt him with this cry, "Institutions do not prevent what you call 'invasion'; but are the very thing itself."

A system which the reverence of the many and the reason of the few begin to agree about condemning is evidently "in parlous case." Yet the history of revolutions shows that vested interests may continue to exist for mere want of pushing over until something unites the opposition. Never were institutions more destitute of a moral or logical leg to stand upon than those of France during the long reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. Yet they stood, or at least did not fall, for fifteen years even under Louis XVI. Since Buckle published his "History of Civilization," thinkers have been familiar with the sociological law that collective man does not act, as individuals often do, from considerations of philanthropy, religion, or even far-seeing prudence; but only, under whatever disguise, from those carnal instincts and immediate personal needs which affect the lowest spirits equally with the highest. Ignorance of this truth is what vitiates the reasoning of State Socialists and others who dream that it may be possible to organize a government which shall be beneficent not tyrannical. The hope of enlightened reformers is that when next revolution comes, the physical organ of its advent will bring home to the

common sense and selfishness of common men the necessity for discarding institutions.

That such another revolution impends will be doubted by no one who has studied history in the light of Evolution, which unfortunately perhaps few have. Such an exposition of universal history has been the purpose of my life. But as, when the rain falls and the sun shines, any drop may, according to the observer's standpoint, serve for keystone of the celestial arch, so any event in human progress will do for a text out of which the entire action may be spun. It is thus, dear reader, that you and I have been trying to "improve" this French Revolution. You perceive that when we contemplate it from the proper angle it expands into a Franciad, the Epic of a nation's growth and work for the great end of all. We have seen how the primitive Aryan genius developed into Gallic and Teutonic stems; how the high priesthood of Rome, whose own evolution has been traced, officiated at their union; how from thence sprang that city of Paris, which, attracting and absorbing matter upon every side, fused tribes, municipia, and cantons into that modern France whose freedom and unity Paris preserved when she stood alone "with a few Departments" against the confederated forces of internal discord and the banded might of kings. In the modern nation, thus grown from the ancient city, we found, as in that, the conflict of two principles, liberty forever progressive, and restraint in its own nature ephemeral. That France should conquer Europe, it was necessary she alone in Europe should be free. That the Commune should triumph over the individual as during the Terror, the nation over it as in 1870, the Church and the empire over the nation, as in 1815; is always that sort of victory which proves more fatal than defeat. In working out this saga, the historian must not give rein to his imagination—still less must he be influenced by that of predecessors. It is the least agreeable and the most laborious, but by no means the least necessary part of his duty to get at facts thru a vast superincumbent mass of sophistry and misrepresentation. This task, to the best of my ability, I have discharged with such

means as I possessed. The reader who looks only for results has not been afflicted with many references. He who would share and appreciate the author's work in sifting, may learn something from the bibliographical epitome.



Bibliographical Epitome.

Books on the French Revolution and subjects necessary to a good understanding of it number over six thousand! It will readily be believed that this list comprises only those to which the author would acknowledge, or, in the case of a few well known but trashy books, disclaim an obligation.

Abbott. "History of the French Revolution." Originally published in *Harper's Magazine*. Picturesque, but inaccurate. For the most part follows Lamartine.

"*Actes des Apôtres.*" Contemporary. Royalist journal. Best of its kind—decidedly witty.

Adams, Chas. K. "Democracy and Monarchy in France."

Alison. "History of Europe." High Tory, chief value now found in the military narrative and the summary of somewhat scarce contemporary authorities, as Arthur Young (q. v.).

Ammianus Marcellinus. Roman soldier and historian. Capital authority on his own period, the fourth century, when the Empire was breaking up into foefs under barbarians. He portrays the life of the people, at this difficult epoch; and is so impartial that tho religion enters very largely into his subject, it is doubted whether he were a Christian or a pagan. See "Beginings of French History."

"*Analyse du Moniteur.*" A synopsis very useful, especially for about 1793.

Angoulême, Duchesse d'. Her narrative of captivity in the Temple. Chief authority for the scenes described.

"Archeology." In a wide sense, as the science, not merely of artificial remains, but prehistoric antiquity, this science is indispensable to the philosophic historian, in an age of evolutionary theory. It is, however, learned from too many sources, and their separate hearings on our special topic are too slight, to admit of enumeration. Among chief authorities are Herbert Spencer, "Descriptive Sociology," Austin, "Province of Jurisprudence," Maine, "Ancient Law," Bachofen, "*Mutterrecht,*" MacLennan, "Primitive Marriage," Lubbock, "Origin of Civilization." (q. o. v.).

Aubenas. "*Histoire de l'Impératrice Joséphine.*"

Austin. (See Archeology).

Bachofen. "*Mutterrecht.*" See Archeology.

Bailly. Memoirs.

Barbaroux. Memoirs.

Barère. Memoirs. Poor stuff. See Macaulay's "Essay" on the author.

Barras. Memoirs. Generally very poor authority. See text and notes.

Baudoin, Frères. Collection of Memoirs.

Baudot. See "Quinet."

Beaumarchais. Collected works.

Beginnings of French History. Authorities on. For earliest period see "Celts."—Roman, authorities on, Merivale, Hallam, Guizot, Gibbon, Michelet, all whom vide. Medieval—Hallam, Guizot, Gibbon, Michelet. Contemporaries referred to under their own names, Ammianus Marcellinus, Cæsar, Dion Cassius, Eginhard, Gregory of Tours (q. o. v.).

Berville et Barrière. Collected Memoirs. Valuable especially for extracts.

Besenval, Baron. Memoirs.

"*Biographie des Ministres.*" Book of reference. Like all its class very useful to the historical writer; but I have observed that such authorities are to be used with caution. I can point out errors in the best. A capital rule is to ascertain, whenever possible, who wrote the articles, and whence he got his information. For "views," going beyond bare facts, useless.

"*Biographie Universelle.*" Another book of the "reference" class.

Blackstone. "Commentaries." Indispensable for a period in which there is so much law. See "Justinian."

Blanc, Louis. "History ot the Revolution." One of the best extant; but in its best parts now rather antiquated.

Bonaparte, Napoleon I. Emperor. Cited from Las Casas "*Memorial de Ste. Hélène.*" O'Meara, "Voice from St. Helena," his collected writings (1858), etc.

Bonar. "Malthus and his Work." A concise review of the Malthusian controversies, especially pertinent for bearing on the early population of Gaul and effects of the Black Death on serfdom.

Bos. "*Les avocats au conseil du roi.*" Contains shocking exposures of corruption under the monarchy.

Bouet. "*Bretons de l'Armorique.*"

Bouillè. Memoirs.

Bretons and Vendéeans. Chief authorities on, Bouet, q. v., with Legallois and Lobineau's Continuation.

Brewer. "History of France," "A lift for the lazy."

Brissot. 1. "Memoirs." 2. "*Patriote Français.*" See "*Histoire Parlementaire.*"

Brougham, Lord. "Sketches of Statesmen." Contains valuable papers on Siéyès, Robespierre, Desmoulins, St. Just, Fouché, and other revolutionary characters.

Brunet, Chas. "Marat."

Buchez et Rou. "*Histoire Parlementaire*"(q. v.).

Buckle. "History of Civilization." This famous work contains matter of high importance to the philosophy of our subject. See especially chs. 8-14, vol. I.

"*Bulletin du Tribunal Criminel.*" Rare. Should be at least partially read by every special student.

Burke, Edmund. Collected works. Illustrative of the time spirit. Exhibit the action and reaction in the mind of an eminent thinker, once almost persuaded to be the father of Anarchism, but who acted as the Torquemada of modern heretics. A single idea which governs the subject remains expressed in his aphorism, "Precedent is the logic of nations." Burke was the scientific hygienist of the "sick man" Authority.

Buzot. Memoirs.

Cæsar, C. Julius. "Commentaries." Authority on Gaul.

Calonne. Correspondence and pamphlets.

Campan, Mme. "*Mémoires sur la vie privée de Marie Antoinette.*"

Camparden. 1. "*Marie Antoinette à la Conciergerie.*" 2. "*Le Tribunal Révolutionaire.*"

Carlyle. 1. "French Revolution." A rhetorical masterpiece, refutes some lies, but faithfully reproduces a great many more. 2. "Essays," those on Voltaire, Mirabeau, and other pertinent subjects.

Carrier. Trial of.

Celts, early; chief authorlties on, Cæsar, Dion Cassius, Suetonius, Diodorus Siculus, Tacitus, Strabo, all whom v.—modern, in France, Legallois, Bouet (see "*Bretons*"), Thierry. (q. v.).

Chablais, Louise. In Watson (q. v.).

Challamel, Augustin. 1. "*Histoire Musée de la République.*" Valuable illustrative material, largely addressing the eye, by *fac similes*. 2. "*Les Français sous la Révolution.*"

Champfleury. "*Faïences Patriotiques.*" Valuable for same reason as Challamel's "*Histoire Musée.*"

Chateaubriand, F. A. 1. "Memoirs." Valuable. 2. "Essay on Revolutions." Trash.

Chevreul. "*Dictionnaire Historique des Institutions, Mœurs et Coutumes de la France.*"

Chivalry. Authorities on, as it stands related to feudalism and our subject. Nodier; Menestrier; Hallam, "Middle Ages"; James, "History of Chivalry," all of whom see.

Choiseul. "*Relation du Départ de Louis XVI*" (Des Tuileries, Juin 20me 1791) Paris, 1825. A good summary of deposi tions and other evidence.

"*Choix des Rapports*," 1825. A valuable record. Contains, *e. g.* a good deal of information about the Girondin Committee of Twelve.

Clery, on prison life of Louis XVI, in Weber (q. v.).

Cobbett. "History of the English Reformation." Essentially a violent tirade against our bourgeois system, in his hatred of which, the Socialistic author endeavors to prove the Reformation a change for the worse. The useful part is the statistical.

Condorcet. Collected works. I refer particularly to the Life of Turgot, and the "*Esprit Humain*."

Constitutions. Early European. Authorities, Gibbon, Hallam (Middle Ages), Florez, (compilation of Spanish chronicle), and sundry modern antiquarians, some very recent, Froude on the English (in his history), Green, "History of the English People," Michelet, "History of France," Guizot, "History of Civilization," all whom see.

Conway, Moncure D. "Life of Thomas Paine." The only good one.

Corday, Charlotte. Letters and other papers attributed to. Published (Caen, 1863) sub. tit. "*Œuvres politiques*." The reader has observed that I suspect them of being, like so much other alleged original matter, freely recast by some one's inner consciousness.

"*Courier de Provence*." Mirabeau's Journal.

Crequi, Marquise. "*Souvenirs*." Spurious—a first-rate specimen of the bogus memoirs against which historians should guard.

Cretineau-Joly. "*La Vendée Militaire*."

Croker, J. W. "Essays on Early Period of French Revolution." High Tory. Valuable for criticism on Thiers, and also for many curious details, in which the author delighted.

Dampmartin. "*Evénements qui se sont passés sous mes yeux*."

D'Anglas, Boissy. "Life of Malesherbes."

"*Débats de la Convention*." Paris, 1828.

De l'Escure. See "*Marie Antoinette*."

Des Couches. "*Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, et Mme. Elisabeth*." See "*Marie Antoinette*."

Desmazes. "*Parlements de France*." (Chiefly on that of Paris.)

Desmoulins, Camille. 1. "*Le Vieux Cordelier*." Scarcely accessible in the original form, tho reprinted, Paris, 1825. Copious extracts in Berville et Barriere, q. v. 2. "*Histoire des Brissotins*." Party pamphlet. See "*Histoire Parlementaire*."

Desnoisterres. "Voltaire and Rousseau." A good work on the prophets of the Revolution. Contains, *e. g.*, perhaps the best account of the horrible La Barre affair, at Abbeville.

Despois, Eugène. "*Vandalisme Révolutionnaire.*" A very serviceable work, pointed by its ironical title. A sketch of the great scientific, educational, and other pacific institutions which sprang from the French Revolution.

De Stael, Mme. "*Considérations sur la Révolution.*"

"*Deux Amis de la Liberté.*" This contemporary account is the great *pièce de résistance*, on which Alison, Carlyle, and other historians of the Revolution very largely build themselves. Unfortunately, the original "friends of liberty" (Kerversen and Clavelin) only carried it down to 1792; and the continuation is inferior.

D'Herbois, Collot. "*Almanach du Père Gérard.*" (Kerengel).

D'Hunolstein. "*Correspondence inédite de Marie Antoinette.*" (See *Marie Antoinette.*)

Dickens, Charles. "Tale of Two Cities." Constantly cited as illustrative material; but, except for some sharp observations on the state of England, I owe it little.

"*Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquants.*" Book of reference.

Diodorus, Siculus. See *Celts.*

Dion Cassius. See *Celts.*

Doniol. "*La Révolution et la Féodalité.*" On the causes and beginnings of the Revolution.

Dulaure. "*Histoire de Paris, Physique, Civile, et Morale.*"

Dumont. "Memoirs of Mirabeau."

Dumouriez. "Autobiography."

Duray. "History of France." Brief, but good, illustrated with useful and well executed maps.

Eginhard. Charlemagne and other works.

Elisabeth, Mme. [Philippine Marie Hélène], sister of Louis XVI. Correspondence in Parisot's "Life," and Des Couches, both of whom, see.

"Encyclopedia Britannica." I have made considerable use of this standard reference work, but, to my own knowledge, it errs like others.

Felemhesi. See "*Histoire Parlementaire.*"

Fleury, Edouard. "*Eléctions aux Etats Généraux en 1789.*" A valuable record of a period thrown into obscurity by the blaze of later events.

Florez. See "Constitutions."

Forster. "*Briefwechsel.*" Anecdotes and reminiscences of sensational interest. It is he who tells the story of Charlotte Corday's head.

Fouché. Memoirs. Alleged by his son to be spurious; but it is certain Fouché wrote memoirs. Those extant are probably rather amplified than forged; accordingly, they may be used with caution, as the half-genuine autobiography of a great liar.

Froude. "History of England." Several times referred to for parallels, and communities of institution. The faults of this work—its excess of hypothesis, Carlylean hero-worship, ostentation of unimportant learning, etc., do not impair but rather guarantee its utility for our present purposes, which depends on originality both in view and research.

Gallois. "History of Journalism during the French Revolution."

Gaume, Mgr. "*La Révolution.*" Ultramontane. The chief merit consists in exhibiting the effect of the classical Renaissance in inducing the revolutionary spirit. Of course the author means to show how mischievous pagan studies are. Scholars may learn from him on what intellectual heights it was that "freedom sat"—radicals that to depreciate the study of antiquity is injudicious.

Geffroy. See "*Marie Antoinette.*"

Genlis, Mme. Memoirs.

Gibbon. "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Necessary to knowledge of modern European origins.

Gillray. Caricatures. A graphic record of English public sentiment towards France. Strikingly illustrates the virulence and indecency of Toryism at that time.

Goethe. "*Campagne in Frankreich.*" (*Werke*).

Green. See "Constitutions."

Gregory, St. of Tours. Principal authority on the origins of the Frankish Kingdoms.

Grote. "History of Greece." Important to our subject for origins (of cities, *e. g.*).

Guizot. "History of Civilization." See "Beginnings."

Hallam. "History of Europe during the Middle Ages."

Hamel, Ernest. "Life of Robespierre." The only thoro one.

Hatin. "History of the Press." Best authority on journalism in the Revolution.

Hazlitt. "Life of Napoleon." Good for reference to some things, *e. g.* Napoleon's Supper of Beaucaire.

Hèbert. "*Le Père Duchesne.*" This abominable paper should read *at*, in order to understand certain phases of the Revolution.

Henault. "*Abrégé Chronologique. Hist. France.*" A specimen of the stuff which passed for history just before the Revolution.

"*Histoire Parlementaire.*" A very valuable compilation, containing such important data as D'Estaing's letter to Marie Antoinette, Marat's *Avis au Peuple*, extracts from his journal at an early period, copious citations from Desmoulins and Loustallot, Lecointre's deposition on the Versailles affair of October; much taken from Brissot's paper (*Patriote Français*),

Fauchet's "*Bouche de Fer*," Proudhomme; debates of the Jacobin Club; royalist papers, otherwise long since gathered to charitable oblivion, with all their ineffable balderdash; Rœderer on the events of August 10. It contains also our first-hand accounts of the September massacres by Jourgniac ("*Mon Agonie*"), Abbé Sicard ("*Relation*"), Maton ("*Ma Résurrection*"), and Félémhesi (anagram for Méhée Fils); reports on the Versailles butchery, and the bombardment of Lille; "*Documents Complémentaires*," on the fall of the Girondins (important); trial of Charlotte Corday, etc. It is the chief repository for *Moniteur* up to autumn 1789.

Hodgkin. "Italy and Her Invaders." This huge book, tho rather thin in tissue, gives quite a lively view of the steps by which Cæsarism passed into Medievalism.

Homer (poems). The great Ionian is necessary to our comprehension of European institutions in their earliest stage of evolution. See *Grote* and *Schliemann.*

Hopkins. "The Dungeons of Old Paris." Has set me right on some misrepresented points.

"Horrors of the Prisons of Arras," Paris, 1823. Sensational.

Howard. "The Prisons of Europe."

Hugo, Victor. "Ninety-Three." A most lurid picture of the Vendéean war.

James, G. P. R. 1. "History of Chivalry and the Crusades." 2. "History of Charlemagne." 3. "History of Richard Cœur de Lion." 4. "History of Louis XIV." All very conducive to understanding of French origins and institutions before the Revolution.

Jefferson, Thomas. On the French Revolution, see his collected works, especially Part II, Vols. II and III, also some later letters. On Anarchism, Vol. II. 7, 9, 100, 331, 318 seq. III, 1 seq.

Jomini. "*Histoire Critique et Militaire des Guerres de la Révolution.*" Chief authority on its subject.

Joséphine Beauharnais-Bonaparte, Empress. Correspondence in Aubenas (q. v.), and Lanfrey (q. v.)

Junius, Letters of. Exhibit the revolutionary and Anarchistic spirit in England at the earliest stage. The vexed question of authorship is immaterial to our subject.

Justinian. "Laws of the Roman Empire." Contains in digest the previous codes of Constantine, Theodosius, *et al.*, with the Imperial author's innovations. The great repository of what jurists call "civil" law as distinguished from "common"—indispensable to students of constitutional origins, but too vast and obscure a mine to be well worked by any but specialists. See, for necessary excerpts, Gibbon, Hodgkin, Hallam, Guizot, Michelet, Blackstone, and other authorities cited on medieval law.

Laclos (The Duke of Orleans' man). "*Délibérations à prendre pour les Assemblées des Baillages.*"

Lacretelle. "History of France in the Eighteenth Century." Once famous—a clear cold record from an antiquated point of view.

Lafayette. Memoirs.

Laferriere. "*Histoire du Droit Français.*" Cited on parliamentary and other judicial organizations.

Lally Tolendal. "*Mémoire de.*"

Lamartine. "History of the Girondins." The grand repository of fictions.

Lameth, A. "*Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante.*".

Lamotte, Mme. "Memoirs." Too hastily dismissed as a mere collection of lies. There are statements worth considering.

Lanfrey. "History of Napoleon." Valuable, as based on Napoleon's correspondence, which began to be published in 1858, and, tho evidently doctored is, by far, the best source of first-hand information, Lanfrey's view of Napoleon is, however, unappreciative, and his knowledge of foreign affairs defective.

Larochejaquelin, Mme. "Memoirs."

Larocheterie. See "*Marie Antoinette.*"

Las Casas. See Bonaparte.

Lavergne. "*Les Assemblées Provinciales.*"

Lea. "Superstition and Force." This world-famous book is valuable as a guide to pre-revolutionary criminal law.

Legallois. History of Brittany, with continuation by Lobineau (q. v.)

Leo. French Revolution, in "*Weltgeschichte.*"

Lepelletier, Michael, Life of. By his brother.

Levasseur. Memoirs. Good for Jacobin-Girondin scenes.

Lewes, G. H. "Life of Robespierre." Best till lately.

"Library of the World's Best Literature." This compendium, alphabetical in arrangement, but giving dates of the authors, may be consulted to verify what I have said about the tendencies of English and French thought during the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century.

Lichtenau, Gräfin, mistress of the Prussian king. "Memoirs," in English, 1809. Referred to concerning Captain Dampmartin, and the decree of no-quarter against the English.

Linguet. "*Bastille Dévoilée.*" One of the court's wise moves was buying up Linguet early in the Revolution.

Llorente. "History of the Spanish Inquisition." Referred to as authority on the state of prison discipline, about 1790.

Lobineau. See *Bouet, Le Gallois* and *Bretons.*

Loustallot. His newspaper, often cited.

Louvet. "*Roman du Chevalier de Faublas.*" Eminently a book of the period, and valuable as illustrative accordingly.

Lowell. "Eve of the French revolution."

Lubbock. "Origin of Civilization" See "Archeology."

Macaulay. "Essays." Those on Dumont's Mirabeau, Barère, The Earl of Chatham, Mackintosh's "History," Milton, Hallam's "Constitutional History," and others are pertinent for various reasons. Those on the Utilitarian Philosophy have a moral. See "Metaphysics."

Maccall. Foreign biographies. Contains good accounts of many characters in the French Revolution.

MacLennan. See "Archeology."

Mackintosh. "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*" Celebrated reply to Burke.

Maine. "Ancient Law." See "Archeology."

Mallet "French Revolution." Contains some suggestions. One is that Lafayette, tho nothing can impeach his perfection as a blunderer, was, as Vergniaud thought, a good deal of an intriguer, who proposed to overawe the king and legislature by the mob, and, in time, the mob by the army. We should "think no evil," so I forebore to mention this in my text.

Mallet du Pan (and others). 1. "*Le Mercure,*" periodical. 2. "Memoirs," with an appendix *cit.*

Malthus. "Essay on Population." Six editions, all bearing separate marks of his own hand. See Bonar.

Marat. 1. "*L'Ami du Peuple.*" 2. "*Avis au Peuple.*" See "*Histoire Parlementaire.*"

Marie Antoinette. Correspondence of. The principal collection is in De Lescure, "*Vrai Marie Antoinette*" (1863); but it contains several of those scandalous forgeries which have imposed on so many. The same is true of D'Hunolstein's "*Correspondence inédite*" (1864) and Des Couches' "*Louis XVI*" (1865). Cf. therefore, Geffroy, appendix to "*Gustave III. et la cour de France*" (1864). Van Arneth's "*Correspondence secrète*" (1874) is reliable, but only extends to 1780. Thus, for her whole life, as portrayed by herself, Lescure, checked by his critics, remains the best. He also gives a very full bio-bibliography up to his own date. Last days of — special authority Camparden (q. v.). Memoirs of — Mostly foolish indiscriminate eulogies or apologies. See *Campan, Viel Cassel, Larocheterie, Lamotte, Weber.*

Marmontel. "Memoirs."

Marx, Karl. "*Capital.*" "Philosophic history of the bourgeois system."

Maton. "*Ma Résurrection.*" See "*Histoire Parlementaire.*"

Meda. "Memoirs." Not, of course entitled to implicit credit; but I see no reason for disbelieving where some others have chosen to do so.

Meillan. "*Mémoires de.*"

"Memoirs of a Regicide." Contains some new information of interest.

"*Mémoires sur les Prisons.*" Some are interesting—Riouffé *e. q.*

Menestrier. 1. "Ancient and Modern Chivalry." 2. "Origin of Armorial Bearings."

Mercier. 1. "*Le Nouveau Paris.*" 2. "*Tableaux de Paris.*" Copious sources of information, not without a sensational character (Goddess of Reason, guillotine wigs, etc.).

Merivale, Dean. "History of Rome under the Cæsars." Important to our introductory portion.

"Metaphysics." The functions of a philosophical treatise on History, or anything else, are doubtless not adequately discharged unless it results in a "view" of Life and Destiny, such as, accordingly, may be discerned by a critical reader in various, particularly the last, parts of my own work. But it is one thing to gravitate towards such a view, another to begin with and reason from it. My conviction is very strong that the latter method is fallacious. The metaphysics of anything (mathematics, for example) are not truly the beginning, but the end; not the rocks on which the temple of science is founded, but the spires at whose top it vanishes amidst the clouds. If mathematics really rested on its transcendent abstractions, it would be a pseudo-science, "mad Mathesis," whose refutation by Sextus Empiricus would have been logical. The fallacy in the parallogisms of the ancient Sceptics lay in assuming that science reposed on incomprehensible first principles instead of on generalizations verifiable, tho not arrived at by experience. The subtle error of taking the latest "view" as a basis to reason from instead of a summary for what we know about Everything as General (which means Nothing in Particular) pervades the philosophic systems now in fashion, as those of Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Nietsche. Thus regarding them as no authority, I will not refer to them generally. See, however, *Spencer.*

Michelet. 1. "History of France." 2. "History of the French Revolution."

Mignet. "History of the Revolution." Best short one in French.

Miot de Melito. "Memoirs of the Consulate, Empire, and King Joseph."

Mirabeau, "*Mémoires de,*" by himself, his father, his uncle, and his adopted son. I need not say their several parts require distinguishing.

Moleville, Bertrand de. "Memoirs." An inside view of the court, containing much general information.

Mommsen. "History of Rome." This great work is important to our subject for the filiation of medieval upon Roman institutions.

"*Moniteur*," newspaper. Principal contemporary record.

Montgaillard. The chronological form and statistical wealth of this author's history render it very useful. He did not lack an eye for characteristic traits. His Jezebel-like picture of Marie Antoinette and Lamballe, on the morning of August 11, is very likely to be correct, tho it galled Carlyle's sensibilities and I avoided citing it. Some fictions, however, got into his journal—the tannery for human skins at Meudon, *e. g.*

Moore, Dr. John. Journal. Very interesting pictures of the time, by an intelligent foreign witness.

More, Hannah. Her voluminous collected works contain several letters, etc., of interest as showing the change in English middle class sentiment towards France, especially among pious people.

Morellet. "Memoirs."

Morley. "Rousseau and Voltaire," 2 vols. Traces ably, and with little bias, his two heroes' relation to the Revolution.

Morris, Gouverneur. Diary and Letters. First thirty chapters. A very instructive account by an able foreign eyewitness. Contemporary and reliable to a refreshing extent.

Morris, William O'Connor. "History of the French Revolution," (in Series "Epochs of History"). I always thought this little volume badly written, and on reperusal find it rather lean, but it certainly helped me to some data. See White. 2. "Napoleon." A candid biography, the military details instructive. A work of considerable research, with much the same faults and merits as the other.

"*Musée de la Caricature*." A compendium of contemporary sentiment. Addressed to the eye.

Nodier, Charles, on St. Palaye's "Chivalry."

O'Meara. See Bonaparte.

Paine, Thomas. "Rights of Man." Reply to Burke's "Reflections." Important as an early Anarchistic book. Collected works of, contain various fragments of information about the Revolution. Biography, see Conway.

Parisot. "Life of Madame Elisabeth."

Pinnock. "History of France." This friend of our childhood is not without his merits. He gives, *e. g.* the most intelligible account I ever read of how the Bastile was attacked and taken.

Prudhomme. "*Les Révolutions de Paris*." Radical paper.

Quinet. "*La Révolution*," 1860. An able vindication of the Revolution. Contains valuable original matter from unpublished MSS., such as Baudot on Robespierre.

Rabaut (St. Etienne.) "*Précis Historique.*" The view of an actor and sufferer.

Reeve, Henry. "Royal and Republican France." A book of minute points in the life of the two systems and their representatives.

Robespierre (ap.) "*Le Défenseur de la Constitution.*" A short-lived paper (1792). Much inferior to Robespierre's speeches, for which, and his other productions, see Hamel (q. v.)

Robespierre, Charlotte (sister of the "dictator"). "Memoirs." Usually considered spurious, but probably in a measure founded on what she wrote or told.

Robespierre, Maximilien. "Memoirs." Spurious. No good at all.

Robespierre (Saint Just, Payan et al.) "*Papiers inédits trouvés chez Robespierre.*" Brought out by Courtois. It is not unlikely they may be in part authentic, but the editor deserves no confidence; and I decline to winnow such a stack of chaff for a few doubtful grains. I discredit citations by other historians accordingly.

Rœderer. See "*Histoire Parlementaire.*"

Roland, Mme. "Memoirs."

Rousseau. All his works should be read, with a view to understanding our subject.

Sainte Beuve. "*Causerie.*" Contains some sketches of interest.

Saint Pierre. "*Paul et Virginie.*" Less directly to the point than Louvet's "*Faublas*," this is equally a book of the time. Paul and Virginia was what queen, courtesan, *tricoteuse*, and philosophe, agreed to weep over—on the eve of the French Revolution! "There rises melodiously, as it were," says Carlyle, "the wail of a moribund world; everywhere wholesome Nature in unequal conflict with diseased perfidious Art; cannot escape from it in the lowest hut, in the remotest island of the sea. Ruin and death must strike down the loved one; and, what is most significant of all, death even here not by necessity but by etiquette. What a world of prurient corruption lies visible in that super-sublime of modesty!"

Saint Simon. "Memoirs," abridged by Bayle St. John. The editor deserves much credit for reducing this terrible inside picture of the old *régime* to possible dimensions.

Schliemann, monographs on Troy, illustration of city evolution, so important to early, and therefore all later, European civilization.

Sicard, Abbé. See "*Histoire Parlementaire.*"

Smyth. "Lectures on the French Revolution." Illustrates its synchronisms with English changes happily.

Soulavie. "Roign of Louis XVI." Contains much raw material, mostly brought up later by Carlyle and others.

Spencer, Herbert. "Synthetic Philosophy." I suppose the "Descriptive Sociology," see "*Archeology*," must be considered part of the author's *magnum opus*. Its name suggests the true use of the Evolutionary doctrine. As a "working" generalization, this theory governs the science of our period. But on the transcendental side, it strikes me as less worthy of respect, tho doubtless deserving as much as any metaphysical system. I at least can see no reason why an evolutionist should be a Radical or a Conservative which would not be just as good if he were a Christian, an Idealist, a Materialist, or a Pessimist. He can, indeed, draw arguments from Evolution for either Radicalism or Conservatism, but others, as we see, can do the same from Christianity, Idealism, Materialism, or Pessimism. The misfortune with all such comprehensive schemes alike, is that they prove too much; every thesis involves its own antithesis; like merchants in modern war, they supply both sides with weapons and leave the final issue where it was See Westermäarck.

Strabo. See "*Celts.*"

Suetonius. See "*Celts.*"

Sybel, H. Von. His work on the French Revolution is of high importance, bringing out great quantities of unpublished information, from which many important questions, *e. g.* the financial, receive new light. See Ternaux.

"Tableaux of the Revolution." Picture book, folio. "Not always uninstructive."

Tacitus. Of the great Roman author's works, my plan required me to use the Histories, Annals, and the treatise "*De Moribus Germanie.*" Doubts about the genuineness of the Annals (so called) have been expressed, but the doubters, tho scholars, were cranks. It is another question what weight should be allowed the statements actually made by this Carlyle of antiquity. Where comparison becomes possible, Suetonius is more reliable, tho far less interesting.

Taine. I have given my view of this famous writer's history already.

Talleyrand. I confess some disappointment at the meagerness which pervades that portion of the great intriguer's long delayed Memoirs relating to the Revolution.

Ternaux. "*Histoire de la Terreur.*" Like Sybel, who made use of him, this writer had access to unpublished archives. His treatment tends to reduce the fiends and furies of the Terror into ordinary people.

Thiebault, Baron. "Memoirs." Observations of an eye witness with an anecdotal turn— preserve some interesting details, and slaughter some lies. But the patriotic baron was too fond of gossip. I do not believe half the stories he repeats.

Thierry. "History of the Gauls."

Thiers. "History of the French Revolution." The first liberal work of its kind, appearing just at the right time, this book has had success somewhat beyond its merit. The later part best illustrates the author's real power. Essentially a politician, he traces the thread of an intrigue where others had wholly lost the clue.

Tocqueville, A. de. "*L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution.*" Of course, a great standard work, but slightly lacking in positive grasp of fact, tho never in deep and suggestive thought.

Toulongeon. "History of France during the Revolution."

Van Arneth. See "Marie Antoinette."

Viel Cassel. 1. "Marie Antoinette" (q. v.) gives important information from Austrian sources. 2. "*Travailleurs de Septembre.*" An inquiry into the real history of the September massacres.

Vilate. "Secret Causes of the Revolution of Thermidor."

Voltaire. Students of the Revolution should become familiar with his ninety volumes.

Watson. "Story of France." A recent and popular work, comprising much information from somewhat novel sources, and refuting a good many absurdities. Its weak point, like that of most books on the Revolution up to date, is want of full appreciation.

Weber. "*Mémoires concernant Marie Antoinette.*"

Westermäarck. The works of this philosopher are a sort of Evolutionary reply to Evolutionary radicalism, which strikes me as very inconclusive. See Spencer.

White. Bibliography in Morris (q. v.).

Williams, Helen Maria. "Letters from France." Contain many interesting details, chiefly about the scenes of September, 1792, both in Paris and the Argonne.

Young, Arthur. "Travels." Somewhat rare now; but at second hand, universally known as among the best contemporary views of France about the beginning of the Revolution. The author was a foreigner, free from party bias; an economist, traveling chiefly in the interest of agricultural science; he saw all classes; he represented the essential liberalism, and also the sure-footed conservatism of England, amidst this whirlwind of French passion; and he far surpassed the best Frenchmen of his day in practical knowledge of politics; while he fully equaled them as a scholar, tho, it must be added, not as a devotee of ideals.

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